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THE MAKING OF THE BETTER MAN



A Plea for Truth
and
A Call to Service



By F. T. BROOKS



LEAGUE OF THE HELPING HAND
7, MANDAVALI LANE, MYLAPORE
MADRAS.

MADRAS :

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MOUNT ROAD.

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PREFACE.

THE function of a Preface, as I conceive it, is to give the reader some insight into the genesis of the book which he is going to read—the reasons for writing it, the conditions that brought it forth, the atmosphere in which it grew. Some readers (not unwise) straightway read the book, and turn to the Preface afterwards if they feel like knowing more. Then they read the book again, at leisure. Barring novels, a book that is not worth reading twice is not worth reading once. There are too many books to-day.

The Function of a Preface.

The Atmosphere in which the Book was born.

This particular book has been hatched out in at least two simultaneous atmospheres—outer and inner: a bodily atmosphere and a mental atmosphere. These two were respectively sordid and painful, and I have no business, in this Preface to a ‘Plea for Truth,’ to represent them otherwise. Readers who object to sordid things, and see no use in pain, can skip the Preface and read the book if they have patience to.

There may have been a third atmosphere—a ‘Spiritual’ one—secretly pervading the other two, and perhaps using them. But this escapes analysis and must be left to express itself freely when and where it likes, whether in the Preface or the Book. Some may sense it, some may not.

Those who do carry the pass-word in themselves. It is a realm untouched by Bædeker.

First let me reproduce here the somewhat eccentric appeal with which the first 16 pages of the book were issued in January 1913.

The Original
Advertisement.

Will you help to bring out one of the most lucid Books on *Right (and Wrong) Behaviour* ever written?

This is a Book that is simply *alive*. It will either grip hold of you and help you sift the meanness in you from the gold it hides, or force you to throw it away in disgust and call the author bad names. He is willing to risk that much for the sake of those who won't—ultimately for your sake as well.

Understand that there is no complacent preaching in this Book. It is not written by a Saint. It is not written by a 'Guru.' It is not written by a Special Messenger of any Secret Lodge of Adepts (there is nothing 'esoteric' in it.) It is not written by a particularly truthful, or amiable, or healthy man. It is written by one who *has sinned and is suffering*—suffering *with a lucid mind*, willing to probe the causes of his suffering and share the result with whosoever cares to read or listen. Physically, the writer is not worth much. A nervous wreck at twenty-one, all he has rebuilt since then is undermined by chronic malaria of the most vicious type. His temper, too, is not of the best. But he can laugh at it from time to time, and make you laugh as well. *A sinner bent on being of use before he dies*—that is all he claims to be.

Circumstances beyond his control have made this man the organizer, in India, of the "LEAGUE OF THE HELPING HAND"—a great and utterly simple movement for vital moral reformation among the young. He wants to take advantage of this to rouse as many as possible in this country—young and old—to a sense of the suicidal nature of irresponsible speech and act.

The whole plan of the work will be found in *L. H. H. Leaflet No. 2*, which kindly see¹.

The whole work will consist of Two Books :

Book I **PRINCIPLES.**

Book II. **PRACTICE.**

Each Book, in turn, will be divided into three parts :

- I. **The Making of the Better Mind.**
- II. **The Making of the Better Heart.**
- III. **The Making of the Better Body.**

Remember that the author claims the right to speak to you, not because *he* is true, or kind, or healthy, but because he knows the curse of falsehood, cruelty and disease *in his own life*, and can think lucidly and write clearly and strongly on *what he knows*.

There is no money to print the work as a whole—or even a complete fraction of it. The first few formes (of 16 pp. each) are being done as separate small jobs, forme by forme. Even Part I of Book I cannot run through unless help comes.

Will you help a past-seasoned ‘liar’ to run insincerity down with merciless speech and pen, and drive thousands to take the pledge of Truth ?

Will you help a cantankerous dyspeptic to expose all forms of social and religious selfishness, and rouse thousands to take the Pledge of Service to Mankind ?

Will you help a chronic invalid to clearly demonstrate how nine-tenths of all human sickness is merely due to lack of sanitary co-operation, and drive thousands to vow their lives to the sanitary service of their country ?

Do you think the Public needs a Book like this ?

¹ It has been reproduced some twenty pages further, in this preface.

Do you think it will do good ?

And will you help ?

[The book was to consist of not less than 320 pages, and would be sent, in several instalments, to all who subscribed a Rupee in advance. Donations also were invited]

What can I add now (May 1913) that the necessary amount has been collected, and the book is nearing completion ?

*

*

*

*

It is the book of a driven man—juice from the wine-press of privation.

A prolonged and blessed period of complete discouragement and seeming¹ failure
The Theft of the Garments.—failure of means, work, health
 वस्त्रहरणम् (not quite of *humour*, thank God, for that would have meant death)
 —reduced this man to bare essentials, stripped him of all remaining garments of the mind and heart, well-nigh stripped him of all body-habits, even, if not actually of clothes². The old creeds and their rival claims ; modern movements and their quaint or sublime doctrines, traditions,

¹ Such dark periods, when they are over, are generally found to have been, in the main, illusion. They may even be felt to be so while they last. But there is no reason why one should not make use of one's illusions. Illusions may be looked upon in three ways. First, as hard and fast realities, impossible to escape from. Second, as soul-cheating delusions, to be got rid of promptly at all costs. Third, as opportunities for self-development—a sort of Sandow-developer contrivance which the Soul itself deliberately thrusts upon its mind and heart for them to wrestle with and slowly draw forth Power.

² Consider well the dual meaning of 'habit' : clothing, and custom.

visions, prophecies, personal and mystic allegiances, fervid propagandas and sanguine hopes—all these were mercifully torn away from him, as was (for a while) all prospect of accomplishing anything of value to the world in this his present life. He was left shivering—a naked mind, sick with the world's self-deception; a naked heart, starved of all spontaneous love; a naked body-prison (beneath such clothes as circumstance—among Indians in India—decreed) in which the thought of death was sweet as dreams of Liberty to one immured alive.

But the process of Life somehow dragged on, and dismay gradually settled into
The Gift of
Adaptation. composure, even while the *welt-schmerz*¹ fit was in full swing. The man gingerly 'felt himself' all over, and found that nothing had been stolen which could not at a pinch be spared. All was well, after all. So long as mind, heart, body were still *there*, however stripped of furbelows, nothing *essential* had been lost.² There was still a life to live, if only for an hour—a course to steer, for better or for worse, unto its end, or far or near.

¹ "World-sorrow" (German)—the modern equivalent of the old Hindu *vairāgya*, so admirably described in the opening section of the *Yoga Vāsishtha*, and elsewhere.

² He already knew from past experience—a knowledge which the most crushing anguish cannot suppress—that, were these three (mind, heart, body) in turn dissolved, there would still be left a more essential Something, of which they had been merely the natural garments of expression for a while. That Something does not require to 'be believed in.' *It requires to be expressed*; and honest scepticism expresses It far better than flabby conformity. Consider the graded arrangement which this gives us: [P. T. O.]

For to this man there was still left a **mind** to know with—a mind hitherto much deluded through its own acquired crookedness, but having nevertheless a redeeming straight facet or two to turn towards the trivial¹ or astounding facts

The naked
Mind.

(Previous foot-note—Continued.)

Essential, or Real Man.	Essential (natural) Garments of Expression.	Non-essential (artificial) over-garments of further expression, particularisa- tion and (too often) <i>concealment</i> .
	(producing)	
The Soul (quite un- dogmatic.)	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Mind (to know)</div> <div style="font-size: 2em; margin-right: 10px;">→</div> </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Heart (to feel)</div> <div style="font-size: 2em; margin-right: 10px;">→</div> </div> <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Body (to live)</div> <div style="font-size: 2em; margin-right: 10px;">→</div> </div>	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Thoughts</div> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Passions</div> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Possessions</div> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div style="margin-right: 10px;">Habit.</div> </div>
	The mastery of man, through these, over what they produce, manufacture and surround themselves with—the Real, through the Natural, producing and controlling the Artificial—is Salvation.	Being at the mercy of these—the Natural (ever enshrining the Real), at the mercy of the Artificial—is damnation.

¹ This is the wonder of it. The facts confronting us may be the most trivial in the world. But when we realise that we can perceptibly alter *our own taking in* of those facts, whatever they may be; that we have, as long as we are conscious at all, the *power to choose*—to choose to see, hear, feel, respond *more truly*, or drift complacently into pleasant or unpleasant half-fancy—when once we realise this, I say, the tedium of life is over once for all. *All* life, whether in a palace or a prison-cell, whether in a college or a lunatic asylum, whether on a holiday or one's own death-bed, can become one absorbing *Experiment in Truth*, one all-absorbing Battle for Truth. And rest assured that, *in the end*, the Beauty and the Joy of it will turn out none the worse for playing second fiddle to the Truth of it.

of life. *A mind able to struggle for Truth*—yes, there it was, right enough.

And there was still a **heart** left him to feel with—to send out a poor, shabby little love-wish to some unknown laughing child at play outside, or, maybe, to one misunderstood, disconsolately crying on a doorstep ; or to some friend or rival whom the mind chanced to remember. There was still left some power to feel—to assimilate, digest, transmute a share, or great or small, of any grief or joy or love or hate the hour might send. *A heart able to struggle for Love.* Yes, there it was, right enough.

And there was still a living body left to dwell in, to experiment with in this strange world of time, space, motion, be it for an hour or two, or for a day or two, or for a week or two, or for a month or two, or for a year or two. Who could tell? *A body able to struggle on through Life.* Yes, there it was, and no mistake.

And so, when things were at their worst and there seemed nothing left to do but die, since no clear path of utterly straightforward service opened, and all else had long been known as worse than weariness, it gradually dawned upon the man that *his doleful crisis was itself the Service he had craved for.* His business would henceforth be to retain, at all times, a clear grasp of the threefold man-essentials to which seeming-adverse circumstance, without and within, had once reduced him. His business

The naked
Heart.

The naked
Body.

The
Mission
of the
Mood.

would be to help as many as could listen to or read him to recognize and reverence these same essentials in themselves, beneath the changing surface-show of their own thoughts, passions, habits; and, mayhap, to yield allegiance to the Law that governs them—the Law by which they blossom into the Triple Glory of the Perfect Man. Thus might the writer hope to ease their way to Destiny—to spare them something of the bitterness of utter loneliness he had himself endured.

Hence, in 1912, a number of trial lectures, mostly to Indian schoolboys, on “The Essentials of Character—Truth, Love, Health;” and, with the crisis at its worst during the winter months that followed, this book. Since then, relief—and thanks.

The League of the Helping Hand, which comes in for a sort of dedication in the opening pages, opportunely crossed my way in the course of the same year. Its object and pledge¹ so obviously coincide with my present line of work, that to know it was to help it. It saved me the trouble of organizing on similar lines myself. Some 500 Indian students had already joined it in its first two years of growth. Ten months' work turned the 500 to 5500. The lack of means makes further progress inevitably slow. But ‘slow’ means ‘sure;’ and affluence might well mean ruin to such a movement, especially in this transition-stage of India's life. It would

**The Boon
of Poverty.**

¹ Paraphrased on pp. 182-183. See advertisement elsewhere.

draw in the wrong people, who would join to make a show, and for pickings; and whose lack of earnestness would deter many of the very best from joining. When those who ought not to come in come in, those who ought to come in mostly stay out.

Some confusion appears to have arisen owing to the connection of the League with the *Children's Magazine*—one of the well-known "Harmsworth" publications. It gave cautious folk occasion to say that the League was no true humanitarian movement, but a mere advertisement 'dodge;' and that I myself must be merely a paid agent of the publishers.

It seems, then, that I stand accused of being merely an ethical adventurer, paid to do all the good I can by the publishers of a magazine which is recognised by the bulk of its readers (our own King's children among them) as an educational and moral force of no mean order. One might well feel tempted to plead guilty! Unfortunately this somewhat flattering indictment is not true. Perhaps they will find out something still more dreadful if I rebut it. But I can't help that, and must run the risk. My pledge (of the League) compels.¹

¹ While writing this, I receive from Australia a small *Gazette* published by "Our Boys' League"—another movement of the same kind. I find it runs its own soap and embrocation, which all the members are supposed to advertise; and hopes to spread and prosper on the profits. This is surely far less relevant than the *Children's Magazine* or.....my own books. Yet nobody sees any harm in it; no one seems scandalized. Why should

The fact is that the League was founded in 1910 by Mr. Arthur Mee, editor of *The League's Daddy.* the *Children's Magazine* (then *Children's Encyclopædia*) and *Harmsworth Popular Science*,—a man full of brilliant ideas, as all his readers know. It just put one more to his credit. Being first started among readers of the *Magazine*, it was quite natural that the publishers, as business-men, should assist the League for a while, trusting that *An Agreeable Stepmother.* its growth in membership would mean a steady increase in the circulation of their excellent publication. This may well have been the case in England and elsewhere. So much the better.

But in India the 'dodge,' if any, was a failure (whereas the League seems determined to be a success.) Why?—*The 'Dodge' that failed.* Because very few Indian students can afford a Magazine which costs eight annas a number, and which the average Indian schoolboy can scarcely read. The League, on the other hand, owing to the soundness of its objects and to its complete freedom from religious bias and from person-cult (of which latter commodity there has lately been an *The League that didn't.* overdose), is so badly wanted in this country that, like the old Frenchman's Deity, "If it did not exist one would have to invent it."

they be, so long as the soap isn't trash? It is time for Indians to understand that commerce need not imply dishonesty, and that straightforward trade in honest books or goods is a holier source of income than donations obtained by flattering prejudice and appealing to the vanity of fools.

I certainly did try my best, anyhow, for the *Children's Magazine*. I liked its healthy tone and its freedom from spiritual pretence. Besides, it was the organ of the League. This led me to divert time, attention and means from my own more profitable work¹ to become, for a while, a sort of amateur agent of the *Magazine*, of which I purchased many copies, paying for them in advance. This meant spending steadily on an office and clerk in Bombay, and recouping less than half by way of discount on the 150 copies or so which I circulated. Somewhat of a freak, was it not? Then I travelled about 10000 miles between Bengal, Peshawar, Quetta and Travancore, lecturing in at least 40 different places; and I printed any number of application-forms, circulars, 'Bulletins' and what not, all at my own expense. The only 'presents' received, unasked for (besides certificates and Books of Rules) from the *Magazine* Publishers, amount to a free supply of badges² of which some Rs. 200 worth were disposed of to comrades of the League. The membership-fees 'pocketed' amount to some 4000 junior admissions at *one anna*³ (1d.) each (quite a number failed to pay) and some

The
Children's
Magazine,
and what
I did for it.

Sticky
Fingers!

¹ i.e., lecturing on the *Bhagavad Gītā* and pushing the sale of my own books on the subject (see further).

² These badges bear the mention "*Children's Encyclopædia*," and may therefore rightly be considered as an advertisement. Many have gone.....the way most 'Samples' go, and reappeared where they have no business to be. Our future Indian badges will carry no advertisement.

³ This is the admission-fee for a lifetime! There are *no recurrent subscriptions*. I hope I shall not be accused of *peculation*!

200 senior ('honorary') comrades at 12 annas¹ (1s.) each. The whole profit (from Magazines, badges and fees) just about covered the rent and running expenses of my Bombay Office. Printing, travel, correspondence, my Madras Office (in which the work of the League is now centred) and ... my own maintenance by the way, are patently left to "Him Who looks after the Lilies of the field."

Now to make things easier, and save myself much worry and expense, I have made over the *Magazine Agency*, which I *cannot* properly manage, to a well-known firm of Bombay booksellers (Messrs. Taraporewala Sons & Co.) and have, with Mr. Mee's consent, started printing plain membership certificates at my own expense for the Indian Section of the League. Badges also will, in future, be manufactured to my order in India. There will thus not be left a shadow of ground for the most squeamish critic to say either that the League is a 'mere advertisement dodge' or that I am a paid agent of the "Harmsworth" combinations.

The League of course happens to owe its birth to the *Children's Magazine*, and need not be ungrateful. The *Magazine*, in its turn, publishes the progress of the League and spreads its Ideals. Hence no sane person can resent their helping each other along. Only it must be well understood that the League, *in India*, spreads largely

Sweet
Renuncia-
tion (?)

Unto...
Cæsar's
Wife.

¹ Also for a lifetime. In fact, the League is entirely dependent upon voluntary help, and I do not wish to have it otherwise.

among those who cannot be subscribers to the *Magazine*, and that its organisation henceforth receives no subsidy from the publishers, under any form whatever.

As for the writer of this book, he may be regarded as a harmless literary crank —a sort of European free religious mendicant¹ at large in India—a close student of some of the old Sanskrit Scriptures, addicted to the simplest modes of Indian Life. Since he came to India, in 1900, he has lived among the people of the land and has been tutor and schoolmaster to Indian boys. He has travelled continuously for the last five years (since 1908), lecturing in more than 300 towns. A Theosophist since 1896, he has recently joined both the Arya Samâj and the Brahmo Samâj for love of their educational and social work. He does not repudiate Theosophy as a broad view of Life, but would fain keep it clear of sentimental fads and person-cults as well as of the *sway* of psychic realms, uncertain at their best. His lectures have always been on religious, ethical and social subjects, inspired largely by the Sanskrit masterpieces he has studied; and he has throughout been dependent on the goodwill of those who have invited him² and of his audiences³. He likes to spend anything there is to spare out of their gifts on whatever strikes him

The
Author of
this Book.

Joining
Societies—
'The more,
the merrier.'

A Service-
able
Parasite.

¹ No vows, please !

² Mainly, up to 1911, the Lodges of the Theosophical Society.
³ Out of thousands of lectures, one single attempt was made,

as most likely to help the spread and practical materialisation of the ideals which he preaches.

Trying to take Root. This naturally led him, some four years ago, to write and publish for the benefit of his further work a number of books dealing with the subjects of his lectures¹; and, later, to attempt to help the circulation of other worthy books and publications². The former plan (minding his 'own' business) was, comparatively speaking, a success. The latter one (sale of outside books) has proved—owing to lack of assistance and funds, hence inability to organise; also partly to lack of health—a dead failure, leading, together with other circumstances, to complete ruin by the end of 1912.

The sorry Wage of Indiscretion.

So, with this book, I resume the policy of standing wholly on my own legs. Never too late to mend. I cannot comfortably 'get along' without literature to sell at my lectures; and I find that it must, in order to sell at all, be directly relevant to the subject with which the lectures deal.

My financial history, up to now, may be summed up in three phases.

at Bombay in March 1913 (by some kind friends and on their own responsibility) to levy a small fee for admission to a series of three lectures. It was a failure, and I frankly do not regret it.

¹ *The Bhagavad-Gītā* (translation). *The Gospel of Life, Sannyāsa*, etc.—obtainable from "Vyāsāshrama," Mylapore, Madras. See Advertisements at the end of the book.

² Such as 1'. Sankaranarayana's *Gospel of the Religion of Truth*, Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*, *The Children's Encyclopedia* and *Magazine*, and *Public Opinion*.

1st. I lecture mainly on the *Gîtâ* (lectures mostly organised by lodges of the Theosophical Society) and begin to publish and sell books on the Philosophy of the *Gîtâ*. I get on well, pay the printer's bills and repay the friendly loans which had first made the thing possible. I am just beginning to save a little, when—

2nd. I am led to replace to a considerable extent my philosophical lectures by purely educational and ethical ones, on the lines of this book¹, which I feel to be a *truer* need. At the same time, my public work is very detrimentally affected by the sudden twist given by Mrs. Annie Besant to the propaganda of the Theosophical Society, which loses its eclectic character and becomes the vehicle of of a new religious (in the *credal* sense) movement. My failure to respond to this automatically closes for me the Theosophical platform², from which I had hitherto been able to reach the well-to-do section of the Indian Public. I now lecture mainly to schoolboys and impecunious students, and the lectures are much less frequent owing to lack of organisation. Concurrently with these ethical lectures, I take up the sale of the *Children's Magazine*, *The*

¹ Barring of course, in the case of schoolboys, acute social topics—barred because they are *misunderstood* to be subjects of *religious* controversy.

² Owing especially to the narrow mental atmosphere of the E.S.T. (Esoteric Section of the T.S.) from which I resigned in the early days of 1912. Owing to the prevalent lack of individuality among Indians, and their constant wish to shirk responsibility, all such *Guru*-ridden organisations are a danger *in this country*, and should be publicly discouraged.

Great Illusion, etc., which absorb all my savings. Hence *two* divergent results :

(a) The school and college lectures are a distinct success, and establish the League in many new centres.

(b) The sale of books and raising of funds are a dead failure, and leave me, at the end of 1912, completely ruined.

3rd. This book (*The Making of the Better Man*) once more catches up with the evolution of my lecture-subjects. Except for some passages easy to identify, it does this¹ in a manner more suited to the educated public than to school-boys. My schoolboy friends will be catered for later on, in a separate edition, abridged and simplified. Armed with this book, and lecturing (for some time to come) on the very subject of which it treats, or cognate ones, I may be expected (*D. V.*) to make headway once more, and to be able to support both the League of the Helping Hand in India and Ceylon and any other useful work that happens to commend itself.

The difficulty was to get this book printed at all when there was hardly money for the day's meal. Messrs. Srinivasa Varadachari very kindly consented, in January 1913, to give it a start, one forme (16 pp.) at a time, even as it was being written, trusting that I would somehow scrape the means together.

The Print-
ing of this
Book.

The Trust-
ful Printer.

¹ See fly-leaf facing p. 32.

as the book grew. I posted a number of those early formes, with the Appeal reprinted above, and did my best to get subscribers in advance; but could do next to nothing while alone, scribbling in a corner of Madras.¹ By the time half the book was in type, I owed the printer Rs. 300.

So I had to interrupt the work in the middle of February, and run off to Bombay and other places as far north as Ahmedabad. There I succeeded, after many difficulties and delays, in raising the necessary funds. I have now returned (April 30th) with enough in hand to pay most of the winter's debts, and pull the book through.

The Flight to... Medina.
The Sinews of War.
This is due to the kindness of Parsee, English and Hindu friends in Bombay, Broach and Baroda.

So much for the manure-bed of worries in which this mushroom of a book has grown.

Now for its oddities.

* * * *

What the English reader will most object to at first sight is probably the riot of italics and words set out in bold type. It is horribly bad taste, *Pro Forma*. I know. But I also know that Indian readers often make scant sense of what they read in English, because they do not put emphasis where it is wanted; they fail to throw particular

¹ The only substantial encouragement received during this period was a gift of Rs. 100 from H. H. the Raja of Pithapuram. I could scarcely have made a start without it.

syllables, words, phrases into due relief. Now the trained English reader likes to do this for himself. To do it for him is to spoil sport, not save trouble. If ever an English edition appears, this will be duly amended.

* * * * *

What is the main purpose of this book?

What is it all about?

It is not such an easy thing to say as one might fancy; for the book sort of 'wrote itself,' spontaneously forced out by the manifold and diverse experiences, struggles, sufferings and failures of a number of years. Yet I think several definite large and universal purposes, and two or three minor ones, correlated and intertwined throughout the book—my purposes, as I now stand—may be disengaged and set forth thus:

I. To endeavour to remind the modern world (myself included) that nothing on

**Essential
Man.**

Earth can be made really better by Man unless Man himself is made really better.

[The further all-important point, that, in order to efficiently improve man, we must straightway *tackle the child and the parents of the child* (rational Eugenics and Education) will be touched upon in Book II, where methods are to be discussed.]

II. To endeavour to remind the modern world (myself included) that the real

**Essential
Ethics.**

betterment of man (and, through him, of all else on Earth), requires

a clear sifting of essentials from non-essentials, of what really, naturally and at all times constitutes *man himself* from mere variable outgrowths, overgrowths and surroundings that are in no sense *he*, and may well be left for him to deal with variously as *he* improves.

[A grievously large share of the relative failure of modern man springs from the wanton sacrifice to non-essentials¹ of vast supplies of precious energy that should have been devoted (*i. e. applied*) to essentials. A *call for restitution* (ere it be too late) is thus sounded in this book.

Pray note that the discrimination of essentials from non-essentials is by no means a 'mere theoretical question.' It is the very root of efficient Progress.]

Therefore **a simplified scheme of fundamental, or essential Ethics** will be found here propounded (see next page), reducing man to Mind, Heart², Body ; reducing Virtue to Truth, Love, Health ; reducing vice to falsehood, cruelty, disease³.

III. To remind the modern world (which has long been taught—to scant
Essential
Truth. purpose, it would seem—that “the greatest of these is Charity”) that the most essential, foremost, bottom-most, *sine-quâ-non*-most of all *human* virtues is, not

¹ The essence of Idolatry—mainly, the substitution of means for ends: creed, money and war-worship in the West; caste-worship in the East. See pp. 164—168 and elsewhere.

² In a figurative sense, of course.

³ See further pp. 6—13.

Analysis of a lecture on 'The Making of the Better Man'

BY

F. T. BROOKS.

MAN. His main Powers ;	Need for growth.	Rule for getting : (<i>virtue</i>) Giving.	Breaking of the Rule : (<i>vice</i>).	Verdict : on vice.
i. MIND (power to know.)	Know- ledge.	i. <i>Giving knowledge:</i> TRUTH.	Falsehood.	Ruins the Power of knowing truth (crooked mirror.)
ii. HEART (power to feel and desire.)	Happiness.	ii. <i>Giving happiness :</i> LOVE,	Cruelty.	Ruins the Power of feeling happiness (heart of stone.)
iii. BODY (power to act.)	Life.	iii. <i>Giving better general life-conditions :</i> HEALTH.	Disease.	Ruins the Power to live.

MEANS :**EFFORT***(Abhyāsa)***INDIVIDUAL.**

I. Resolution (making up one's mind—*Vrata-abhyāsa*).

↓ **Shame**
(the goad)

II. Conduct (following up one's resolution—*chārāna-abhyāsa*).

COLLECTIVE.

Satsanga or Association for Good. Cultivation of right public-spirit in *satsanga-nucleus*. The League of the Helping Hand is a cosmopolitan *Satsanga* of this kind.

Charity, but **Truth**—without which even charity cannot be *true* Charity, and is therefore worse than no charity at all.

In short, this book declares—nay, insistently and provokingly reiterates—that
Truth Paramount. Truth¹, and nothing else, is *the* paramount concern of *human* life; and that modern human life—religious, social, political—has hitherto largely been a failure because this has never been clearly brought home to all concerned—nay, because it has been clean forgotten of the leaders and teachers themselves. This book deliberately proclaims that love, charity, brotherhood, devotion, steadfastness, gentleness, humility, forgiveness, innocence, purity—in short, *all* other virtues Man can aim at—have been, and are, and must ever be *pitiable failures without* **Truth paramount.** They have no solid ground to stand on, in *human* nature, apart from simple Truthfulness.

This forms a definite doctrine—an opinion, a
 ‘heresy,’ if you like—of the most sweeping nature, running counter to much of the religious sentiment of the day; and it certainly is part of the writer’s purpose to rally as many as possible of those who are beginning to see that this view may well be sound, and worth a

A Rallying-
Call to the
Cult of
Simple
Truth.

¹ Defined on pp. 33-34.

trial. Especially would he rally (the League of the Helping Hand opens a way to this) those who are willing to experiment in the training of any children in their charge *in pure and simple truthfulness above all things and from the very start.*

[This rallying-call is not an original idea of the writer's. It is simply his contribution to the propaganda initiated and carried on—with very scant results hitherto—by an eccentric old gentleman of Madras, who died in 1912.¹]

To whom
Honour is
due.

IV. To remind the modern world (myself included) that Truth, or Mind-Rightness, fundamental in itself², calls for a superstructure of collective Heart and Life-Rightness³, that

Universal
Vital Brother-
hood.

the Bedrock of Truth, without which nothing stands, need by no means be left standing bare; that, if Happiness is considered worth having, an edifice of Organic Life, Love, Brotherhood, Co-operation, Comradeship, Solidarity! Impulse and Act, must be reared *upon the one sound basis of individual Truthfulness.* Here (save for the latter clause—italicized) we are on quite common ground, witness the Vedas, Upanishads, the Gîtâ, Jesus, St. Paul, Sâdî, Norman Angell *

¹ P. Sankaranarayana. See further, pp. 96-101 and footnotes. His books (chiefly the *Gospel of the Religion of Truth*) may be had from The League of the Helping Hand, Mylapore, Madras, India.

² *i. e.*, in each *individual* mind.

³ *i. e.*, Love and Health.

* As spokesman on behalf of modern Economics. See further, pp. 178-179.

and a host of others whom I have no time to mention here.

[This Doctrine of Organic Life, or Cosmic Solidarity, or Universal Vital Brotherhood has already been clearly set forth by the writer in his *Gospel of Life*¹, written four years ago, in 1909. All that has been added since is the experimental conviction that the astounding failure of modern educated men to really grasp (even when they readily accept it) this childishly simple doctrine, clearly presented to their minds—the unshakeable conviction that the uselessness of the most ‘successful’ preaching to the most sympathetic audiences is due, not to lack of intellect and culture, but to lack of elementary simplicity and directness—in short (with due apologies to any who may care to claim them) to *lack of Truth*. This growing conviction comes out clearly in a book of the intermediate period—*Sannyása*, pp. 74-78—a passage written two years ago during a period of great discouragement, when it was felt that to teach the ‘educated’ public was almost waste of breath. *It is so*, in the case of *nearly all* unprepared ‘educated’ adults.

The writer’s discouragement was due to his not having realised clearly enough that something of *real Education* is wanted to prepare the ground for the fruitful reception of vital teaching; and that the Education here required is *not* a training in complexity, scholarship, subtlety, but a training in mental straightness—in truthfulness, candour, sincerity, in scrupulous exactness of observation and statement—also in elementary practical constructiveness—say, carpentry.

My greatest hope for India, in this direction, lies in the impending development, all over the Land, of residential institutions of a somewhat pronounced type, such as the Gurukula of the Ary. Samāj at Hardwar—provided they be

¹ Especially the VIIth Chapter.

presided over by 'Governors' of more or less similar fibre to the venerable Mr. Munshi Râma—the Father Zeus of that model Vedic Institute. The creation of these special institutions for the training of upright character must of course go hand in hand with free popular moral propaganda such as that of the League of the Helping Hand, spreading the Ideal of Truth Paramount wherever it can find acceptance in the outer world, and leavening the ordinary schools and colleges].

* * * * *

These, then, are the main issues of the book, which the title and sub-titles indicate as clearly as I have been able to contrive.

Note that (barring the last Note) there is no special reference to India in this summary of essential aims, although the writer has altogether merged himself, for thirteen years, in the life of that land of his adoption. His first-hand study of old Sanskrit books has convinced him that the Teaching they contain is nothing if not perennial and universal. (That is why Hindu life lost hold of it when it began to narrow down.) He is indebted to the Vedas the Upanishads and the Gîtâ for the inspiration of almost every page of this book. Such inspiration is of no more use to caste-ridden people (while they remain so) than wings to a caged sparrow that seeks not liberty. May all free seekers of Light and Life, the whole World over, learn to claim the older Sanskrit Scriptures as their own—the oldest spiritual heirloom of an Evolving Human Race, not the monopoly of a strait sect.

The Cathol-
icism of
Ancient
India.

V.—I trust no reader of mine will be so short-sighted as to object to my frank treatment of the Sex-question in Part III. I feel there is an urgent need here, and do my best to meet it. The only critics I shall bow to are those who can do better. Either sex-education on right lines must be vigorously pushed on, or we give a free hand to wrong suggestions of many sorts—including ‘Leadbeaterism,’ now widely advertised through newspaper controversies and law-reports. All thanks to Mr. Leadbeater if the quandary in which his freaks have landed him helps to rouse the race to the utter absence of, and the utter need for systematic suggestion on healthy lines to its hitherto woefully neglected children.

To show you that this conviction on my part, and the attempt which it has prompted, are by no means erratic, but form merely my response to a widely-felt need, let me quote from a volume of Jack’s deservedly popular Sixpenny Series—*The People’s Books*.

We therefore urge the fact that this age of extreme suggestibility is the chosen time for deliberately making deep and lasting impressions on a child, that much suffering may be saved if bad hereditary traits be deliberately watched for, and if one set oneself patiently and earnestly to modify them before they acquire a firm hold. Babyhood and childhood are, above all, the time for forming life-habits, habits which will in later years ensure happiness to ourselves, and which will to some extent minimise suffering in others.

Those who have set themselves to train a baby have often marvelled at the ease with which the average baby learns quite unconsciously the habits of regular feeding, regular sleeping, regular motion of the bowels, &c. These habits are taught as it were by suggestion only, and we would urge the fact that it is similarly possible to instil the elements of con-

trol, obedience and consideration for others during the earliest years of a child's life. By a lack of wise influence during these early years much suffering is laid up for the child in after years, when in the hard school of experience it learns slowly and laboriously and with much kicking against the pricks. To a great extent it is true that we must all learn by experience, but how much easier it is to acquire that learning if we have some fundamental principles to guide us. How much easier is our task if we start out into the world realising that we and our affairs are not the central point of the universe, realising that the only way to have happiness is to develop it in ourselves, and above all realising our great responsibility to every soul whose life touches ours.

Having insisted so strongly upon the enormous value of early impressions and early education, we would venture to dwell now upon some points in that education which we feel are not sufficiently emphasized, and which yet are of paramount importance in helping to shape a character to high and useful ends.

No question claims our attention more urgently than the necessity for giving knowledge concerning the functions of the body to growing boys and girls, so that they may realise something of the meaning of manhood and womanhood. It has been found that the elements of this knowledge can be given most easily and naturally by first interesting the child in plants and the method of propagation of plants, and so on through bird life and animal life to human life. It is imperative that such knowledge should be given to every child, preferably by the parents, or, should they feel themselves unequal to the task, by some competent person. Such knowledge, wisely given, is the greatest protection that a growing boy or girl can have. For lack of it not only has many a sensitive nature suffered terrible distress of mind, but many a life has suffered shipwreck. Triply armed is he who starts out in life with a deep sense of the high purpose of creation, respecting his body as the temple of his soul, accepting his manhood as a sacred gift which he dare not barter for a mess of pottage, but which he holds as dearer than life itself and closely linked in its rise and fall with all womanhood. Degradation of manhood must then mean to him degradation of womanhood, and elevation of manhood must mean elevation of womanhood.

We would next plead that during the suggestible age of youth every effort should be made to stamp a broad and sympathetic religious outlook on children, so that they may realise that unity of purpose is all-important and that differences of detail are of the utmost insignificance. The thing of vital importance

may surely be regarded as being the attitude of every human soul to Goodness, Truth, Beauty, as shown, not in any special set of creeds but in all acts, even the most trivial, of daily life and conduct. To love one's fellow-beings in vague theory brings to them no sense of warmth or comfort, and can have no practical value except in so far as that theory translates itself into acts of consideration and kindness.

We feel that it is impossible to set too high a price on truthfulness, sincerity, and high moral courage, as the fairest flowers that any life can show. It surely cannot be too deeply impressed upon a child that never do we display a greater grandeur of soul than when we stand upon our feet to acknowledge our errors and to accept full responsibility for them; nay more, that not to do so is to stunt all moral growth within us. Great need is there also to emphasize the value of having the moral courage to dare to be ourselves, and to regard all deliberate self-deception as a lie, to dare to set aside all conventions which cripple our thoughts and actions, to dare to throw off the dead hand of a false respectability which glosses over wrong-doing, but which dreads any false step which may reveal it to the world.

Hypnotism and Self Education, by A. M. Hutchinson, M. D.
pp. 76-78.

I have quoted more of this fine stuff than was strictly necessary in connection with the Sex-Question, because the whole of it so admirably sets forth the *need* which this book of mine seeks, however clumsily, to meet.

I wish for no better review of my book than these lines of an unknown sympathetic mind which I stumbled across when feeling rather dull and doubtful after my task was finished. They made me feel my time had probably not been wasted after all.

* * * *

By way of complement to the two Chapters on Sex, let me quote here one extract from my yet unpublished book—*The Theosophical Society*

Concerning
Lead-
beaterism.

and its Esoteric Bogeydom—concerning Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's notorious advice to boys. I have heard the advice either vehemently abhorred or plausibly excused (when taken at its best, of course, *i.e.*, as a method for gradually *establishing* continence); but I have never seen the real point touched upon; *viz.*, how it (whether at its worst or best) *essentially* affects the *Vital principle of Rational Continence in the recipient's mind*; how it determines his mental attitude to the Creative Essence, causing him unwittingly to regard it as an excretion to be got rid of, instead of the body's supreme *Secretion*.

I suppose I must touch upon that 'nasty' Sex question—or rather that nasty question *about* sex—since it has been made public property¹, and minds are apt to fly off at a tangent into.....hell, the moment they even glance the edge of that extraordinary tornado of loose and disconnected thought. I have said that I thoroughly disagree with Mr. L.'s peculiar ideas on the subject. For two bits as bad as any, take the shuffling apologetic paragraph at the bottom of Appendix, xxiv², and the damaging postscript added, as an after-thought, to his letter to Mr. Fullerton³, *Ibid.*, p. xxxvii, where he deliberately associates the option of self-wastage with a 'certain stage of occult development' requiring 'complete sexual purity (!)' This, on the face of it, was not written by a rational man, but by a wriggling elemental.

To be fair, let us admit that (as Mr. L. quite truly says) the world has by no means solved the momentous question raised (of *what to do with the surplus of Sex Power which bounteous Nature supplies us with*). I have been quietly working all these years (with a plentiful harvest of chastening failure) at the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between

¹ See *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*, by Veritas. Goodwin & Co., Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 2-0-0; Foreign, 3s.

² *Mrs. Besant and the Alcyone Case*, 1st Edition.

³ It is terrible to have to state that poor Mr. Fullerton subsequently went 'psychopathically' mad, and was (and is still, as far as I am aware) confined in an asylum.

my rational self and the Sex-power in my body. Varied experience, frequently humiliating, has finally confirmed me in a mental attitude to the Sex-Force radically different from that which Mr. Leadbeater's advice tends to produce in any mind which takes it up, even for mere sympathetic consideration.

To put it bluntly, Mr. Leadbeater's advice implies high-souled contempt for the 'brute' sex-power in our bodies—the contempt of Beauty's ill-starred sisters for 'the horrid Beast'—a contempt which psychic life on 'higher planes' would naturally tend to generate. Whereas the one starting-point in healthy Sex-education is to have for the Sex-Power in our own and other bodies a feeling of hearty, cheerful, friendly, wholesome reverence¹, regarding it, not in the grey monkish light which Mr. L. would fain suggest in his apologies, but as a positive divine Blessing (*the* Blessing of Blessings as far as this physical world is concerned) turned into a temporary seeming curse by man's crass ignorance and consequent misuse of it. To drill *this* into the *mind* of the child (no need to meddle with its body) means putting a trump card up his (or her) sleeve before the game begins.

Secondly Mr. L.'s contention (or implicit approval of St. Paul's contention), that the celibate condition is an ideal condition for man—reflects, to my mind, an *unripe*, unbalanced stage of spiritual development, and forms an unhealthy *teaching* to boot—an unhealthy, race-emasculating ideal to put before the people's minds. I am myself a celibate for lack of proper circumstance and a fit mate. But, both in the interests of the Race and for the progress of the individual towards Sex-mastery (the two go hand in hand), I consider a well-assorted union far preferable to celibacy.

Thirdly I do not think the wholesale transmutation of Sex-Power (barring the little that systematic Reproduction claims) into brain, muscle and healthy emotions, will be such an impossible task for the normal decent man, say, of fifty years hence, as Mr. L. seems to imply. Our present-day muddle of course makes it *seem* well-nigh impossible; but we are (gradually) unmuddling the muddle, are we not? And we shall unmuddle it mighty fast when we really learn *how to tackle the child*. Oh, the beggarmdom of all these millions of children wondering, wondering, groping, waiting for the right *suggestion* (*not* interference) and tumbling, one

¹ Remember that we have to do with *life*, and do not want such 'reverence' as will freeze it. Hence my string of precautionary adjectives.

after another, into our common anti-sexual, vicious morass for lack of it !

The thing is to get a healthy *movement of opinion* started, involving among adults *repentance* (or *revulsion*) on a sufficiently large scale ; and by means of this, to raise the Idea of Sex-Containment in the minds of as many children as possible. *It is precisely that Paramount Idea* (of the Divine Value of Creative Power, hence the utter *need* for its Retention unto *pure creative uses*, Subjective and Objective) which Mr. L.'s suggestion undermines in his pupil's mind. Hence my whole-hearted condemnation of it and my approval of public condemnation, however unenlightened. To confirm wastage as a routine may be ultimately even worse than having sex run riot as a high fever. It is like turning a disease from an acute into a chronic stage for comfort's sake. A doctor bent on *curing* would do his best to bring on the acute phase again. The fact of its being so obviously objectionable makes it, at bottom, a lesser *danger*. Anyhow, speaking for myself and as the result of many years of struggle, I had rather lapse a hundred times *knowing I have done wrong*, and picking myself up and scrambling on anyhow through *shame* and ever-renewed *hope*, than to reduce the count to ten by systematic, well-regulated¹, plausible, *deliberate waste, and approve of myself for having done so*. That would be, so to say, dubbing the Sex-Essence an *excretion* of the body, to be regularly cast away, instead of its most valuable *Secretion*. There is degradation in the very thought. The sin of the soul lies not in the mere irrational act of the body (the World-Mother can as well forgive her children a million times as ten) but in the *mental approval* of that act which any method regulating wastage must imply. Wastage of a

¹ Mr. L.'s shufflings about 'the intervals', on page xxiv of the Appendix referred to (*Mrs. B. and the Alcyone Case*) have smashed up his own defence on this point. Besides, as I go on to say, it would be no defence. It is the *acceptation* that matters, not the intervals. The *mental acceptation* of wastage is a sin against God's Creative Power in *us rational beings*. Rebellion against that mental sin (no matter what form the wastage takes) is the first step on the path of *embodied Wholeness*. Thus have I learnt at my own cost.

Nature may waste as much as she pleases in irrational kingdoms. Once she has begotten Reason, it is the business of Reason to make Sex-Power rational in any rational Race of beings. The Power by which rational beings reproduce themselves has no business to work irrationally *in them*, whatever it may do elsewhere.

good and holy thing is obviously *irrational*. It may well (under our *barbarous* conditions) be forgiven *ad infinitum* in the *past*. Let it not be condoned, even once, in the future.

The Moral of it all is that the psychic, having his mind fixed on other concrete worlds, is all the more likely to blunder in his dealings with this one.

The T. S. and its Esoteric Bogeydom, Chap. XVI.

To which I may here add the following :—

NOTE.—*For male students of the Spiritual Life.*

You know that continence *absolute* is at present a practical impossibility for all save exceptional natures. Some of the really Spiritual psychic experiences which I am reserving for a later book—‘Spiritual’ because tending to broaden and deepen Consciousness and Heart—taught me the valuable lesson that occasional *involuntary* physiological wastage, *in which the waking consciousness has no share*—and the irresponsible sensual dreams often accompanying such wastage or inducing it—should not be allowed to depress or worry us. They cannot interfere with Spiritual Progress, which depends on the focussing of the *conscious Will alone*. These erratic brain-impulses are merely the unspent recoil of our careless past (as a soul and as a race) and will gradually quiet down with the deliberate purification of our waking mind and the spreading domination of our conscious Will, God-focussed. The main thing is that *no act of sensual wastage should occur with the consent of the responsible, waking consciousness*. Involuntary brain-dreams and their sympathetic body-reflexes should be, on waking and bathing, immediately consigned to the

manure-pit of memory, not heaped up to block the garden-paths of a fair day.

I know no sounder occult authority than *Light on the Path*—even by Mr. L.'s own reckoning:

Seek the Way by testing all experience; and *remember that when I say this I do not say: "Yield to the seductions of sense in order to know it."* Before you have become an Occultist you may¹ do this; but not afterwards. When you have chosen and entered the Path *you cannot yield to these seductions without shame.* Yet you can experience them² without horror: can weigh, observe, and test them, and *wait with the patience of confidence for the hour when they shall affect you no longer.* But do not condemn the man that yields³; stretch out your hand to him as to a brother pilgrim whose feet have become heavy with mire. Remember, O disciple, that great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity. Therefore be wary lest too soon you fancy yourself a thing apart from the mass⁴.

I do not think it is possible to be clearer. The context must of course be borne in mind. Seeing:

¹ Subject to the public condemnation of the world in which you live, of the religion to which you belong. [B.]

² When involuntarily thrust upon your consciousness by the circumstances of life, or in subjective temptations or dreams. [B.]

³ Note that 'yielding' here assumes for *him* the plausible mask of 'wanting to take things in hand and control them'—a favourite device of . . . the Devil [B.]

⁴ As for two 'disciples' who like Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant, cannot even agree as to the Disciple's fundamental attitude to Sex (Mrs. B. violently repudiating what Mr. L. commends as *chastity*, 'even at a certain stage of occult development')—as for two *such* worthies being 'on the threshold of divinity,' as each declares the other to be—this passage of *Light on the Path*, accepted by them as a Master's Teaching, is enough to prove their claim preposterous, and to suggest that they have signally failed for lack of the cautious modesty which this very passage commends.

what type of person *this* is addressed to, the sentence "Yield to..." *can have* no meaning save "Indulge sensuality deliberately, restrainedly, systematically, in hopes of controlling and ultimately suppressing it." And the verdict is: "Any association of the conscious Will with sensual indulgence (non-creative sexual activity, or irrational waste of power) means *shame* to one who has chosen the Path of Truth and Love."

All the 'advice' I have ever found to be of any use can be conveyed in one short fable: The most private consultation could not elicit more. Here is the fable:

The two Fool Brothers and the Garden Well.—FABLE.

Two fool brothers whose father was dead inherited a cocoanut garden near the seashore, in which there was a well. Their mother had always kept them at home and spoilt them while their father worked, so they were idiots and did not know the uses of things.

First they ran about the garden, playing aimlessly and leaving the well alone. The plantation got on after a fashion, for the trees drew up some water through the sandy soil—enough to *live* on, not to yield rich fruit. The well began to get rather stagnant, and would have slowly silted up had it been 'left alone' much longer.

Then one day the fools began to fiddle with the apparatus for drawing water from the well. By and by they discovered how to draw water, and were much amused. They made a runnel to let the water out into the sea, fearing lest it

should make the garden muddy. They drew and drew, and always emptied the well again before it was half full. The soil was drained of its water and the trees began to perish.

Then a wise man came and explained: It was not wise to ignore the well: rich fruit could not be grown thus, nor would the well remain in good condition while disused.

It was exceedingly foolish to waste the precious water. The garden would perish if that went on.

The only sensible thing—which even those fools delightedly took up *when they were shown*—was to make runnels *in the garden* to lead the water from tree to tree, *and then* raise water as required for the growth of abundant fruit.

Father=Instinct.

Mother=Custom.

Garden=Body.

2 fool brothers = untrained mind and feeling

Well disused=ignorant purity

Water to the sea=vicious waste.

Internal irrigation=*real* continence.

Runnels for water=Ideals and Aspirations.

Trees and fruits=Powers and works.

Now AS TO MINOR ISSUES:

I. The modern hereditary Caste-System comes in for a good deal of rough handling¹ by the way.

¹ The same would have been cordially extended, on a corresponding scale, to modern 'Christian' sectarianism, to the insincerity of Party and World-Politics, to Vampirical Commercialism and other unsound functions of modern 'Civilisation,' had the writer done his work in the West. Norman Angell, Bernard Shaw and others are doing wonderfully well in that quarter of the common Battlefield.

No cultured Hindu who has tried to serve *his country* (and not his mere relations) requires an apology for this.

What distinguishes the present writer from the average social reform instigator is that he attacks the hereditary caste of modern Hindus, not merely in the name of Western Civilisation¹, but in the name of Real Caste itself—in the name of the very Shâstras on which Caste is supposed to be based. He declares it to be, not an ordinary evil growth, but a disastrous counterfeit of an indispensable Good which the world waits for.

Modern *hereditary* 'caste' is *not* social organisation. It is *counter-organisation*, standing in the way of true organisation. *It is the main obstacle to the free spread of Social Service.*

Some comrades of the League, who have taken its Pledge without clear thinking, may take me to task on this score, reminding me that I must try "to be friendly with all people." Just so. Being friendly with people does *not* mean complacently approving of the diseases that cripple them, or of the sores that disfigure them.

Note, besides, that this First Book is purely

¹ Which term may be taken to imply not merely Science and Progress, but a number of quite accessory notions and fashions, by no means invariably good for the people of this land, nor guaranteed to last for ever in the West.

**The Riddle
of Social
Reform.**

academic—devoted to the stirring up of individual *opinion* and the education of public *opinion*—nothing more. When it comes¹ to practical ways and means, and steps taken or to take in matters of collective Indian Social Reform, the timid soul startled at my present diatribes will be pleasantly re-startled at finding me a moderate of moderates. I love and admire the fiery organiser of open defiance in the shape of inter-caste or anti-caste dinners, the guests deliberately proclaimed. These are

**The Beauty
of Boldness.**

straightforward, refreshing, praiseworthy, Soul-satisfying acts, valuable as experiments, valuable as landmarks, even when they *seem* to end in failure. Alas, alas, that *seeming* failure is such a.....brick wall to most of my Hindu friends! Alas, that such a brave assault on the fortress of entrenched prejudice recoils in wholesale capitulations to the Caste-Fiend of wife and mother-harassed family-men, and counter-feasts of.....humble pie! And *that is why*,

**And the
Good of
Caution.**

while unstintedly admiring social heroics, I nevertheless *prefer* the cautious man, open to conviction in principle, but candidly confessing his appalling weakness, for all immediate practical purposes, *in connection with the social block of which he is a part and from which it is not desirable that he*

¹ In Book II, which will be entirely devoted to ways and means, in the light of actual experience.

² *Prāyashchittam*, or purificatory ceremonies, of the queerest description, performed at the hands of ignorant and greedy priests for the *favour of readmission into caste*, and surcease from household tribulations.

and the likes of him (in any considerable numbers) *should be cut off*. Yes, *I prefer* the consistently timid liberal man who moves forward steadily, one step at a time, *carrying his people with him* (the while public opinion is steadily being educated in the right direction—which he encourages as best he can,) to the fire-eating, whip-cracking Jehu who gaily drives (himself and others) to.....a chilly plunge. The breaking of accepted rules should be a matter

**To educate
Opinion.** of *individual*, not collective responsibility, until such time as the education of Hindu *opinion* (especially *feminine* opinion) as to 'caste' and various other matters, has proceeded much further than it is to-day. It is to that education that I would fain contribute in this book.

II. Another queer oddity thrust itself in while writing of the Body (Part III, Sec. vii.) I scrupled somewhat to let it do so, fearing lest it should be regarded as transcendental and running counter to the simple moral purpose of this book.

But surely there can be nothing more moral than the vivid realisation of the
**A Record of
personal
Experience.** Solidarity of the Race. You may regard it as a flash of Divine Perception, or as a mere trick of an overwrought imagination. Well, I frankly wish *your* imagination would play *you* some such trick. The treasured memory of it has been a backing to every decent thing I have done since. It has taken the bottom out of a pail which would otherwise have *held* much

mischievous, to be turned to bitter grief. I really could not keep this experience wholly silent and make the earnest reader feel what a wondrous holy thing his body (or any living body) is to me and may, if so he wishes, be to him—a permanent exemplar and reminder of the Organic Brotherhood of all that lives¹. I do not see why I should forever defer to the bogey of shyness, of reserve. Experience of an unusual kind *is* at the back of my whole life—such as it is—and of my writing; and I shall be giving the reader a false impression if I go on withholding it. Frankness in such a matter—the setting up of a claim to unusual gifts—of *some* sort (for that is what it comes to)—may from a worldly standpoint seem a right move or a wrong one. It will probably look differently from different standpoints. The Pledge of the League is responsible in either case. 'That Babies' Pledge ("I will *be true*...") has made a fool of me if ye will have it so. For fifteen years I have moved among my fellows, pretending to have experienced nothing more than they, but giving them all the time, *as though they were mere fancy-'notions'* the results of my own vivid mystic experience. This is the 'lying' which my queer advertisement² mainly

¹ The reader is invited to study carefully, in this connection, the VIIIth Chapter of *The Gospel of Life*, already referred to.

² Reprinted at the beginning of this Preface.

refers to. I now confess, and begin to mend¹ my ways. Dissimulation has had an ample trial, and been found wanting. I have even come to see that trash with great claims often does more *immediate* good than much sound stuff without them. Anyhow first-hand experience—whether of true insight or illusion—has no business to masquerade as second-hand rehash or mere literary fancy.

I therefore put my ecstasy on record, as it happened. Some will feel like
An amiable
Delusion. calling it delusion. Let me hope they will be willing to add the epithet “amiable.” It is in any case such a delusion as will save me from resenting their remark. Most welcome are they to vote me ‘cracked’ if they feel the saner for thinking so. Others will say that it is *Yoga*, or Holiness, or something ‘high and mighty.’ Perhaps it has something to do with *yoga*—in a very ancient sense². If it is holiness, it is not such holiness as will prevent my gently nudging my brethren in the ribs if they waste time (and

¹ There were also other experiences—of a different type—which I have not the heart (for several reasons) to speak of now. I regard them as non-essential; yet they may be useful to some. I shall perhaps write a full account ere passing on.

² To save some readers a lot of futile mental rambling, I may here emphatically declare that none of my illuminative experiences—recorded or unrecorded—had anything whatever to do with breathing exercises, posturing or fasting. They took place irrespective of diet, posture and surroundings, and with no attention whatever to breath or other bodily conditions. Consciousness transformed, passion transmuted; Will, the Agent—nothing more.

space) in prostrations and clutch my feet instead of looking me squarely in the face and shaking hands. It is not such holiness as will prevent my playing the clown to check
 Comic Holiness. tomfoolery—or from sheer joyousness when the mood comes. I do not seek subservience one way or the other—whether of myself to others or of others to myself—and I do not believe anyone can thrust it upon me against my will.

III. To my brother-Theosophists who have lately come to regard as well-nigh infallible the *topical* visions and utterances of their present leaders,
 Advice to the Sheep-fold—from a... Theosophic Goat-at-large. I have just a word or two to say :

“ Beware lest you, feeling one to be spiritually inspired, and grateful for the uplift you get, should transfer your faith in that person’s inspiration from the legitimate realm of immortal Principles—the Realm of Character, the Realm of Ideals, the Realm of everlasting Poetry—to the matter-of-fact, concrete realm of external personality and topical past, or contemporary, or future *fact*. Inspiration is inspiration ; *and we need it*. But facts are *facts*. Do not confuse the two. Confess your gratitude for the one and your ignorance of the other.....till *you* actually do know, and know for certain.

Many of you are developing hard and fast,
 Adumbrations. ‘matter-of-fact,’ cut and dried *notions* about ‘Initiation’ and ‘Initiates.

You believe certain particular persons (whom you feel privileged to be patted on the back by) are well posted in the matter, others not. There looms on your imaginations something like a 'Whitaker's Esoteric Peerage,' or a 'White-Lodge Almanac de Gotha,' or an 'Official Cosmic Civil List of Masters and Adepts—Latest Authorised Edition, revised and corrected up-to-date.' To this you turn with reverential awe. You believe some have access to it, and others not. You believe some have secured, (and may secure for *you*) personal introductions to this High Cosmic Lord or that, and others not. You do not see the veritable Esoteric *Vanity Fair* you are creating.....in your own imaginations; for the Cosmos laughs at you. Mind, I do not tell you the Cosmos is not managed. I simply tell you all this Esoteric Clap-trap is both silly and dangerous—dangerous to *you*; dangerous to your organic relationship with the suffering world you *need* to help. Read the *Imitation of Christ*, Book III, Chapter lxiii. It is a book written in and for a narrower age; it wants unwrapping. But that Chapter¹ is worth an hour's pondering as it stands, line by line and verse by verse. It might have been written *for you*, in prophetic anticipation of your present crisis.

The Imitation of Christ as Antidote.

¹ "That High Things and Privy Judgments of God must not be searched." Such the title in the edition I have at hand. The title and numbering may possibly vary in other editions.

Do not help your leaders to their own undoing by ascribing to them an infallibility and universality of reach and mission which they themselves had never hitherto dared to claim, but which they do not now frankly and openly repudiate, perhaps from fear of pricking your lovely devotional bubble, from fear of destroying your personal reverence for them, which they (perhaps mistakenly) deem good for you. Do not stab them with their own charitableness. Your personal reverence is emphatically *not* good for *them*. Therefore it cannot possibly be good for *you*. Only the good of others is good for us.

On the other hand do not be boorish. Do not swing from superstitious blind all-gobbling faith into superstitious blind suspicion and mistrust. Do not play into the hands of equally credulous enthusiasts who see the finger of the Evil One in everything your leaders do or say. That is the difficulty—to take help thankfully, yet not garland your helpers with a millstone. Take, then, all inspiration they (or anyone else) can give you *for the leading of a better life*—and be eternally grateful for that. But take all concrete, *topical* visions, portents and prophecies with a large grain of salt, and two of good humour. You will have nothing to regret if part comes true. Truth has no quarrel with honest caution.

I do not for a moment say that your leaders

have no extended powers, no psychic visions.

The Keys of the Kingdom. I personally believe they have, and highly interesting ones to boot. But I also personally *know* (which is more than believing) that those psychic powers can not even detect—still less control or influence—the rise of Spiritual Consciousness, or its absence, in others. Your leaders do *not* hold the patent keys to any path of truly Spiritual Initiation, *save for themselves alone*. This is as true of you and me, for the Kingdom of God is within each of us, and not in any Lord Warden's custody. The Path of Initiation into Spiritual Consciousness and Life is, as it has been from the beginning, open to every son of Man, no matter when or where, who cares to tread it. It has nothing to do (one way or the other) with his fawning on this Person or that, or believing in this future Event or that, or functioning on this High Plane or that in company with this Prancing Esoteric Proconsul or that. All these are but

Shadows on a Cloud. dim shadows of our Earth Life, cast by the smouldering fires of desire on the Clouds that hide the Real Sun.

These externalities (on no matter what plane) can neither help, *nor hinder*, when the real stuff is there. They simply do not matter: they are irrelevant. Their presence proves nothing. Their absence proves nothing. They are disastrous to the imaginations of those who have not yet begun to grip the Real Thing. They divert attention from the one thing that counts: *the*

Life. The Spiritual Ganges has no greedy 'Pândas' on its banks, to catch the gullibles. Who wants to bathe in it must plunge *alone*. He is as welcome as he makes himself.

The lonely Baptism.

Combine for practical constructive purposes by all means—for doing good systematically in the outer world. But when you try to transfer your cut-and-dried notions of organisation, and discipline, and personal loyalty, and *blindobust* Junkerdom generally, to the Management of a Living Universe, I say: Beware!—that way confusion lies."

Hence if my Theosophist Brethren care to consider this little book as poison to their broth, or as antidote to what they have been led to hold as broth, I have nothing to say to it, one way or the other. To all that is here they are as welcome as the rest.

* Priests infesting famous shrines, who pounce upon the pilgrims on arrival, exhibit intimate knowledge of their genealogy (*gotra*), find accommodation for them and...fleece them.

THE MAKING OF THE BETTER MAN.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE LEAGUE OF THE HELPING HAND.

DEAR COMRADES,

This is your book ; for I am going to try and put into it all the things which I have been saying in my lectures about the Pledge of our League, about the three simple gifts which it is bringing to the world : about Truth, and Love, and Health.

**The Need
for a
Book.**

I have given hundreds of lectures on the subject, and have been asked, hundreds of times, to put it all into a book, so that those who have heard may call it up again in their minds, bit by bit, and chew it well, and turn it into something useful in their lives. How surprised and pained a cow would be if, after gulping down¹ a meal of nice fresh grass, she were to find it all gone—dropped out through some hidden door on the other side—just at the time when she expected to settle down at leisure and *really eat* it², that is, *turn it into something useful in her life*. Now that is just

¹ Swallowing.

² To “chew the cud,” as it is called.

what many people feel like after a good lecture. While it lasts they know that it is fine stuff and is sure to do them good, and so they gulp down all they can. But after it is over they do not exactly remember what it was all about. That is why many have been asking me to write out these things in full, using plain and simple words which may be understood by all who know a little English, and easily translated for the use of those who do not know English at all. But I have waited and waited, and have gone on lecturing and lecturing; and all the time the ideas have been growing clearer and clearer, and the words simpler and simpler, and.....I have still been afraid to write them down lest they should not be clear and simple enough for some of you who are just beginning to read English.

So you see I am not at all sorry for having waited and kept you waiting; for what I shall give you now is sure to be simpler and easier than what I might have given you six months ago.

Now I feel that the time to write has come at last, for you are joining the League in hundreds and thousands, in towns and in villages, and I cannot visit you all and tell you things "with the live voice," as the Laws of this world will not allow a person to be in more than one place at a time. So I must write you a long, long letter instead, and put into it all I want to say; and then make use of the magic of the Printing Press to multiply my letter into thousands, so that the magic of the Post Office and the Mail

Train may bring and scatter it wherever you are waiting to receive it.

People ask: "Why all this fuss? What are you after, with this new League of yours? Are there not enough societies already? What sort of people are you, and what do you want?"

We of the League, I answer,—at least those
 The Object of our League. of us who are in real earnest about it—are neither fairy-tale magicians, nor prophets, nor heroes, but quite ordinary people, people *just like you* (you will be one of us in a moment, unless you are very careful). Only we are ordinary people who have just made a very wonderful discovery—at least a discovery which seems very wonderful to us. Like most discoverers, we are perhaps a bit excited over it, and are longing to tell somebody about it. So your questions are quite welcome, you see.

"What on earth *have* you discovered?"

We have discovered that we (and many others also, old and young, all the world over, have been rather foolish all along. We have been crying for better food and clothes and houses, better appointments, better laws and better governments, better industries and arts and trades and businesses, better crops and better cattle (or is it horses and carriages and motor-cars?) quarrelling over what the best religion is, or what the best customs are, or the best society to join, and *all the time forgetting to trouble ourselves*

about the better Man without whom all those things cannot be made better at all, or kept so.

If we can only make a better Man, he will *really* want, and therefore *get*, better laws and better trades and better industries, and better crops and better cattle, and better (*really* better) food and clothes and houses and all the rest. He alone will be fit to know what religion is really best, and what customs are really best, and what society is really best to join.

Meanwhile, since only the better Man will be fit to know and invent and choose rightly in all these things, is it not clear that the best society to join *just now* is *that which concerns itself simply with the making of the better Man, and nothing else?*—And that is precisely our League, you know. *Our League simply wants to make the better Man and Woman of to-morrow, all the world over, by making many thousands of better boys and girls to-day.*

What do you think of it? Can anything be simpler?

We all want *our* neighbours to be better—to be truer, to be kinder, to be more serviceable and obliging *to us*. Well, the simplest way is to make ourselves (*their* neighbours) better—to become truer, to become kinder, to become more serviceable and obliging *to them*. For if we catch cholera, plague, typhoid or small-pox, our neighbours, unless they are very careful, are likely to catch these things from us. In the same way, if we catch and go on cultivat-

Charity
begins
at Home.

ing sincerity, kindness and the art of good service, our neighbours, unless they are very much on their guard against us¹, are likely to become infected (or is it 'affected'?) by and by.

So, let each of us take hold of himself² and make himself a little more like what he wishes his neighbours to be. Let us not all sit helpless in a row, each waiting for the others to begin and excusing himself by saying: "There are *so many* to make better! I am only *one*. I can do nothing." That is the way of failure, and we are going to succeed, are we not? Let us then stand up and say: "There are certainly a great many to make better, but I am *one of them*. Let me make a start with myself anyhow, and call to others to do the same. Otherwise nothing will ever be done at all." Three hundred and twenty millions in India; more than fifteen hundred million people on this Earth! These are terrible numbers, my comrades, and no mistake about it. But, however long they may take to count, they will never be counted at all unless somebody begins by counting "*One*." And if many make up their minds to count "*One*," all together, the total will make a pretty good number to start with, you know.

Therefore when our Chief calls out: "How many for this Great Adventure?" let each of us who reads this answer bravely: "I, for *one*!"

¹ And why should they be *unless we give them reason to*?

² Let girls read '*herself*' and '*her*' instead of '*himself*' and '*his*'; and so on, throughout the book. I am sorry I cannot use both genders at a time. But I always *mean* both, you know.

Now, to make a better bicycle, you must know how a bicycle is made—what its main parts are, and what their uses are¹.

What is
the Man
made of ?

In the same way, to make a better man, you must know what the man is made of—what his main parts are, and what their uses are.

Well, what are the main parts in Man: the parts that really matter—that matter far more, for instance, than the colour of his skin, or the cut of his hair and beard, or the fashion of the clothes he wears; far more than any of the various beliefs, and customs, and languages, and systems of government which divide us into so many separate gangs and wards, as if we were convicts in a jail or lunatics in a well-managed asylum?

The three
Parts in
every Man.

The main parts in *every* man² are :

I. The **mind** by which he knows.
II. The '**heart**' by which he feels, and either likes or hates.

III. The **body** in which he lives, and by means of which he acts.

¹ Otherwise you may be just like the obliging little boy who wants to 'improve' his elder brother's bicycle by.....painting it blue all over, beginning with the saddle and the chain. How thankful his brother will be, when he next wants to ride out on some urgent business, and suddenly discovers the 'improvement' !

² Meaning of course every single man and woman, every single boy and girl, of no matter what race, or country, or creed, or class.

This manner of dividing man (merely in order to understand him better) is so simple, so natural, that you cannot escape it. Look at the great world around you. Leaving out stocks and stones—things that are quite dead, or seem so—you will find three great classes of *living* things, and three only ; three great steps upwards, and three only:

I. Plants that *live*.

II. Animals that (1) *live*, and (2) *feel and move*.

III. Men that (1) *live*, (2) *feel and move*, and (3) *know and speak*.

The differences in the bodies of these three classes come from the growth of feeling and knowledge in classes II and III respectively.

What distinguishes animals from plants? They *move*. Why? Because they *feel* sharply enough to *make them move*. Put a plant here, and sunshine or water there: the plant *gropes and grows* towards the sunshine with its leaves and flowers, towards the water with its roots. It does not *go*. Now put a tiger here and a deer there: appetite and fear have become so sharp and strong that they take legs unto themselves and *run*.

What distinguishes men from animals? They *speak*. Why? Because they *know* enough to *make them speak*. Knowledge which in the animal was simple and vague enough to be expressed by the movement of the body, the look of the eyes, a bark, or a growl, or a wag

of the tail, has, in man, become so complicated and precise that it has taken *words* unto itself, and developed a special organ to utter them, or rather perfected that which already existed in the animal.

[For the parrot *has* such an organ, and *could* talk if it needed to. But it does't. It never *really* talks at all, even when *you* hear it do so. For when a parrot utters words, it expresses no knowledge of its own. A parrot being killed by a cat, in an agony of fear, will screech out : "Pretty Polly,-pretty Polly! Come quick and scratch my head!" or any nonsense which it has been taught to repeat. It has not got the *sense* to call out : "Murder! The cat is killing me!" Let us children learn from this, by the way, that unless *we* know what we say, and say only things which we know, we are not *real* human boys and girls, but merely little talking two-legged beasts.]

So, you see, there are three great upward steps in living Nature, and they all join together to make the Man.

A **body** which lives—breathes, eats, grows, reproduces itself and dies—this we have in common with beasts and plants.

The Sum-
ming up in
Man.

A '**heart**' which feels pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, desire and fear, and a body which not merely *lives*, but *moves* at will and *goes* towards or away from that which makes us feel—this we have in common with the animals. We can share our meals with our animal friends. We can also share with them our home and our excursions, our pleasures and our pains, our joys and our sorrows, our loves and our hates—the moods, not the real *reasons* for the moods: they will join in our moods

without troubling to 'know the reason why.' That is why many people find a dog such pleasant company.

Finally, the one thing we cannot share with our animal friends is the many-sided knowledge of our human mind, especially our understanding of what are called "abstract" principles and laws. These are big words, but I am sure you will understand me when I say that if you leave a meal unfinished, any dog will gladly finish it for you; whereas, if you leave a problem of arithmetic or a proposition of Euclid half-done, no animal friend will ever finish it for you. Reason and understanding, and the wonderful special power of expression called **speech**—these are our only distinctive marks as *men*: our natural caste-marks, so to say.¹ For the rest, our bodies may be not

¹ [Very important Note.] *Men*—apparently quite satisfied with their *mental*, and animal, and vegetable attainments—are always asking me, sometimes with a polite sneer, "why I do not speak of 'higher things'"—meaning presumably that a healthy body and a kind heart and a true mind are not 'things high enough' for them to be concerned about. Well, here is the reason, as concise as I can make it:

There may well be, hidden away inside us, still deeper things than these. But, *as these things make us men, those deeper things will make us more than men*: and it is useless talking of what will make us more than men when we have not yet learnt how to be men—*how to be the right sort of men and women*, pure and simple. That is why all 'deeper things' have been carefully left out of this Book.

[There are plenty of references to God, by the way. They will be understood by various people in various ways. I am not going to dispense with God, nor am I going to discuss Him. I believe, with Voltaire, that "if God did not exist we should have to

merely equal, but actually inferior in many ways to those of the animals. We have neither the flight nor the sight of the crow and the kite, nor the digestion of the cow, nor the scent of the dog, nor the strength and endurance of the elephant, the camel, the ox, the horse.

From this you may see at once that, unless we govern our actions by true knowledge (however simple) we are merely two-legged beasts, not *men*; and that the most shameful of sins, that which ought at once to turn us into dumb beasts, is the sin of speech, the sin against our special human power: the *lie*. We all tremble at the thought of hurting our bodies—the thought of being maimed, or poisoned, or burnt. Should we not shudder at the thought of being false? Falsehood is a maiming of our minds, as will be clearly explained further on. We may also consider it as throwing back into God's face his special gift to us *as men*: the gift of **speech**. And yet how little trouble is taken about this—how little trouble to save boys and girls from this terrible evil which threatens them from the moment they begin to speak! Does it not mean that we are mad?

invent Him." Those who deny Him are simply asserting Him under some other name. God is to the whole of us what Space is to our bodies. *I* cannot be without implying *Him*: I cannot live and move and have my being without Him in Whom I live and move and have my being. Discussions as to whether God is a Person or a Thing are comical. If you are a person, God is a Person. If you are a thing, God is a Thing. If you are both person and thing, God is both Person and Thing. In short you are God's reflex (His creature, created *in His Image*) and He (as you know Him) is yours. As *you* become, so God becomes *for you*.—Exit Theology.]

[Note] on the Three Simple Truths.

From what precedes we may at once extract three simple truths. They form the subject of this whole Book, and will be more fully explained further on. But they are so clear and easy to remember that, the sooner we catch hold of them and begin to make up our minds about them, the better it will be for us. This is not a story-book, so there is not the least fear of spoiling it by mixing up the end with the beginning. The sooner we begin to clearly see what we are driving at, the straighter and the further we shall drive. And that is just what we want, is it not?

Here, then, are the three simple truths :

I. Knowledge and speech form our *human* gift: Falsehood is therefore *the* human sin.

II. Feeling and movement form our *animal* gift: Cruelty is therefore *the* animal sin¹.

III. Healthy life forms our *vegetable* gift: Unhealthy habits² are therefore *the* vegetable sin.

As soon as you see this you must begin to choose—*and you will go on choosing all your life*—whether you prefer to be true, kind and healthy, or untrue, unkind and unhealthy. Truth, Love and Health ultimately stand together. You cannot heartily call in one of them without the other two knocking at the door to be let in. And if you *will* keep one of them outside (finding that particular one in-

¹ The thrill a sportsman feels on seeing a sentient, moving thing "drop dead" is, so to say, the 'relish' of this sin in one of its forms. Think also of the cruelty of *caging* harmless wild animals, especially birds. It is a sin against the gift of *motion*—the chief expression of animal nature.

² Of all kinds, such as gluttony, drink and drug-slavery, self-abuse and other health-destroying excesses.

convenient, perhaps) the other two will not settle down comfortably in your house as if they meant to stay. You will find them always edging away towards the door as if they too wanted to be let out. For mind, heart and body are inextricably interwoven¹ to support and manifest the Man. They form the tripod on which he sits secure if they are sound. Unscrew one leg, or treacherously weaken it, and he is sure to fall, perhaps when he least expects it. Great failures, which sometimes stagger us, making us feel as if there could never be any security in teachership, or leadership, or any of the great gifts of Man, are always traceable to some unsoundness in mind, or heart, or body, which might have easily been detected and remedied, had not the great one been blinded by the brightness of his actual attainments, fanned by the devotion of his followers. An ugly flaw may be quite near the brightest spot, but we cannot detect it unless we know how to reduce the light. This may be difficult while others persist in blowing it into a blaze. Hero-worship in the abstract² is not only good, but necessary. In the concrete it is extremely dangerous... to the hero ; and, *through him*, to his worshippers. Some of you may find this passage rather difficult ; but I am sure, if you look round, you will find some kind teacher who will explain it to you by means of examples, so that you may learn to freely love the good in others, and imitate and even excel it if you can ; and at the same time be safe from the terrible discouragement which comes, sooner or later, as the penalty of blind personal admiration.]

¹ Two big words may be shorter than many little ones. Have you ever made a tripod by interlacing three sticks? You may try it with pencils, or penholders, or knife and fork and spoon. Remove one of the three, and the other two fall useless. Thus do mind and heart and body uphold Man.

² Beginning, say, with distant heroes (distant whether in space or time) whom we cannot have *personal dealings* with, and the Great Types (such as Christ, Muhammad, Zoroaster, Krishna, Rama) into which such heroes are gradually transfigured in the minds and hearts of men.

We have now understood that Man consists of three main things: the power to know and speak, the power to feel and move, and the living body in which these powers work. Let us call these three Mind, Heart and Body for short.

The Three
main
Things.

In order, then, to make myself a better boy or girl to-day—a better man or woman to-morrow—I have to make my mind a better mind, my heart a better heart and my body a better body.

[Note¹ on the Need for a Positive Conception of Morality.]

You will notice that I am always speaking to you about *growing* better, about becoming *more*². This makes you cheerful and hopeful, and me too. Why are many boys far from cheerful when threatened with a lecture on religion or morality? Because they have got the idea (who has put it into their minds?) that religion consists of a number of monotonous practices, entirely apart from the business and pleasures of life; and that 'morality' entirely consists of "Don't³!"—"Don't do this and don't say that and don't think the other," and so on. In short they consider "morality" to be, not '*more*'-ality (the art of

¹ Mainly for teachers; but brave boys and girls need not be afraid of it.

² *Siddhi*, *vridhhi*, *prāpti* are the Sanskrit words, meaning success, perfection, development, attainment.

³ Also because the average religious or moral teacher often fails to convince his juvenile listeners that *he is really himself enjoying the practice of what he preaches to them*. Government quite rightly wishes to see religious and moral teaching introduced into the schools. But how to *secure* teachers gifted with the one valid qualification: the power of moral contagion, without which no official moral teaching can be a success? Examination-tests are useless, here: practice alone tells. "Whoso leadeth the life, he shall know of the doctrine."

growing *more*¹) as it should be, but *less*-ality (*i.e.*, the concern about stopping this, and preventing that, and suppressing the other.) Now, to think that morality is *merely* abstention from vice is like thinking that diet is merely abstention from poison. If I shut you up in a bare cell for three weeks, you will certainly eat no poison (except what your own body manufactures); but it is equally certain that you will not grow very fat. Diet—the science and art of diet—is knowing what is best for you to eat, *and eating it*, and growing strong on it. This of course requires that you shall know what is bad for you, and avoid it. For if you eat poison by mistake or design, not only will it not profit you, but it will prevent even good food being of use to you for some time. Therefore **by all means avoid poison**; but do not think that that *is* diet. Likewise **by all means avoid vice**; but do not think that that *is* virtue. “Virtue” is the Latin word *virtus*, which comes from the simpler Latin word *vir*. *Vir* and *virtus* are like the Sanskrit words *vīra* and *vīryam*, or *puruṣa* and *pauruṣam* (*vīra* and *puruṣa* mean a hero, a strong man; and *vīryam* and *pauruṣam* mean the heroism and the power which make that man what he is.) So, virtue is *power* for good, not mere abstention from evil.

Go to the chemist’s shop. There are many drugs (medicines) there. Now what is the ‘virtue’ of a drug?... What it does *not* do??...Just the other way, of course. You know the ‘virtue’ of a drug is the power which it has to make a change for good in the sick body which receives it. Likewise the virtue of a man is the power he has to make a change for good in the sick country or society which receives him. Settle this firmly in your minds, and Morality need never make you yawn.

Thus we clearly *want* to know, and shall find delight in learning, how to make our minds better minds, how to

¹ This is not the real derivation, of course, but a play on the word, permissible in this case because it puts into the word a healthy meaning. There is no harm in little jokes, provided they are healthy-minded, and are not permitted to deceive.

make our hearts better hearts, and how to make our bodies better bodies—in short, how to make ourselves better boys and girls to-day, in order that there may be plenty of better men and women to make a better and a happier world to-morrow.]

Let us take up the Mind first of all, for it will require the whole of our attention for a while.



PART I.



THE MAKING OF THE BETTER MIND



“Be True”

I.

The Mind, we have seen, is our power to know.

What does the Mind need for its growth?

Take anything that *can* grow: a muscle for instance, say the 'biceps' of my arm, which has the power to pull—to draw my hand, with whatever it holds, nearer to my shoulder.

The Need
of the
Mind.

How to make my biceps grow?—By wrapping it in cotton, and keeping it from draughts?... Or by holding my arm up, useless, above my head, as some professional '*sâdhus*' do, until it becomes like a dry stick?—Clearly, *dis-use* is not the way to make my biceps *grow*. Since its power is to pull, it will only grow by pulling.

Then by all means let me pull, I say.

Now comes the question: *What* shall I pull?—Well, 'Professor' Râmamûrti pulls back a motor-car, for one thing, and that seems to have given him a fine biceps. Let me do the same... You smile?...Quite right. The motor-car would probably pull me to hospital, and that wouldn't do my biceps much good.

So, *mis-use* is also not the way to make my biceps grow.

Clearly, the only way is the way of *right use*: to pull to-day what I am able to pull with reasonable effort—with enough trouble, say, to give me a good appetite for breakfast, not make me ill. By thus pulling each day what

I am able to pull with reasonable effort, I shall gradually grow able to pull more and more.

Now apply this to the mind. It is clear that the mind, which is my power to know, will grow neither by disuse nor by misuse, but by right knowledge, and right knowledge only. By knowing each day what I am able to know with reasonable effort, my mind will gradually grow able to know more and more.

The question then is: How to secure knowledge—how to get what my mind
 How to get it? needs for its growth?

If I can only find out the Rule by which to get knowledge under all circumstances, and if I follow that Rule faithfully, my mind will go on growing bigger and bigger, brighter and brighter.

If I break that Rule, knowingly¹ or unknowingly, I must forfeit knowledge, and therefore mental growth, as surely as the breaker of the rules of diet becomes dyspeptic and thereby forfeits food.

¹ [Note, for grown-ups.] But, as we shall see, it is impossible for one who *really knows* the Rule to break it. The measure of our contravention is the measure of our ignorance—no more, no less. ("Father, forgive them, for *they know not what they do!*") To say that the Knower of the Rule cannot be the breaker of it is as patent a truism as to say that a sane person cannot be a lunatic. A sane person may of course act in such a way as to be mistaken for a lunatic.....by lunatics. But that is not acting like a lunatic—quite the reverse. And then, remember that a really sane person in a lunatic asylum is likely to be pretty careful, even in his apparent lunacy, especially when full of concern for the dear lunatics and their gradual recovery from lunacy. Shall I be forgiven for saying that to behave *altogether too sanely* in a lunatic asylum were.....itself lunacy?

II.

What is the Rule for getting?

There is only one Rule for getting. It is as old as the World itself. It is the Rule by which God made His world. It is taught by all Teachers, accepted by all Religions, endorsed (confirmed) by the proverbs of all nations.

What is that Rule?

The Rule for getting is giving.

When I state it plainly like this, nobody seems to take any notice of it. It falls flat, perhaps because there is no *feeling* in a plain statement like that.

I. First let me give you one or two authorities:

In a very, very old Sanskrit book, which every Hindu is supposed to revere, even if he cannot read it—the *Brihad-Aranyaka-Upanishad* (never mind if the name makes some of you sneeze—it simply means “The Holy Teaching of the Great Hermit of the Forest,” and there is nothing funny about *that*)—there is a passage in which the whole duty of Mankind is summed up in *a single word*. How important that single Word must be! Well, that single Word—the Watchword of the Human Race, according to the *Veda*—that single Word is simply “**Give**” (*datta*).

The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, a famous book of a later date¹, tells us that the Father of Beings created his creatures with **Sacrifice** (another name for *giving*) and laid down the Rule, right at the beginning : “ *This* is your Rule for increasing : let *this* be the Cow of Plenty *for you*. By this you will foster Bright Forces, and those Bright Forces will help you along. Thus *helping and helped* all the way, you will reach the Highest Good.”

The Bible tells us that “ Whatsoever a man soweth, the same shall he reap ; ”
 The Rule for Christians. “ *Give, and it shall be given unto you ;* ” “ Who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind ” (who sows mischief reaps destruction). It is clearly the same thing, is it not ?

Finally a proverb, old as the hills, accepted by all, says : “ *Do as you would be done by* ”—that is, “ Befriend, if you would be befriended ; deliver, if you would be free ; raise, if you would rise ; heal, if you would be made whole². ”

So, **the Rule for Getting is Giving**—no mistake about this.

II. Let me now put a little sentiment into it, so that you may just *feel* it a little, and thus get a stronger hold on it ; for your minds will not go far without your hearts, and that is just as it should be.

Do you love your country ?

¹ Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold under the title, “ *The Song Celestial*. ”

² Or, in fewest words : “ *Give — and take.* ”

What is your country?—It is just that part of the big, big world in which your home is, in which your life is lived, from which you get whatever you need: your parents, who give you life from theirs to start with, your shelter, your employment, enjoyment, your wife, your friends—all you call your own. So, your country is the land from which you *get*. That is why you call it “Mother-land.”

Now, supposing you *get* and do not *give*. What sort of a creature are you? Shall I tell you?

That which gets and does not give is **vermin**.

There is no other name for it—or there are a hundred names: mosquitoes, bugs, lice, fleas, rats and so on. These are called “vermin” by man simply because they *take* from man, and do not *give*. The Divine Rule of “*Give and take*” has not yet dawned on them. They do not feel the need of it; they do not understand it; they do not want to try and understand it (how many so-called ‘men’ are just like them?) And so we call them “vermin” because they take without return—rather do they return evil for the good they get. Mosquitoes daintily suck up good blood, and leave malaria in the tiny wound. Rats are not dainty; they leave destruction, dirt and fleas; fleas leave plague, and so on.

Therefore, if you will not deserve to be called “vermin”—and who is willing to be called by such a name as that?—you *must give* to the Land from

Mother-
land

“I will
hate all
that is
mean.”

Our Choice:
To give, or
to be Vermin.

which you *get*. Like all vermin, one who gets but does not give is sure to do some mischief in his getting. We all give out dirt, for one thing, which helps to poison the life around us. Are we not bound to compensate by contributing all we can to the welfare of our country—contributing with our minds, contributing with our hearts, contributing with the whole trend of our lives? *We are all vermin to the extent that we do not give*, and you all despise vermin—quite rightly, too. You *feel*, and feel strongly about this; and that will help you to make up your minds as to what sort of boy or girl you *will* to be, what sort of man or woman you are determined to grow into.

But please mark that it is nothing more than what I told you at the beginning :

The Rule for Getting is Giving.

III

Then what is the Rule for getting *knowledge*—
For Getting Knowledge. since that is what concerns us just now ?

Surely the Rule for getting knowledge can only be...giving knowledge.

Here confusion arises.

My friend the school-boy has something on his mind. He raises his hand to speak.

“ But, Sir,” he says, when encouraged, “ In order to *give* knowledge, must I not first *get* knowledge? Is it not for this that I have come to school? Now you tell me that in order to

get I must *give*. But I have no knowledge to give just now, being a mere school-boy. How on earth can I *give* what I have not *got*?"

"Are you quite sure," I answer, "that you have no knowledge to give?"

My friend the school-boy does not quite know what to make of this; so I start questioning him:

The Gift of
Knowledge:
Simple
TRUTH.

"How old are you, my friend?"

"Twelve, Sir."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Saptarishi."

"Where do you live?"

"I live in North Thunder Street."

"Thank you, my friend, that will do."

Then I turn to the audience.

"Gentlemen," I say, "here are three things which I *did not know*. I can bear witness in the Law Courts that I did not know them until this moment. I *did not know* that my young friend was twelve years old. I *did not know* that his name was Saptarishi. I *did not know* that he lived in North Thunder Street. And the strangest thing of all is that my young friend, who just now asserted that he had no knowledge to give, has somehow managed to give me knowledge of these three facts. But wait a bit—it is just possible that he....."

"Headmaster," I resume—picking out, if possible, the Headmaster of the school to which

my young friend belongs—"Do you think I can rely upon our young friend's statement? Is he a.....Do you consider him a.....reliable informant? You do not think he has been 'pulling my leg¹,' do you? He is really twelve, is he? He is not deceiving the Department? His name is really Saptarishi, is it? He really lives in North Thunder Street, does he? I can *trust* him, you say?"

Well and good, then. My friend the school-boy *has actually given me knowledge if he has told the truth.*"

[Infantile Note on Infantile Knowledge.]

Our misunderstanding probably arose from the fact that when I spoke of knowledge I meant *knowledge of fact* (what other knowledge is there, I pray?)—whereas my friend the school-boy understood (who taught him to?) mere book-learning, plastered with University degrees by way of transit luggage-labels to some much-coveted and life-long clerkship. Look at the mischief! Here you have a bright, blooming boy of twelve fancying that he does not know anything; while as a matter of fact every unspoilt baby actually does know a thing or two, and knows that he knows, besides. What does he know? Well, he knows who his mother is, for one thing, and where he can get milk; and he can pretty well assert his knowledge, too, even long before he can say "Ma!"

IV.

Let us then understand clearly that when God lays down the Rule: "*In order to get, you must give,*" He is not so foolish as to require us to give what we have not got. We would not

Be True,
and God
will *trust*
you.

¹ Colloquial for "telling me stories to make fun of me."

expect that of Him : Why should He expect it of us ?—No, He simply means :

“ As you faithfully give, to those whom it may concern, such simple knowledge as you *have got*, I, through My Nature (schoolmasters included), shall faithfully give to you the further knowledge which you need. Be true in the little things you know, and greater knowledge is your due as you require it. Be *true*, and God will *trust* you.”

So the Rule is :

In order to get the knowledge we want, we must be true to the knowledge we have. If we are false to our knowledge, further knowledge will be false to us. If we are true we shall be trusted ; if we are false we shall be deceived. For, as we sow, thus shall we reap.

V.

Now let us see how the Rule works.

[Note on Rules—Man-made and God-made.

Here again confusion arises, because we are accustomed to rules made by men—by parents, by school-committees, by Municipalities, by social and religious law-givers, by governments—and we know that such rules can always be more or less eluded by clever folk. The working of a man-made rule depends upon the breaking of it being *known*. But clever men (or men who think themselves clever) break these man-made rules, and then manage (by breaking a few God-made Rules besides) to escape detection. And so they rub their hands and sit tight there until Death loosens them. Then they discover—somewhat late—that man-made rules are but the shadows of Eternal God-Made Rules, and that the God-Made Rules they

broke (quite by the way), in breaking man-made rules, *have broken them*. The most successful rule-breaker is like a solid-looking door-post eaten up by white ants inside. His failure is inside him from the start of his success in rule-breaking. Death *brings it out* (no more)—if nothing else does. There may be a good deal of superstition mixed up with the terrors of the after-life (we are growing out of all that mediæval nonsense, are we not ?) But they are not all a joke—no, not while our Humanity is what it is (or rather, fails to be what it might be). “From sudden death deliver us, O Lord !” has grim meaning in store for many a smooth-faced, prosperous man. “Let us make hay while the sun shines” has meaning also—more meanings than one.

If we can once see clearly how this God-made Rule (“*Give, if you would get*”) works, we shall never again confuse it with the man-made rules that fail to work when the policeman happens (for some reason or other) to be looking the other way. And then, policeman or no policeman, we shall never again seek to evade man-made rules either : for the game is really “not worth the candle.” We shall either frankly obey those man-made rules where we find them worth obeying, or take trouble to get them amended when we are convinced they might be better. We shall never be hypocrites ; for a hypocrite is, amongst other things, a man who breaks a God-Made Rule in order to conceal his breaking of some inconvenient man-made rule. He does not care about the man-made rule himself, and so he breaks it. But he thinks it may possibly be good for others (fools?), or wants to keep them quiet and save himself the trouble of being blamed by them ; and so he pretends to be what he is not, and breaks the God-Made Rule of Truth in doing so. In the end he is neither here nor there : he has no honest leg to stand on.)

Well, then, the question is :

“How shall the following of the God-Made

How the Rule works. Rule procure for me the thing I want? How shall my *gift* of knowledge *get* me knowledge? How shall I earn the Truth by being true?"

To which the answer is :

" By being true, I shall just make my mind fit to know. Being fit to know, my mind *shall know*—shall rightly know, according to its powers—whatever happens to be there for it to know. And there is always something *there*, you know; and something leads to something else; and growth follows on the heels of growth; and power lies wrapped up in power, awaiting its time, awaiting its call¹; and of the Glory that shall be revealed there is no end."

And the other question is (why should we shirk it?):

" How shall the breaking of the Rule deprive me of the thing I want? How shall I forfeit knowledge by being false?"

To which the answer is :

" By being false I shall simply make my mind unfit to know. Being unfit to know, my mind must fail to know—fail to know rightly and truly—even what happens to be there for it to know. My mind will be like a

¹ Ask your teacher—the one you know you *can* ask—to explain to you the meaning of the word "exfoliation." Have you ever watched a plantain-stem shoot up? Will the fourth leaf unfold before the second one? Will it miss its turn after the third?

dyspeptic stomach which cannot properly digest anything, not even the food put into it.

How to understand this twofold business better?

Very simple. Put it like this:

Truth—the concern for truth, the acknowledgment of truth, the utterance of truth—*straightens out the mind*. It gradually and steadily shakes out wrinkles and folds, and smoothes down bumps and levels up holes. The rest comes of itself: a straight mind, like a straight mirror, reflects *true*. It cannot help doing so.

Falsehood—the recourse to falsehood, the conceiving of falsehood¹, the utterance of falsehood—*makes the mind crooked*. It gradually and steadily wrinkles, and creases, and cunning, secret folds. A bold, outright lie stands out like a brave bump; a well-laid trap lurks as a treacherous hole..... Where?—Oh, *in the mind of the liar, of course*; for where else should the lie have its lair?

Think of it well, Comrades. *Where* is the lie?

¹ The conceit that what *is not* might conceivably be, might be supposed to be, might be suggested to be, might be dressed up in wreaths of cunning linked-up words and woven garments of plausible assurance, so as to be made to be believed to be..... These are complicated words, my dears; but I really cannot say anything simple about falsehood—except simply that it is *not* simple—cannot afford to be—would be detected, exposed, wasted, useless. "Simple truth" is a common phrase in every language. But who has ever heard of "simple falsehood"?

VI.

I tell you my eldest son was married yesterday.
(It is a lie. I am unmarried, and have no son—elder or younger).

**Where the
Lie is.**

Where is that eldest son of mine?
And *where* was his marriage performed yesterday?

Surely that son of mine is somebody, somewhere, a part of something; and his marriage was something. It surely made a difference, did it not? It made a difference in his life, at least, and in somebody else's life as well.

And then there were the sweetmeats, and the fireworks, and the bride's dowry and what not. Surely these made a deal of difference—a difference in the purse of whoever paid for them.

Anyhow I can assure you of the *fact*. I am an honest man, am I not—a reliable man? The fact actually happened, I tell you.

A fact is a fact, after all, you know—a fact is *something*. A fact is a difference, a difference in the world of fact—something that had not happened, and then happened to happen. Is it not so?

Where did it happen?

Well, it happened *in my mind*, of course, since I remember it. (Mine is a faithful mind, you know—it never plays *me* false). And if it did not happen in that *other* Mind¹, out there (does *that* Mind matter?...Or is It VERY

¹ Meaning God's creative Mind, of course—that is, the World of Fact.

MATTER ??)—if it did not happen in what we call the World of Fact, the world of vulgar, stubborn, inconvenient *Fact*—well, the difference it made is clear enough:

It made a difference between my mind and Fact.

That is it, is it not? So simple.

A lie is an alteration of the liar's mind *from fact*; a deliberate *adulteration* of the liar's mind (a mixing up of fact with what is not fact, so as to make it look 'just like the real thing, you know,'—and may none know the difference, no, not even the liar himself when his turn comes!) It is a deviation of the liar's mind *from fact*; a difference between the liar's mind *and fact*.

When I have told my lie, the fact remains, does it not? It remains just as it was before, untouched, unchanged. A ton of lies never altered an ounce of fact. A mile of lies never altered an inch of fact. A whole era of lies never altered a single moment of real fact. Fact stands. It *has happened*. It makes a difference in the real World of Fact—a difference once for all, for the World is never quite the same again. The World is what it was, *plus* that fact; and that is something different from what it was before.

Falsehood also stands, after a fashion—or rather *lies*. Anyhow it does happen (somewhat too often, alas, alas!) It is a fact, after all, like any other: it also makes a difference in the World of Fact. It makes the differ-

And what it does
And what it cannot do
Falsehood is variance between Mind and Fact.

ence, the *fact*, that there is now a mind (one more, alas, alas!) that differs from Fact, that has strayed from Fact, that has cancelled to some extent the very purpose of its existence by substituting something else for Fact, something else for that which it was made to tally with.

For the mind is just our power to know Fact, to reflect Fact, to tally with Fact. It is our record of Fact, our register of Fact. It has no other purpose, remember.

Let us be quite clear about this, then, Comrades:

Truth is not a mere metaphysical something beyond the clouds, or, before Creation began to be.

Truth is a condition of our minds, here and now—a present, or absent, or possible condition of our minds, here and now. Anyhow, it is a condition of our very minds—the only right condition of our minds.

VII.

Truth is agreement between Mind and Fact. Spoken Truth is agreement between Speech, and Mind, and Fact.

It is 5-15 by my watch. I see it is 5-15 by my watch. I know it is 5-15 by my watch. You want to know the time? Well, I am delighted to inform you that it is 5-15 by my watch. *That is Truth.* As simple, as commonplace as that.

Truth is
Agreement
between
Mind and
Fact.

If anybody asks you what Truth is, say :

“Truth is the existence of a fact, plus the knowledge of that fact, plus the communication of the knowledge of that fact. That is Truth in fulness —Truth expressed, Truth uttered (spoken, written, painted, carven, wrought), Truth recorded. Unuttered Truth is Truth waiting to be uttered, as an uncreated Universe is a Universe waiting to be created, as an un-lived destiny is a destiny waiting to be lived.”

Note the meaning of the term ‘Word.’ The Power by which God creates the Universe is called His Word. It is simply His Utterance. It expresses Him. Now He has made us after His own Image, we are told. Therefore we also have our word, which expresses us. *Our whole life*¹ (speech included) *is our word*; for it expresses (or conceals?) *us*. Understand, then, that *your word is your bond*, for better or for worse; for *your word is your deed, and your deed is your bond*.

To know fact and to express it—that is the purpose of Mind and Speech. That is the purpose of the power that makes and marks us men. To frustrate that purpose—to prostitute that power—is to forfeit our very humanity, to lose our caste-marks, so to say.

¹ That is why our Pledge says : “I will *be true* through all my life,” not merely “I will speak the truth.”

[Note:—"Is it Fair?"]

Why do we not feel the donkey's ears and tail sprouting in us the moment we begin to utter lies? It seems to me we are not fairly treated. We are not punished fast enough. We are calmly left to blunder through a life-time in defiance of the very Rules of our Life; and our most colossal blunders are not brought home to us until some further life beyond the pyre or the grave.

But is it really so very unfair after all? Have we *been trapped*, or have we *trapped ourselves*? Are we trapping ourselves all the time?

We all claim to know our business best, to have the power to see ahead and choose. May it not be that God is simply treating us according to our own claims; that He is taking us, for better or for worse, *at our own valuation*? We say, "I will do this or that if I choose to; I will give up this or that if I choose to. Just you leave me to manage my own affairs." "All right," says God, "Since I have given you the power to feel that you can choose and manage, I am surely not going to cancel that power (of Mine) in you by too obviously choosing and managing for you. Of course the ultimate choosing and managing *must* be Mine. I cannot quite help that, you see: the whole concern *is* Mine after all, and I cannot afford to let you spoil it quite. But I can leave you plenty of margin to kick in, although the last word must be Mine. Meantime you go ahead and choose and manage as you know best. But of course, until you freely choose to learn and follow the Rule I made for you—the Rule I happened to make you by: My Word *in you*—you need not expect to succeed. It would be a pity if you did. Go ahead, then. I have done My part well enough: there are plenty of landmarks all the way for you to steer by. If ever you feel like enquiring, there is Wisdom and to spare at your disposal. You have only to pluck *and eat*. My Blessing to you, child of the hard way, child of the fair way, child of the freely choosing mind! I am afraid you will make a sorry mess of things to start with. But how else can you learn, my dear,

once you have chosen? Here is the Rule of the Road for you: '*Do as you would be done by.*' A merciless Rule it will seem to you—for I do not see much mercy in you, just yet. But My Love goes with you all the way; My Love enfolds you in all the hells through which you choose to make your way; My Love awaits you at the other end—when the Sun of Righteousness shall dawn at last within your heart of hearts. Till then, I leave you free...to bind yourself as you like best—or worst. What more can I do for you?"

In short God, who has given us Individuality, respects His Gift too highly to cancel it by sheer coercion. Compensation there must needs be—what we call *punishment*. It must be adequate, besides—mathematically accurate and just: "Not a jot or tittle shall be left out." But punishment both adequate *and immediate* would amount to sheer coercion (that is how *we* would like to deal with cases that shock us: clearly we are not God!)

It seems, then, that we have nothing left to fall back upon except the present system: punishment (or compensation) ultimately adequate, seldom immediate (even in its beginnings), slow but sure, grinding the sinner gradually down under the heel of the Law he has defied, but leaving him plenty of time to reason it all out, to experiment afresh if he likes, to find out where the mistake lay, to get at the root of the mischief and lay it bare, and ultimately make up his mind to live by the Rule that made him—the Rule by which he marred himself¹. Then what seemed the merciless tormenting demon of avenging, outraged Law begins to reveal itself in its true colours; and out of the winepress of deserved torment there emerges at last...what this Book is not at all concerned with, as I have said in a previous footnote².]

¹ "Sin in haste and repent at leisure" is again one of those Proverbs with more meaning in them than is suspected by those who lightly utter them.

² Page 9, above.

All this, dear Comrades, (all these notes in smaller type) is more for your teachers than for yourselves. But you, too, will be wanting to puzzle

**The End
of
Freedom.**

things out by and by. We can sum all this up very simply by saying that *all our troubles come from our troublesome Gift of (comparative) freedom—freedom to deny our reason to some extent, freedom to abuse our powers to some extent. But that Gift is well worth all the troubles it brings us; and we shall know it in the End. And the shortest cut to that End (for that is what really matters) is to freely make up our minds at once (those of us who are willing)—to freely choose to be true, since we are just as free to be false if we like; to freely choose to be kind, since we are just as free to be cruel if we like; to freely choose to live healthily, since we are just as free to be unhealthy if we like. If you find anything too difficult in these passages, pray forgive me, and pass on. There will be plenty of easy bits further on. The hard bits will keep all right, and there will be plenty of time to chew them as your teeth get stronger by and by.*

[Note on our Freedom with Regard to Rules—Man-Made and God-Made.

Since I have brought in the momentous question of Liberty, I may as well put down two little clear-cut sentences, connecting the idea of freedom with what has gone before.

Refer back to the Note on Rules—man-made and God-made (pp. 27-28) and add :

A. "The chief characteristic of man-made rules is that *we are not free to break them openly* (we shall be caught and punished if we do) *but we are free to evade them if we can.*" It is the business of the rule-makers to make that as difficult as possible for us. If they fail, so much the worse for them and (I logically infer) so much the better for us. The get-up and administration of most man-made rules seems to involve the assumption that a rule is necessarily a nuisance to all whom it concerns. This politico-legal muddle, transferred to the realm of religion and morality, has hopelessly confused most people's notions of a Moral Law. They think to deal with their Soul and God as with the Law Courts. In this they are mistaken, for—

B. "The chief characteristic of God-Made Rules is that *we are quite free to break them if we like, but we are not free to evade them at all.*"

Think over this : a hungry man cannot freely take food from one who has too much. That would be stealing. But if he can do it secretly; well and good : that is his own look-out, and the rich man's.

On the other hand the rich man can quite freely get rid of the hungry man by telling him he has no food to give. Nobody will blame the rich man for saying so (who need believe him, besides?) and God sends no policeman after him. Yet the consequence of that lie is absolutely unescapable. It may be a tiny item, amongst a million others ; but it is there, and counts for what it is worth, no more, no less. It is not like taking delivery of goods, and then haggling to get the bill reduced. Get that sort of notion out of your minds, I pray. *The lie itself is the snapping of a tiny strand* of the cord (or stout, or slender) that binds the man to Knowledge, to Truth, to Salvation, to God.

Is it unfair, that man should be left to fall into a trap like that?—No. The rich man has a mind to learn with, a reason to understand with. Well, he is expected to use his mind, his reason, to understand the nature of his actions and their consequences, and to assume control himself, since *he can choose*

to do so. God sends him no policeman *because he already has the power to train up his own conscience* as the policeman that will catch and punish him with shame and remorse when he goes wrong.

Man is treated just as he deserves to be—be quite sure of that.]

VIII.

Now for something nice and easy.

What a wonderful instrument it is, this mind of ours!—A sort of magic mirror,
 Mind, the Receiver. and photographic camera, and cinemato-phonograph with endless records, all rolled into one.

It is constantly **receiving** knowledge through its organs of knowledge (the ear, the skin, the eye, the mouth, the nose¹); and recording that knowledge—truly or otherwise—according to its power to do so.

And then it is continually **expressing** its knowledge, somehow or other,
 Mind, the Transmitter. through its organs of action (the voice, the hands, the feet and other active organs²)—expressing its knowledge in speech and act, according to the occasion, and to its power to “rise to the occasion.”

¹ The powers of hearing, touch, sight, taste, smell, through which the mind gets the data of its knowledge, are called its *jñāna-indriyāni*, “instruments of knowledge,” in Sanskrit.

² The powers of speech, locomotion, grasp, and so on, through which the mind expresses its knowledge in action, are called its *karma-indriyāni*, “instruments of action, of expression.”

And in the mind, as in the mirror, there is
 Mind, true (or is lacking) a certain funda-
 or untrue. mental quality—of *straightness*, of
trueness, of *accuracy*, of *genuineness*, of *trust-*
worthiness, of *rightness*, of *rectitude*—on which
 everything else depends.

Put a straight rod (or a straight nose) before
 a crooked mirror, and there it is: as crooked
 as you like.* Only a straight mirror catches
 things rightly, *as they are*—registers a square
 as a square, a circle as a circle, a straight
 thing as straight and a crooked thing as
 crooked.

Of course a little play-acting is wanted.
 It helps a good deal at the lectures. But
 how to put it in a book? Let me try.

I represent the mind-mirror by a flexible
 The Mind- copy of the *Children's Magazine*,
 Mirror on clapped at the back of my head.
 the Stage. In it all I see is reflected—straight
 if it is straight, otherwise if it is not.

There is a square figure on the blackboard.
 A whimsical Raja (my schoolboy friend) has
 decreed that whoever mentions a square in his
 hearing shall have his head cut off.

"What is there on the board, Mr. Clown?"
 the Raja asks, with an ominous frown.

I look round at the board (the Magazine
 When is a innocently held *straight* at the
 Square back of my head), see what is
 'not' a there, and shudder. It is all up
 Square? with me: I am at the Raja's mercy!... But

wait! The rule is about *mentioning* a square. What if I save my neck with a lie? The modern Pandit says I may. So does the modern politician, for the matter of that—there is not much to choose between them¹. Certainly that thing *must not be* (acknowledged) a square, or I am done for. It *cannot be* a square. It *is no square* (I gradually bend the Magazine into a half-cylinder at the back of my head.) “Raja Saheb,” I say, turning round, “That is no ...ahem!..., I assure you: *it is an oblong!*” (I remove the Magazine, *as it is*, from the back of my head, and consider it thoughtfully for a while. The boys laugh. It is certainly *not* particularly straight, just now. Nor is the mind of a man *who* can declare that a square is not a square.)

Falsehood makes our minds crooked *in the very act of conceiving it*. The utterance surely does not straighten matters out—still less does the emphatic assurance and re-assurance usually required to drive the ‘thing’ home and *keep it going*.

A mind repeatedly *made crooked* naturally

¹ We might put in the witness-box a whole catalogue of proverbs, reflecting, not eternal principles, as some previously quoted proverbs do, but the cynical opportunism of so-called “civilised” man. Here the Pandit’s “The end justifies the means” would be matched by the politician’s “*A la guerre comme a la guerre, vous savez!*”—with a well-bred little shrug of the shoulders to pass it off. The meaning is, of course, that what is not permissible in times of peace is permissible in time of war; that what should not be done to a friend may well be done to an enemy; and so on. God-Made Rules know naught of such distinctions. But see further.

tends to remain so. It gradually loses its elasticity.

As a crooked mirror cannot reflect things as they are, so a crooked mind cannot know things as they are. Things do not deceive it. They needn't. Let them remain as straight and innocent as they like. The crooked mind is deceived *by its own crookedness*. How to deceive a liar? Recipe: Tell him the Truth. He won't believe you. Even the truth deceives a liar. His doom is inside him, wrought by himself. **There is no escape.**

IX.

How convenient it would be if we could only have two minds: one for our own private use (and a few friends, perhaps); and one for.....other folk, for 'fools'—for those whom it profits us to be untruthful to. One nice and clean and straight, a well-polished mind to know the truth with (for it is convenient to know the truth, you know—at times, and up to a certain point, at least...a certain...convenient and well-chosen point). And then, another mind, which would not matter much—which might become as shabby, and crooked, and pockety as circumstances might require—a hooky, twisty, slippery back-garden sort of mind with which we might conveniently deceive our neighbours (for it does undoubtedly seem convenient, most invitingly convenient, to tell a lie, or maybe several, at times, and...up to a certain point again. I will ungrudgingly admit it).

**Marginal
Musings.**

How convenient it would be to be a double-minded man like that!

Unfortunately, people who really have two minds—two really separate minds, two unrelated minds which no longer affect or contaminate each other—such people are found... well, more often inside the walls of lunatic asylums than outside.

Sane people can afford one mind only. Nature has not made proper provision for more. Of course many people are called "double-minded," or "double-faced," or "double-dealing" people; and they deserve to be called so; for they try hard to be one thing to themselves and their friends, while they are something very different to their victims. But they never quite succeed—or if they do they become mad. For a sane person, to make one's mind crooked and keep it straight at the same time—to make it crooked with lies and keep it straight to know and tell the truth *when wanted*—is quite impossible. One may succeed, for a while, in getting a mottled sort of mind, a spickly-speckly sort of mind; a piebald sort of mind, with bright parts and dull parts, and straight parts and hooky parts all mixed up and struggling, like a lot of school-boys in a Rugby football scrimmage. But as long as a man remains more or less *sane*, those opposite parts go on mixing together, fighting together, affecting each other, acting and reacting on each other. For such a mind there is no peace.

The
'Kingdom
divided.'

Out of that state there are only two ways:
 the gradual and deliberate over-
 coming of the crooked by the
 straight, the dull and treacherous
 by the bright, and frank, and clear, and clean,
 the passing from falsehood to truth¹; or else
 the giving up of the struggle, the loss of the
 battle, the breaking up of the mind's tortured
 consistency in rank insanity.

The two
Ways out.

Which will *you* have?

X.

Is it worth while taking trouble for Truth, bearing trouble for the sake of Truth, putting up with inconvenience rather than to utter lies?

Some people, who quite agree with me as to the excellence of Truth, and its ultimate necessity, seem to think that Truth is of course the best of all things, even now, *when convenient*; but that it may also quite innocently and properly be set aside, especially in mere worldly matters—of preferment, marriage, and so forth—when some valued advantage can be gained by deceit, or some considerable inconvenience avoided.

Worldly
Wisdom(?)

Let me bring in a few examples.

Parental
Prudence.

1. A father, respectable but poor, wants me to take interest in his son who is, it seems, a remarkably bright boy, having reached the "Entrance Class" at the abnormally early age of thirteen. I am delighted to hear this, knowing

¹ *Anritāt satyaṁ upaimi*, "From falsehood I make my way to Truth"—an oft-repeated *Vedic* vow.

that the minimum age fixed by Government for the (College) "Entrance Examination" is sixteen, and taking for granted that the boy will be free from the (inevitable) grindmill of curriculums for three blessed years, during which time a liberal education of some sort may be imparted to him. Fancy my disgust on learning that the boy is going up for examination (at thirteen) right enough, having been carefully entered by his parents with a false age on joining school six years ago. The boy knows it, his parents know it (they *did* it), their friends know it. Now here is a boy who will have to carry with him *throughout his life* the deceit of a false age—to utter glibly, with a pleasant face, each time he is required to state his age, a statement which he knows to be untrue, in disaccord with fact. His parents may have saved a few rupees (the problem of a boy's education is indeed a cruel one for poor parents—less cruel only than the devoutly upheld torture of matrimonial blackmail); but I really cannot see what the boy has gained, and I think he should have something to say. Anyhow I do know that a fatal twist must have been given to that boy's character for life; that, having once been *taught by his parents* to lie for the sake of advantage, he will (unless he is a born reformer) be inevitably led to do so on other occasions. How many, and what occasions?—I *do not know*, being no prophet. And that is precisely why I would rather have nothing to do with him. I might be one of his 'lawful occasions,' who knows? If I meet him later on, in public life, *I will not trust him*.

2. A very promising young student, a born speaker, brilliant in debate, sure to be a leader by and by, fond of discussing moral topics, character, and so forth—a Comrade in the League of the Helping Hand, having taken the pledge, "I will be true through all my life," free to do as he likes with it, of course (for we, like God, have no police.) Of well-to-do parents, besides, members of a religious society that claims to restore the true Aryan character in this Land. He is fifteen—just a year too young for the examination. I suppose that he, at least, is going to wait a year and look

**Obliging
Anatomy.**

round a bit. I could find a good year's work and travel for such as he; for which he (and others) would be none the worse. No false age has been given to start with, in his case (no 'pinch' to sharpen wits, it seems.) Just before beginning a lecture, with the boy in question before me, chatting light-heartedly, I am casually informed that he is going up for examination right enough, with a certificate from the civil surgeon declaring that the age given by the boy's parents must have been wrong, since anatomy (blessed anatomy!) shows that he cannot possibly be less than sixteen. How much for that little consultation, Doctor? And what sort of a leader will that boy make when he grows up?

3. I find plenty of response—enthusiasm, even—when I lecture on Truth in the abstract. On the other hand there is scarcely a place where some people at least—honourable people, or they would hardly come forward—do not come forward to make just a *little* stand on behalf of much-abused falsehood.....in the concrete. (We shall discuss the 'permissible lie' in Book the Second.) "Shameless wretches!" you feel inclined to say. "Gently, Friend," I answer. "Spare them, I pray you. They are probably the most truthful of the lot."

I tell you this thing faces me on every side, baulks me on every side. I sometimes feel I am going mad. Or is it the world that has gone mad long since, and I that am just *beginning* to go sane—inconveniently sane, sane out of place and season¹?

¹ This is not the vexed Curzonian question of the untruthfulness of the East in particular. It is the *Human Question*—nothing less. Read Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*, and the discussions about it in the leading papers, and you will find that there is little to choose, in the matter of insincerity, between the ruling assumptions of East and West. The matter and the manner differ widely, but the root-evil is the same everywhere.

Truth in the abstract—and all the rest—oh, yes. But let me talk of vulgar *business*, let me make a simple statement of fact as to my finances, say ; and *there is not an honest face before me*—no, not even a boy's face. For there is not a boy¹ who has not heard his parents lie in matters of money, and has not learnt from them that it is the right thing to lie where money is concerned. Are not children sent out to buy things? Are they not made to sell things? And is not all the bazaar talk of buying and selling (and much of the 'Big Bazaar' talk of better-organised countries) a tissue of lies? What is bargaining?—Getting at the (presumably) *true* price of an article by pairing off lie against lie until the Truth comes out as resultant of a mutual bombardment of lies. Mind you, Truth is the very last thing either party wishes for, or expects. The seller wants to sell the thing for more than its fair price, the buyer wants to get it for less. Do not tell me that it may well be a good thing, since Truth does come out (more or less) after all. You are again drifting into abstraction. Truth is *nothing*, and *nowhere*, without *truthful beings* to live and love her ; and what I see, when Truth does come out of a bargain of lies, is that *buyer and seller are both disappointed*. Truth comes out, oh yes, but she sees two disappointed liars turn their backs on her and walk home, both hoping to do better next time, and never see her face again. A fine welcome for Truth, indeed !

The following was quoted—as a stereotyped example—by the President at one of my lectures—an Indian gentleman with remarkable double experience as educationist

¹ If there is, I shall much value his acquaintance, and theirs. One of my great concerns is precisely to meet those (whether isolated men or groups) who *are* struggling for pure and simple truth ; and to help, as far as in me lies, to give them that efficiency which organisation alone can give. But I know that 90% of those who will come forward in answer to a call like this *are themselves shamis*, as ready to exploit a madcap's fad for truth as anything else. God help us !

and co-operative business-organiser ; an unusually good speaker, too :

A father gives his son a thrashing for having lied (to him). While the thrashing, with accompaniment, proceeds, there comes a call at the door. The culprit is hurriedly put down :
Home Discipline. “ Run to the door, my son, and if it is so-and-so (who owes us money), let him in. If it is the tax-gatherer, tell him that I am out.”

And so, the moment I state, even in the presence of Captains of my League, a plain fact of business—say, that my resources *are* actually exhausted, that the League has swallowed them up, that I have nothing to fall back upon, and that the work cannot be carried on without the support of the public, *I do not see a single trustful face before me*—no, not even the face of a Captain of the League of the Helping Hand, the League of Truth and Service.

The reason for this is very simple, and the boys are not to blame—nor are their parents, for the matter of that, for they were children in their day, and who taught them ? It should be clear that you cannot expect boys to give a candid reception to truth in matters concerning which they have been taught to rely upon falsehood. Let me try and speak their *real* thoughts—not what they would *say*, of course, or even think inside their *brains*, but the true under-current—the sort of thought men mostly get when they are dead :

“ *Our* parents would never have thrown their last penny into a mere philanthropic venture ; and we, their children, are learning from them how to manage. We can hardly believe that you are different from us *in this respect* ; and so, when you tell us that you have nothing left, we take it to be...well, a lie (from you, who claim to teach us to be true)—we take it to be an innocent, plausible white lie—of the sort freely

uttered by those we love and honour most—a lie just meant to spur us to take trouble and raise funds for the League, which probably does require them. But as for *you*—of course you must have something of your own laid by for a rainy day. Everybody has, or ought to have ; and everybody lies, in matters such as this. Our parents send their money to the Bank, and say and make us say there is no money. You must have some money in the Bank too. *You* would surely not be such a fool as to run personal risks, leading perhaps to disgrace, for the sake of mere.....”

Yes, I have Money in the Bank, my dears—good Money, too.....a lot of it—and *I shall call for it when I am dead*. It is quite safe.

Do not think me pessimistic, I pray you. I am just finding out *how things are to start with*—
Taking Stock. taking stock, as it were—and I find them bad enough in all conscience. Why blink facts? But that is no reason why they should not be improved—quite the contrary.

In the case of Comrades of our League, at least, *I can* start explaining matters to some extent ; and some of them are beginning to understand.

Is it worth while taking trouble for Truth ?

Here we are dealing with Principles—not
The Question again. ‘mere abstract’ principles, mind you. We are dealing with the *Vital Principles of all Sound Practice*.

**Is it worth while taking trouble
for Truth ?**

Now that question is practically the same as :

Oracular Replies. “ Is it worth while taking trouble
for Health ? ”

or :

“ Is it worth while exercising a muscle to make it grow ? ”

XI.

Every legend you repeat to your children, every story they read at school, **Traditions.** tells them that no good is got without effort, and that if good is worth having, effort is worth making.

George Washington was a great man, you say. He did great things. Now **George and his little Axe.** everybody knows he was a truthful boy. He was ready to take a thrashing rather than tell a lie.

“*That is why* he became a great man,” I hear you glibly say. But do you really believe it? If so, why don’t you *go and do likewise*? There are plenty of occasions, you know—quite as many as in the days of George Washington, if not more.

My Hindu friends all say that India was great in ancient days—when Britons were mere naked white savages, that worshipped totems and painted themselves blue. **What of Ancient India?**

I quite believe it. I read the Record—which most of my friends don’t. Or if they do, they don’t notice quite the same things that I do—perhaps because the Commentary doesn’t tell them to.

Now here is one of my very greatest finds, in the record of old Sanskrit Wisdom **A Vedic Nugget.**—a mere trivial, topical passage introducing some high-flown Philosophy. It is mostly passed over without notice. But mark you: The record of the Character

of the Men who knew and taught great Truths is of more value than the mere words in which they taught. Anyone may spin a fine philosophic yarn. Some Indians have begun to discover how little that really means or matters. But this little trait of Character—and the bit of straight Teaching it enshrines—*this* is pure Gold (I'll even take it as a hall-mark to the rest). At least it is pure Gold *to me*, and I want the names and addresses of any others to whom it is the same. I am lonely, with all my public work, you know, and want a man or two to call my friend.

It occurs in the *Prashna Upanishat*, this little nugget—Chapter VI, just at the beginning. I translate quite plainly :

Sukeshâ Bhâradvâja questioned the Master next : “ Sir,” he said, “ young Prince Hiranyanâbha of Kusala came up to me and put me this question : ‘ Say, Bhâradvâja, do you know the Being of Sixteen Phases ?’ I answered him : ‘ *I do not know that Being. If I knew Him, what would prevent my telling you ? He withers to the very root, who utters falsehood ; therefore it is not worth my while to speak a lie.*’ He silently got into his carriage, and drove away. Now, Sir, allow me to put you his question : Who is that Being ?”

And then the Master explains the symbol, and people argue and theorise, and nobody stops to pick up the nugget that has gone before.

Do you notice, O my Brâhman Friends—who deem it expedient and wise to tell
A Triple
Challenge
from
India's Past.
 lies about your account in the Bank, and your daughter's marriage, and what not—do you notice the three **enormities** which this fragment of your Sacred

Scripture implies?—This petty fragment, too simple to be explained away by commentaries, too trivial to be worth the notice of your Pandits.

I. India was indeed great in those days : A Brâhman youth chose to candidly confess his ignorance to a (socially important) person of a lower caste, rather than shuffle out of it by laying claim to private (and uncommunicable) knowledge of the subject.

II. India was indeed great in those days : “If I knew, what would prevent my telling you?”—*yadi aham avedisham, katham te na avakshyam*—The only thing that could prevent a Brâhman from giving knowledge to a non-Brâhman in those days, was...the Brâhman's ignorance of what the non-Brâhman wanted to know. That ignorance the Brâhman candidly confessed. Was he mad? No?.....Then who *is* mad?

III. India was indeed great in those days. A Brâhman youth knew falsehood to be *the* root-evil of all human evils, and *in no case worth resorting to* : “**Who utters falsehood withers to the very root** (*sa-mûlah parishushyati*), therefore **it is not worth my while** (*na arhâmi*) **to tell a lie,**” no, not even to save my Brâhmanical ‘face’ in the presence of a well-to-do young Kshatriya who might be useful.

XII.

It was not worth Washington's while to concoct a lie to save himself a thrashing. George Washington was indeed a great man !

**Twin
Greatnesses.**

It was not worth an ancient Brâhman's while to tell a lie to save his sacerdotal 'face.' Ancient India was indeed a great Land !

XIII.

I tell you **insincerity** is *the* root-evil of all human evils. Eastern Society has been fairly ruined by social insincerity. Western statecraft is undermined by political insincerity.

**Insincerity
—the Root-
Evil.**

Unless we restore sincerity in social and business relationships, there is no redemption for Indian society.

Unless we restore sincerity in political dealings and class-relationships, there is no averting the doom of Western Civilisation. It is a fine tree—of great promise—but *there is a canker at the root* (so the *Veda* says).

Who will root that canker out ?

Is Truth worth taking trouble for ???

Ye Gods !

XIV.

Ancient India *was* great indeed—for she knew a Principle or two, and recorded a Truth or two.

**Some more
from Ancient
India—The
Land of Prin-
ciple.**

A strange Land, this, with a Record of Principles, a Record of

right Essential Knowledge, whose Scripture is entitled VEDA—"KNOWLEDGE"—neither more nor less. But a Land without record of facts—no History—probably because, in a Land so vast, so immemorial, individual fact was too multiple, too complicated, too trivial in the colossal aggregate, and the means of recording and dealing it out were far too slow, for any detailed record to be worth while¹.

Only small countries, and not *very* old ones at that, can boast an actual record of 'ancient' History.

Ancient India was great indeed! Listen to a few more words from Ancient India's musty Record.

"There is no Duty passing Truth; no sin goes deeper than the lie."—*Manu*.

¹ Imagine kings, dynasties, empires in scores, and hundreds, and thousands, rising, enduring, falling, through hundreds and thousands of centuries, all conforming to two or three great types—good, bad, indifferent—with a few variants and interblendings. Stories of kings, and empires, and sages gradually merge into a vast legendary background whence emerge codified, stereotyped *Itihâsas* ("Once upon a time there was..."), *Purânas* ("Lays of the Long Ago"), setting forth more or less superhuman types like Râma, Krishna, Janaka, Sitâ, Vyâsa, Râvana, Kansa—good and bad—each of which may well stand (as a sort of magnified composite photograph) for a dozen, or a score, or a hundred or a thousand actual heroes that lived, wrought and passed away in the immemorial Long Ago. Buddha himself claimed to be no more than one in a long line of hundreds of Buddhas. Our narrow Western perspectives of Ancient Greek, and Jewish, and Roman History are of no use in India. "Where are the records of *your* Homestead," quoth the frog that lived in the well to the frog that lived by the sea. "What! No record! You don't say so! Poor dear! How uncivilised!" As well record the waves and the tides. Ancient India recorded the Principles and Laws governing all waves and all tides. That is all that really matters. That is glory enough for her.

"Truth alone conquers, falsehood never. By Truth is metalled the Way of Bright-Going, by which the Seers rise, their Longings sated, to where that Utmost Treasure, TRUTH, abides."—*Upanishat*.

"Mother," says an Ancient Sage, called Satyakâma (Truth-wisher), while yet a boy, "I want to get an education, and the Teacher will require to know of what caste and line I am. You have never told me. Pray let me know." **"I do not know myself,"** replies his mother. "The fact is that in my younger days(what follows is much too *naturally simple* for modern civilisation to stand)...and so...well, my name is Jabâlâ, you know, and yours is Satyakâma: Satyakâma Jâbâla will do for your name."

"All right," says Satyakâma, and off he goes to the Teacher's hermitage. "Of what caste and clan are you, my boy?" the Teacher says: **"I do not know, Sir,"** Satyakâma replies. "I asked my mother before coming, and she said: ...(he repeats the whole story, unfalteringly)..... and so you see, Sir, I am Satyakâma Jâbâla (Truth-Wisher, the son of Jabâlâ)"—"You *are* a Brâhman right enough," observes the Teacher. **"None but a Brâhman speaks the Truth like that.** I shall be glad to teach you.¹"

¹ This story illustrates the earlier stages of concern for Caste. Of course lineage was bound to count. It counts to-day, when the bottle happens to hold wine: labels *are* a distinct convenience, when taking stock, although it is unwise to trust them implicitly. Anyhow, in those days, the passion for labels had not gone so far as to obliterate the taste of wine. In case of doubt (as in this story) sheer righteousness easily won the day. The boy

XV.

Well, the other day a Brâhman schoolmaster
 —in a large and wealthy educa-
 tional centre, not a village—way-
 laid me on my way to a lecture,
 and said :

And some
 from Modern
 India—the
 Land of.....
 Pice (or is it
 Pies ?)

“Sir, many boys are anxiously enquiring. You see, they are made [*Query*: By whom?] to commit to memory Sanskrit verses which say that it is *right* to deceive to save a life, or to put a butcher off the trail of a cow, or *in social matters such as marriage*, and so forth.....I wish you would say something on the subject.”

I did. I said it pretty strongly too, ill as I was (or perhaps *because* I was, who knows?)

And at the end of the lecture, in answer to an urgent appeal for funds to carry on this work--- for which the students, all over India, are eagerly waiting—a gentleman of that town sent for me to give me a gift in private. I went, and the gift was

TWO ANNAS.

Modern India is poor indeed !

Is Truth worth taking trouble for.....
in modern India ? ? ? ?

showed his heredity *by what he was*. The wine without a label was tested, and taken at its worth. Note also that the Teacher has a free hand. He does not seem to have any excommunication to fear. Nowadays his cook would boycott him. What *has* assumed control?...How were the tables turned?...How have empty bottles, duly labelled, come to be all in all—the wine nowhere?...Who stole the wine ?

XVI.

Is Truth worth bearing trouble for ?

Truth
and
the Rod.

George Washington was willing to bear a flogging rather than swerve from Truth. Was he a fool ?

The Brâhman boy of old was willing to bear silent contempt for his ignorance rather than swerve from Truth. Was he a fool ?

Let us consider the first case only. Methods are changing, but a thrashing is anyhow still nearer to my schoolboy friend than loss of social countenance from ignorance of philosophy. Philosophy counts for little enough in 'countenance,' nowadays.

Suppose my schoolboy friend has done some mischief. He has not yet been found out, but an enquiry is afoot ; and it seems to him he has to choose between a flogging if the Truth comes out, and a lie which will save him trouble, perhaps by turning suspicion on someone else, against whom he has a grudge.

So, he has to choose between a flogging and a lie.

Now a flogging is indeed damage—superficial,
 Skin
 vs.
 Mind. but none the less painful, to the leather of my schoolboy friend's back. It means damage to his feelings too. It is humiliating, it is undignified ; and *that is the worst of it*. I have seen Indian masters flog. There was no dignity in the proceedings. English headmasters have a tradition of their own in this respect. A caning, in some schools, is almost a rite ; and it is never *public*.

A lie, on the other hand, is damage also—I hope *we* have begun to understand this—damage, not very patent, not particularly painful to start with—damage, subtle and insidious damage, to the fine recording instrument at the back of my schoolboy friend's brain. Damage to my schoolboy friend's *mind*—that is what a lie undoubtedly is.

Which shall he choose?

Washington *thought* the lie *not worth his choosing*, and Washington was a great boy, on his way to becoming a great man.

Bhâradvâja (the Brâhman youth further up) *thought* the lie *not worth his choosing*, and Bhâradvâja was a great youth, on his way to becoming a great Sage.

Which will my schoolboy friend choose?

If he thinks his mind *worth more* than the various comfortable feelings (in the leather of his back and elsewhere) which the thrashing might interrupt for a while, his choice is made already, is it not?

If he thinks a *human* mind worth more than complacent *animal* feelings and a tender *vegetable* skin rolled into one (see Introduction, pp. 7—12), his choice is made already, is it not?

I think *we* can agree anyhow, Friend Reader, that a flogging (even ignominious) is better worth having than a lie. For the flogging means only a patent and superficial damage to skin and feelings, while the lie means insidious damage to the mind.

Secondly, there is something peculiar about a lie: it is seldom content to stand alone. A lie always requires another lie to cover it, and that, another, and that, another. Lies are shivery creatures, anyhow—there is no knowing how much covering they may want, or for how long.

But *who ever heard that a flogging wanted another flogging to cover it? !!!*

A lie is the creature of *fear*, you know; and fear is a shivery thing. That is perhaps why lies need so much covering.

I do some mischief: I *fear* detection. Total, *one fear*.

I tell a lie from *fear* of detection: I still *fear* detection, and I *fear* detection of the lie. Total, *two fears*.

I tell a second lie from these *two fears*: I still *fear* detection of the mischief, plus detection of lie the first, plus detection of lie the second. Total, *three fears*.

I tell a third lie from these *three fears*: I still

.....
That will do, will it not?

So, *we prefer* a flogging to a lie (although we do *not* like the flogging).

"Please
flog me, Sir,
I cannot tell
a Lie."

I. Because the flogging is really far less dangerous.

II. Because the flogging requires no further flogging, while there is no knowing

how many further lies a lie may need to cover it.

A flogging means a flogging, and the end of a flogging.

A lie means a lie, and the beginning of many lies.

Which shall we choose ?

XVII.

They say George Washington was brave. I do not know. I think he may have been a coward after all. *I am a coward, and would have liked to do like him.*

I think George *was* really a coward, you know ; and that he chose his thrashing *simply because he was far too much afraid to tell a lie.*

You see, the question is not how to be brave, but how *to be a coward of the right sort*—fearing those things alone that are really worth fearing ; choosing in preference those things which one is less afraid of because they are indeed less dangerous, albeit occasionally troublesome to start with—

Choosing mere death or ruin, rather than a profitable lie ;

Choosing clean failure, rather than the ruin of success built on betrayal of others ;

Choosing hearty, healthy self-denial, rather than health-sapping indulgences.

If you happen to be passing the door of an enemy—a man to whom you owe money, say—and a mad buffalo comes dashing after you, while your enemy's door beckons you to shelter; which will you choose?—Being gored to death, or the inconvenience of sheltering in an obnoxious home?

If you could see it, the choice between a thrashing and a lie is the same sort of choice, although less obvious.

What would you think of a man who, seeing a shower coming, afraid of a wetting, would seek shelter in the nearest pond?

A man who seeks shelter in a lie from fear of a thrashing is quite as foolish, if not more.

But *perhaps George did not get his thrashing after all*. I have never enquired. It is hardly worth enquiring into. A thrashing matters so very little after all, weighs so very little by the side of a lie. It simply doesn't matter whether George got it or not. It doesn't matter whether *we* get it or not, when next we speak the Truth from fear of greater evil than a thrashing.

But *perhaps we may never get that thrashing after all*.

XVIII.

And I have not even clearly spoken of the **benefit** of Truth uttered in the face of threatening trouble: the temptation, the struggle, the tightening of the mind's dorsal muscles, the heave, the pull,

The Divi-
dends of
Truth.

the victory, the mind straighter, more erect, cleaner than before.

A closer resemblance to God than before. Me-thinks that is what George Washington got (thrashing or no thrashing) for owning up to what he did.

A closer resemblance to God than before. Me-thinks that is what young Bhâradvâja got (humiliation or no humiliation) for owning himself ignorant when he was.

But I tell you I simply *do not know* whether there really was any trouble after all, in either case. I have assumed, liking to face the worst, that the Prince drove away in silent contempt. *Perhaps he was merely musing*—too awed to say anything. Perhaps he ended his musing with the remark :

Did Bhâ-
radvâja
lose ?

“ Well, if ever that chap *does* tell me something, it will be something worth listening to. There is no pretence about him, I tell you.”

Perhaps Truth for a thrashing *is* such a good bargain after all, that, if we but knew, all liars would seem self-sacrificing heroes in our eyes, and all martyrs of Truth mere clever business-men.

**Cosmic
Business.**

In Cosmic Business, YES.

I tell you an even moderately truthful beggar has plenty in the Bank. *And he need not trouble to keep a pass-book. The Bank looks after him*¹.

¹ *Yoga-kshemam vahâmi aham* : “ I take charge of his accounts,” says Somebody in the Bhagavad-Gîtâ.

XIX.

Truth, then, is not a nebulous abstraction. It is the very rare, but only *right*, condition of the Mind of Man.

Untruth is the prevalent diseased condition of the Mind of Man.

The first symptom of the dawn of Truth is the realisation of untruth, the awakening to the fact of untruth, the acknowledgment of the painful fact, the humiliating fact that *one actually is untrue*, that one has been untrue all along. *This is confession*—whether to oneself alone, or others too—the Socratic stage of real wisdom¹.

This discovery of, and consequent revulsion from, untruth *in one's own mind*, constitutes

¹ Socrates was wont to declare himself the wisest man in Greece. So he probably was. When taken to task for his presumption, he would answer: "Yes, for, as far as I can see, I am the only one who know myself to be a fool." As for the others—those who compassed his death—they (of all nations, sects and ages) are well described in the *Upanishad*:—

"Lost in the jungle of ignorance—self-titled sages, wise in their own conceit—lo! *they go round and round, with drunken gait, like trustful blind folk led...by leaders that are blind.*"

I have avoided the hackneyed phrase, "*as blind led by the blind*," although it is more literal and more concise. For that phrase is all too lightly uttered by those whom it most seriously concerns. Do not pass in a hurry. Think of it: a blind man in an endless chain of blind men (the only 'endless' chain being of course a *closed* one). "Where are you going?"—"Oh, I am all right: *I keep tight hold of the man in front.*" And when you question that one, and the next, and the next, it is always *ditto, ditto, ditto*. Ponder the words "nor are their parents," on p. 48, para. 3. We talk of 'vicious circles' in argument. But may we not (with all our arguments) be well-nigh hopelessly caught in *one vast vicious circle* IN LIFE?

Where are we going ???

the phenomenon of moral conversion as regards Truth.

This moral conversion is *the only true conversion*. What particular forms, **Conversion.** words, names, dogmas, historical or pseudo-historical traditions it happens to be associated with in a particular convert's mind, matters not at all—save in that the issues are confused by the current assumption that it does vitally matter.¹

The human mind *needs* symbols for its ideas —labels for the goods (and bads) it **Idolatry.** handles. It must invent them if it cannot get them ready-made. But it generally does get them ready-made: circumstances naturally provide them. All well so far. Mischievous begins, even in the midst of real good, when the mind, having none to warn it, confuses the symbol with the thing symbolised, the sign with the thing signified, and 'worships' the former instead of the latter. *Then* it sinks to idolatry; and that sooner or later leads to mischief—to the loss of much of the real benefit of conversion.

The other day, in the Press, I happened to pick up a small pamphlet entitled, "*My Master*"—**A typical Case.** an account of his conversion "to Christianity" by a young ex-Hindu. It describes a typical case. Let us examine it.

¹ That assumption, or illusion, or groundless belief, constitutes the real error of idolatry—the only idolatry condemned by real sages. The most ruthless 'idol-breaker' is quite as much exposed to it as the rankest 'idol-worshipper.' Shaikh Sharfuddin (*Makhdûm-ul-Mulk*) makes Muhammad say: "Idolatry among my followers is as imperceptible as the motion of a black ant on a black stone in a black night..."—to which Galileo adds: "*E pur si muove*—But it moves all the same."

What are the circumstances that provide the symbolism in this case? They are very simple and clear-cut.

Home surroundings of a devout, but narrow, 'Hindu' type. Put it in concrete terms: it means, not another abstract windmill to tilt at, but *actual living people*, parents—chiefly a mother and sister—petty-minded formal bigots, inoculating the boy with senseless caste prejudices and teaching him to worship *stone and word signs* (idols) called "Siva" and so forth, *in a narrow spirit*—to pray and go through various mummeries for the sake of (otherwise undeserved) favours, success in examinations, and so on. In short, rank 'Hindu' superstition.

One man of real character on the horizon—an uncle—*who happens to be a 'Christian,'* the outcome of a similar struggle ten years earlier, in touch with some kind and self-sacrificing 'Christian' Missionary folk.

(P. 2) "From my childhood I had heard of my uncle Mr. T. Kathirvel Nayanar. In 1901, he became a convert to Christianity. From that time I hated him from the bottom (?)¹ of my heart, as I was brought up to be not only a staunch Hindu but also a strong anti-Christian. *I loved him for the excellence of his conduct* though I hated him for his change of religion.....The name of Christ was to me gall and wormwood². I was a bitter enemy of Christians.....Christianity.....the religion

¹ The question-point is mine, of course. The sequel proves that the boy's circumstances forced *him* to hate his uncle *from the very superficial top* of his dear little heart, while he really *loved and admired him from the bottom*. We can (literally) see the true fire at the bottom eating away the spurious top as we read on.

² I cannot help quoting the *Gītā* :

"The Joy that first like poison tastes, but turns to nectar in the end. From purity of Mind and Will arisen—that is *sāttvic* Joy." *Sāttvic* means pure, unadulterated. "O my non-Christian friends," exclaims our convert further on, "my heart is full of joy in Christ. Four years ago I was a non-Christian, a worshipper of elements, a follower of unreasonable theories. What am I now? A Christian. Four years ago I was the most miserable of the miserable....."

of Parayas but not of us who are high caste people..... I cannot find words to explain how I hated the name Jesus Christ. I sometimes however held conversations with my uncle on religion. Though *I was convinced* of the soundness of his arguments in many ways, *I was not inclined to admit* that what he said was right. (Italics mine. Note the stand made by 'Hindu' wrong-headedness against simple 'Christian' honesty?—B.)

Though I hated my uncle, I was struck very much with his patience and godliness....."

Do you not see that this 'Hindu' lad has *by his very surroundings* been unconsciously led, long before his 'conversion,' to connote Goodness and Wisdom by 'Christianity' and selfishness and foolishness by 'Hinduism,' all for the very simple reason that his 'Hindu' relations are selfish, silly people trying to make him silly and selfish, while his 'Christian' uncle is a good, kind man trying to make him sensible and kind. The advice his uncle gives him in his difficulty, on p. 4¹ is *purest wisdom*. If ever proselyte deserved to win his convert, that 'Christian' uncle did. If ever bigots deserved to lose their prey, those 'Hindu' parents did. They themselves subsequently clinched matters, and gave a naturally timid boy the guerdon of 'Christian' heroism by senselessly ill-treating him. I—a lover of the really valid Hindu Shâstras—say, "Well done, Christian Uncle! Well fought, young soldier of Christ!" Yet to me "Christ" is nothing. You (my Christian friend) are shocked. But why? *Do you not know that thousands have practised devilry in the*

Unrighteous
Hinduism
vs.
Righteous
Christianity.

What's in a
Name?

Now I am, after finding Christ, ten thousand times happier than I was beforeThe *same* Christ can satisfy you." Certainly He can, if circumstances lead you to connote by 'Christ' *as clearly* as our young convert did, the nobler ideals of life, as opposed to foolishness and social tyranny.

¹ "Pray to God as you did before. But do not mention His name. Do not care whether He is Christ, Krishna or Siva. Call upon the one God who has created this world and you, and ask Him to reveal the truth to you."

very same 'name' of Christ—as much devilry, and more, than that boy's parents ever practised on him in the name of their 'Hindu' Gods? Do you not see that, once the

**The Sane
Choice.**

association was made (in this average, untrained boy's mind) and overpoweringly confirmed, in this case, by the very means his parents used to dissuade him, there was no sane thing for the boy to do but to reject all the mental symbols associated with narrowness, selfishness, cruelty, etc., (*i.e.*, the 'Hindu' Gods), and cleave to the one symbol ('Christ,' 'My Master,' etc.) that had come to connote goodness in his mind. Let me then rejoice over the boy's conversion to 'Christianity,' I do not mind it in the least.

Who converted that Hindu boy to Christianity?

“His Hindu parents converted that Hindu boy to Christianity,” I say; and I defy any sane Hindu to gainsay it.

“Hinduism (as it mostly is to-day) converted that Hindu boy to Christianity.” I repeat, speaking in the name of the Inspired World-Religion which I find in ancient Sanskrit Books.

“How, then, can modern ‘Hinduism’ avert its doom?”

“By converting itself¹ to Sanity and Goodness. There is no other way”

¹ Please remember that 'Hinduism' means *Hindus*, and nothing else, as 'Christianity' means *Christians*, and nothing else. 'Hinduism' is nowhere without actual 'Hindu' men and women, boys and girls. 'Christianity' is nowhere without actual 'Christian' men and women, boys and girls. I am not digressing from my subject, though I may sometimes seem to. I am trying to show you that nothing matters at all, at all, in all the confusions that perplex us, except the *Making of the Better Man*, and that *that* is what we are always overlooking, thereby making confusion worse confounded.

Most of the mischief we suffer from is due to the half-baked abstractions our half-fledged minds are constantly indulging in.

This little catechism of conversion is simply a variant of my one theme:

The old Vedic prayer runs :

The Real Issues. “ From the *untrue* lead me to the **True.**

From the *darkness* lead me to the **Light;**

From *death* lead me to **Deathlessness !”**

Our ‘ Hindu ’ boy was *forced by his ‘ Hindu ’ circumstances* to connote the above left-hand triplet (itali-
Religious cised) by the term ‘ Siva ’ and the right-
Algebra. hand triplet (in bold type) by the term

‘ Christ.’ So his modern translation of the old Vedic prayer was simply :

“ From Siva lead me to Christ !”

For he says in so many words (p. 11) :

“ I put myself the following question : ‘ *Do you want Christ or Siva, Heaven or Hell ?* ’ — ‘ I want Heaven and the Crown of Life,’ was the answer of my conscience.”

Which is all pure paraphrase of that old Vedic prayer.

I do not care for ‘ Christ,’ I have said. But I do care (I am just beginning to) for Truth, Love and Health. So I reject both the devilish ‘ Christianity ’ of ‘ Christian ’ bigots and the devilish ‘ Hinduism ’ of ‘ Hindu ’ bigots, and I accept as from the One Good God the Good of Man wherever I find it witnessed to ; and I desire to work for the further Good of Man to-day as best I can.

It seems to me that I became a *true* Christian only when I passed from ‘ Christian ’ heedlessness to earnest meditation of India’s ancient Scriptures, and a life in accordance with them.

Twin Paradoxes.

“ *How can Humanity avert its (ever-impending, ever-receding) doom ?*”

“ *By converting itself from falsehood, cruelty and disease to Truth, Love and Health. There is no other way.*

And it seems to me that that 'Hindu' boy became a true Hindu only when he rejected a spurious, counterfeit 'Siva' for a Christ of real Truth and Goodness.

Had he known the meaning of the words he used—had he know—that 'Siva' means nothing save Goodness, Blessedness and so on—he might perhaps have had an inkling of the trick his mind was playing him by way of accompaniment to his actual conversion. He could hardly have helped smiling in his anguish when he found himself praying (if words have any meaning at all)

"From Blessedness (*Siva*) lead me to Christ!"

For Blessedness was precisely what he wanted to be led to; and he may be congratulated on having achieved a fair measure of success if all that he bears witness to be true.

To sum up, then, this young Hindu's case, coupled with my own, furnishes a very fair demonstration of the mental confusion our human race is subject to.

He gradually wakes up on the 'bad' side of 'Hinduism'—bigotry, superstition and what not—sees the 'Good' of 'Christianity,' and becomes a convert to the Good he sees. People call him a 'Christian convert' (or 'pervert,' according to standpoint) and rejoice or resent accordingly. *No one thinks of enquiring whether the boy himself is any the better for his change.* I trust he is, and congratulate him accordingly.

I find myself on the 'bad' side of 'Christianity'—bigotry, superstition and what not—see the 'Good' of the Broad Cosmic Cult of Ancient India, and become a convert to the

"Siva"—
A Lost
Word.

From (Hindu)
Darkness to
(Christian)
Light.

From
(Christian)
Darkness to
(Hindu) Light.

Good I see¹. 'Christians' may call me a 'pervert.' 'Hindus' call me whatever they like. Of course the cases are not parallel, since my study of Eastern Scripture has led me to understand and appreciate the Bible, and to love and reverence the Eastern Sage whom 'Christian' sects regard as their joint monopoly when dealing with the 'Heathen,' although they are ready enough to quarrel over Him amongst themselves, and damn each other in His Name. So that the Good I found in Sanskrit Scripture has led me to appreciate the Good at the back of 'Christianity' as well—has revealed to me the very thing which the narrow sectarianism of 'Christians' had concealed from my youthful sight². But peo-

¹ Not to 'Hinduism,' of course, since modern 'Hinduism' admits no converts, being strictly no religion (of faith and well-defined conformity), but a mere colossal tangle of hereditary social routines and inconsistencies.

* I was born in a catholic section of a large and influential Anglo-Franco-American West-Indian family, with members belonging to most 'Christian' sects and to none. After four years with a Protestant German governess, I lived with a French Catholic priest as my tutor, then spent nine years as a boarder in an educational institution wholly managed by priests. My father and my brother-in-law (and guardian) were devout Catholics. My closest friends, during this interval, were American and English Protestants. I remember my father refusing, at the instance of his confessor, to attend the wedding of one of my elder brothers, who married a Protestant girl in a Protestant church. Result—a lifelong boycott (not yet ended after twenty-five years, nor likely to) as merciless as any ever practised by the most bigoted 'Hindus.' I remember my brother-in-law being forbidden by his father-confessor to attend the burial-service of one of his bosom-friends—a French Protestant. I remember driving several miles to pay a social call with an elder sister upon the Reverend Mr. Loyson (the well-known 'Father Hyacinthe') and his wife, and can still see myself, a little Frenchified boy of twelve, in my school uniform (which you must go to Paris to see) sitting in the brougham by my sister's side, while she, a fashionable French *Comtesse*, communicates her fears to me in awed whispers,

ple never care to look beneath the merest surface accidents—my close study of ancient 'Heathen' lore, my moving amongst 'Hindus' more or less after the fashion and in the garb of a 'Sannyâsi' (has anyone anything *cheaper* to suggest, or more convenient for one who

and congratulates herself upon having a scapulary and medals to keep her from harm while in the.....devil's house—excuse me—while in the house of a sainted soul : as sainted as any Rammohan or Vidyâsagar or Kâmakrishna or Dayânand or Ranade that ever bore trouble for the sake of the India that is still struggling to come to birth. These episodes of my childhood have left an indelible impression on my mind. I tell you, *and I have a right to tell you because I know*, that the 'Religion' you profess to belong to matters absolutely nothing in the Eyes of God Who made this World and you. *The only thing that matters is what sort of man or woman, boy or girl you henceforth choose to make yourself.* If you find that 'Hinduism' (as it affects you) stands in your way—that it obstructs your progress towards a better, cleaner, saner *life*—drop it and become anything else that opens up the way for you. If 'Christianity' comes handy, become a 'Christian' by all means, and rest assured that all the blessings of the real Hindu Shâstras and the real Ancient Rishis are with you—a hundredfold more with you, an upright, sincere 'Christian' than with the hypocritical, inconsistent 'Hindu' shell of yourself which you have shed behind you. And please *do not apologise*: there is not the shadow of a pretext for apology. Have the courage to say frankly that *what converted you to Christianity is the Hinduism which your surroundings forced upon you.* The 'religion' that stands in the way of a soul's right to expand has no right to remain in existence. Only by helping to make this clear will you be rendering true assistance to those who believe that the Religion *that once was* in Ancient India still has a part to play in moulding the Destinies of Mankind. Only thus will you, by your frank conversion to an 'alien faith' be helping true 'Hinduism' to shake off the nightmare of social superstition and hypocrisy that smothers it, and show the world its real, live, awakened self again. And when *true* Christians and *true* Hindus at last look each other in the face, and press each other's hand, and find out each what sort of stuff the other is made of, they may perhaps discover to their mutual wonder that they are brothers after all—sons of the One Father, just escaped from the one hell of insincerity and social cruelty and vice, and bound for the One Heaven of simple Truth, and Love, and everlasting vital Health.

chooses to get into close touch with the people?And.....did Christ ever wear a *topee*, by the way??)—and so they say I have become a ‘pervert’ from ‘Christianity’ to ‘Hinduism.’ But, as in my young fellow-convert’s case, the very last thing anyone thinks of asking is: “Is Brooks *a better and a happier man*, holding the faith (whatever that may be) and leading the life he does, than when he was a pious Roman-Catholic youngster¹ in a priest-man-aged “College” in Paris?”

Let us then say emphatically :

The one conversion that counts, the one conversion that matters, the one conversion that is a conversion at all, is the conversion of a man or a woman, a boy or a girl from less of Truth and Love and Health to more of Truth and Love and Health.

All aboard for Conversion! *The changes in outward form and fashion*

¹ The funniest thing is that the best Protestant clergymen known to me would emphatically have called me (though perhaps not in the hearing of their colleague the Padre) an ‘idol-worshipping young heathen’ when I was actually a pious ‘Christian’ youth. Whereas they consider me a ‘heathen’ now that I certainly worship no idols, and am as certainly a furlong or two nearer to following the Christ-Ideal of life than I was in those my ‘Christian’ days.

I put it to all ‘Christian’ friends whom their faith prompts to pray for me as for a soul in dire peril: *Were I to backslide from my present earnest—albeit perhaps clumsy—endeavours to ‘be good and do good,’ while formally adopting the fashion of some one or other of their sects, would they not* (those of that sect, I mean—the others...well...might possibly feel more or less...bilious, according to their estimate of my eventual worth as an asset) *would they not offer thanksgivings to their ‘God,’ and gladly publish, for the enlightenment of the ‘benighted heathen,’ little pamphlets describing my ‘conversion’ in the most glowing terms?*

which people make so much of are mere epiphenomena—unavoidable, as casks and bottles are for who would handle liquids—but mattering no more in their specific shape and colouring than bottles do so long as they are handy and serve the purpose they are intended for.

Comrades, let us all become converted !

XX.

Summing
up:
The
Catechism
of the
Better
Mind.

Let us now briefly sum up all that concerns the Making of the Better Mind. Refer to the Table (already published in *L. H. H. Leaflet No. 2*). You will find it all there.

Q. What is the Mind ?

A. The Mind is our power to know.

Q. What can it do besides ?

A. It can express its knowledge by Speech¹.

Q. What does the Mind need for its prosperity and growth ?

A. For its prosperity and growth, the Mind needs knowledge.

Q. What is the Rule for getting knowledge ?

A. The Rule *for all getting* is *giving*. For getting knowledge, it must be *giving knowledge*. And the giving of knowledge is pure and simple Truth—the faithful expression, or communication to whosoever requires it, of such know-

¹ Including *all modes of expression*, such as writing, gesture, etc.,—all kinds of *action*, in fact. For we express our knowledge (or the reverse) in all we *do*. Speaking and writing is only one kind of *doing*—the special kind for man *as he now is*.

ledge (common or sublime) as the mind in question has. The true mind alone gets knowledge. As we give what we have, we become fit to get what we need; *and we get it*, too, all in good time.

Q. What is the breaking of the Rule?

A. There may be two kinds of breaking: by disuse and by misuse. As with the muscles, disuse brings paralysis, atrophy¹. Misuse brings strain, rupture, ruin. The worst misuse of Mind and Speech is Falsehood.

Q. What is the effect of Falsehood?

A. It just ruins the Mind—the power to know. It makes the Mind crooked. As a crooked mirror cannot *reflect true*, a crooked mind cannot *know true*.

Falsehood is the suicide of the Mind. That is all.

XXI.

You will notice that I have not once spoken of our duty “to others” in this Book—of the effect of our actions upon *others*.

The
Failure of
Altruism.

The reason for this is simply that your duties

¹ The decline of ancient priesthoods is one case, largely of this kind. It begins with the *concern* for secrecy. *Real* Holy Secrets exist because of ignorance alone. They require no further ‘safeguard’—and even this they do not *require* in the least. Ignorance is no *safeguard* at all, of course—quite the reverse: it is the obstacle which all True Secrets are yearning to remove. See the references to secrecy in *Bhagavad-Gītā*, xviii, 63, 64, 68, 75.

“to others” *are your Duty to yourself*—what you owe yourself if you are sane.

Altruistic ‘cant’ has done much to confuse the issues. There must be something wrong about altruism: it is so much talked about and so little practised.

We are told that we owe duties *to others*; that we must do this or that, or abstain from this or that, for the sake *of others*; that we must speak Truth out of regard *for others*, and so on.

But “others” is a very large order. *What* “others”? We cannot help discriminating. Some are nearer, others more remote; some are dearer, others indifferent or disagreeable.

Distinc-
tions.

So we begin to discriminate. We owe Truth to our parents (*they* will tell us,) not to the tax-gatherer at the door, nor to the clerk in the Booking-Office, nor to the colourless representatives of the Educational Department.

We owe Truth to friends, but not to enemies.

We owe Truth to Fellow-Christians, but not to heretics or unbelievers.

We owe truth to “honest folk,” but not to the shopman in the Bazaar (—nor to the customer, if we happen to be the shopman.)

But if we are prepared to deceive *anyone*, are we really “honest folk”? And does anyone (whom we *may* at any time deceive) owe Truth

to us? And, being deceivers (at all), who is there whom we may *not* deceive?

You teach your own children to lie (to the tax-gatherer) simply because you
 "Like Father, like Son." tacitly assume that there is a conflict of interests between the tax-gatherer on the one hand, and yourself and your children on the other. It is the conflict of interests that justifies the lie—so your children will consciously or unconsciously understand. But how do you know that there is, or will be, no conflict of interests between your children and yourself? The moment they, taught by the barber's boy, perhaps, begin to take interest in some other form of vice, which they cannot possibly share *with you*, is there not a conflict of interests between them *and you*, and will they not prove themselves good disciples by lying to you who have taught them to lie?

You teach your servants to lie (quite innocently) by making them tell a
 "Like Master, like Servant". caller that you are out, when you are obviously at home. Of course your servants must think that you are right. *You* would not have them think otherwise. You would not like to have servants who disapproved of you. Therefore they *must* think that *you are right*. In what?—*In deceiving when it suits your convenience*. Then why—since it is right to deceive when convenient—why on earth should you expect them *not* to deceive *you* when it happens to prove convenient for them to do so?

Altruistic morality is nonsense, for there is no altruism without distinctions; and where distinctions come in, morality goes out. Conditional morality *is* immorality, and *vice-versa*, for “There is honour among thieves,” you know!

“Honour among Thieves!”

Yes, that is what ‘Civilised’ Humanity has come to after thousands of years of *Veda*, twenty-five centuries of Buddhism, and over nineteen of Christianity!

Is it not time we began to call a spade a spade—to recognise that we *are* selfish beings, and were never intended to be otherwise; and that the sooner we stop talking of good “to others” and begin being good *in ourselves*, the better it will be, both for ourselves *and others*.

Let us be candid. We can never be true “to others” unless we are true *in ourselves*.

We can never be kind “to others” unless we are kind *in ourselves*.

We can never be health-giving “to others” unless we are healthy *in ourselves*.

Charity indeed begins at home—unless it begins there it will never reach anywhere else.

“For that which ye do unto others *ye verily do unto yourselves*.”

“*By what comes out of ye* are ye made or marred.” What matters whether the recipient be the tax-gatherer or your own father?

By the lie you *are false*: by the Truth you *are true*.

Before you talk of being anything "to others," you had better start *being* it at all, you know. Once you *are* it, at all, at all, you are it *to others* right enough—to talk of it will be wasting breath.

Until you are a *decent* egotist, it is useless to talk about becoming an altruist. Once you are a decent egotist, it is still useless to talk about becoming an altruist. For a decent egotist *is* an altruist right enough.

Until you are a decent egotist, you cannot possibly become a *decent* altruist. After you have become a decent egotist, you need not trouble to become an altruist at all: for *you are one already*.

So, to talk about being good "to others" is either mischievous or futile. If you *are not* good in yourself you *cannot* be good to others. To talk of it is self-deception. Once you *are* good in yourself you *cannot but* be good to others. To talk of it is waste of breath.

Take care of Egoism, and Altruism will take care of itself.

Take true care of yourself, and you cannot help taking care of others.

Be what you must, and you will be what you ought right enough.

I will hammer at it until I show you that this whole 'altruistic' business is ^{Moral} ~~Insincerity~~ wrong—utterly misleading, saturated with insincerity like all the rest. Have I not told you that insincerity is *the* ROOT-EVIL of our human race? Why should "morality" escape it any more than politics, or market-bargaining, or marriage-bargaining?

I do not mind if I repeat the same thing a hundred times. It never wearies me—I need it. And the words dance round a bit and change places to suit different tastes; and what does not strike you the first time will strike you the tenth time, maybe, or the hundredth. It took any amount of 'rubbing in,' in my case, I can assure you.

Take care of Egoism, and let right Egoism mind the rest. It will never be *right* Egoism until it does.

Understand that Charity begins at home, although it does not end there. But rest assured that unless it *does* begin at home, it can never end anywhere else at all.

Understand that what matters in God's Eyes—what justifies Him, or otherwise, in having created you—is (for one thing) whether you *are true*. *Whom* you are true to simply does not matter.

Understand that when you tell a lie *you are untrue*. Whether your lie is to the Booking-Office clerk, or to the tax-gatherer, or to the shop-keeper, or to the cow-killing butcher, or

to your own father or mother, matters *not*.¹ What matters is *the lie itself*. The lie is an “*untruing*” (pardon me !) of *your mind*. Your mind is untrue to the extent that it lies. To the extent that it is untrue your mind is a failure.

Untruth is the killing of *your mind*.

Unkindness is the killing of *your heart*.

Unhealthiness is the killing of *your body*.

**Do not commit suicide—It is not worth
your while.**

That is “Altruistic Morality” enough. Practise it, and you may or may not go to heaven—I cannot tell. This much I can tell, that if you practise it Earth will soon cease to be a hell.

This is not beyond the reach of children. It is not beyond the reach of ‘fools.’ It is perhaps beyond the reach of clever men—to the extent that *they* are past being children or fools.

Let us climb down, my little brothers. While aiming at heaven, we have absent-mindedly made a hell on earth. Let us henceforth understand that Earth *is* Heaven to the extent that we are true, kind and healthy ; *and let us make it so*.

¹ The vexed question of relative values in sin—of the choice of evils—will be dealt with further on, in Book the Second. Here we are dealing with Principles, and Principles are uncompromising. Your lie is *your lie*, whether to the tax-gatherer or to your own father. The tax-gatherer is probably also a father. As far as God is concerned, he might as well be your own.

PART II.



THE MAKING OF THE BETTER HEART



“Be Kind.”

I.

Your 'heart,' we have seen, is your power to feel.

What does your 'heart' need, that it may prosper and expand? What does your 'heart' naturally thirst for, as your mind hungers for knowledge, your body for food?

The
Heart's
Need.

But excuse me, Friend--do I hear you say your mind does *not* hunger for knowledge--that you would prefer being left alone, not pestered with more lessons?

I really don't know much about your lessons ; but if your mind really has no *appetite*--no desire for knowledge--it seems to me that that is just as if your body had no appetite--no desire for food. They would send for the doctor, would they not, and pester you with medicines, besides.

Concerning
Appetite.

A mind without appetite for knowledge is a sick mind, as a body without appetite for food is a sick body. It may be either poisoned, or dyspeptic from wrong methods of feeding, or what not. Forgive me, I am getting mixed. *Your mind*, I mean, may be poisoned by falsehood, or dyspeptic from 'cramming,' or what not. Anyhow a healthy mind has as good an appetite for knowledge as a healthy body has for food. Barring occasional ailments--indigestion, costiveness and what not, physical and mental--both should continue to a ripe old age.

Well, I am willing to give my question a wee twist to suit your dyspeptic convenience :

What does that 'heart' of yours thirst for as your mind *ought* to hunger for knowledge, as your body *ought* to crave for food ?

To which there is only one answer, I think, and that is :

"Happiness."

All this may be worked out in perfect symmetry with Part I. But I would weary you were I to repeat whole passages literally.

The mind has power to know, needs the exercise of that power, which is **Symmetry.** knowledge, and is satisfied with true knowledge only, not false knowledge.

So the 'heart' has power to feel, needs the exercise of that power, which is feeling, and is satisfied with happy feeling only, not miserable feeling. Happiness expands and vivifies the heart ; misery contracts and deadens it.

So, then, the need of the heart is happiness—no mistake about that.

II.

The question then is : How to secure happiness—how to *get* what my heart thirsts for ?

If I can only find out the Rule by which to get happiness under all circumstances, and if I follow that Rule faithfully, my 'heart' (my power to *be happy*, remember) will go on growing better, *heartier*, fuller, richer, fulfilling its purpose to greater and greater perfection.

**How to get
the Heart's
Need.**

If on the other hand I break that Rule, knowingly or unknowingly, I shall be doomed to forfeit happiness, and therefore 'heart'-expansion, as surely as the breaker of the rules of diet makes himself dyspeptic and thereby forfeits food and bodily strength—growth, too, if he is a child.

III.

Read pages 21—24 over again. They belong **Economy.** to all three parts of this book.

IV.

Then what is the Rule for getting happiness —since that is what concerns us
Getting —just now ?
means Giving.

Surely the Rule for getting happiness can only begiving happiness.

Begin early ! Here no confusion arises¹. A baby makes its mother happy by

¹ Does not this show that the real seat of all human mischief and misery is the mind, and not the heart ? We shall see more and more clearly as we proceed that there is no confusion anywhere in human life that is not ultimately reducible to *mind*-confusion. Man is a *mental* creature, we have seen. All his troubles are mental in their root, and their one true remedy can only be a mental one. Is not that why men who are troubled with a bad conscience (*they* are the men of promise, mind you) prefer to shirk that subject, and seek solace in philanthropic platitudes, universal brotherhood and what not ? Anything rather than face the naked question : " Must it be pure and simple TRUTH ? " When you probe a patient, Doctor, you know quite well that, so long as he welcomes your probing with a complacent smile, the real seat of the mischief has not been found. But when the patient winces—when the live flesh shies, squirms, wriggles, seeks to evade your touch—then you know you have put your finger on the spot, do you not ? Need I say more ?

the mere fact that it is born'. All the suffering involved—made worse by semi-civilised tomfooleries—unhygienic self-imposed Western corsets and unhygienic self-sought Eastern household-jails—has never deterred a woman from longing for motherhood and being pleased with her first baby, in spite of all the baby's (apparent) protests against being born (the doctor says he shouts to clear his lungs and give them a bit of a stretch to start with, and that is good for him.)

So, the Rule for the *getting* of happiness is simply the *giving* of happiness. The following of this Rule is Rightness of Heart and leads to Happiness, as the following of the Rule of Truth is Rightness of Mind and leads to Knowledge. There is a simple English name for this Rightness of Heart—a name as simple as the holy name of "Truth." That name is not less holy. It is "LOVE."

This word is sometimes used in a wrong sense. "Yes, in a *low* sense," I hear some of you say.

¹ Please read over Sections III and IV of Part I (pp. 24—27). The confusion referred to is the false notion that any human being may be quite unable to give knowledge. There is no such confusion in the 'heart' sphere. For it is clear that everybody has it in his power to give *some* happiness, even unconsciously, as in the new-born baby's case. The *conscious* development of that power largely depends on early training. Once roused, its only check is the unwillingness of some people to *be made happy*. These are heart-dyspeptics, the morbid fruit of previous misfeeding—one aspect of that vital vicious circle which is so hard to break through. Most of the difficulties will be discussed in Book II.

It is not a question of low or high, my Friends. It is a question of *right* or *wrong*.
 On the Meaning of "Love." Love is *giving*. When you use the term to mean *getting*, you use the term *wrongly*, whether your aim be high or low. *That* use is sacrilege. When you say, "I love sweetmeats, I love cigarettes, I love fried fish, I love the Joys of Heaven, I love ...anything I want to get or enjoy for myself, high or low, here or hereafter..." you commit verbal sacrilege. The high sort of this is worst, for it generally succeeds in getting itself mistaken for the other thing.

On the other hand, when you say: "I love farming—making things grow; I love teaching—helping to brighten minds and lives;—I love children—the promise of the Race, which yearns in me for what it may unfold in them;—I love...anything or anyone I wish to see better, happier, fuller, more prosperous, more beautiful; so that *taking trouble over it, or them, becomes a joy*—then you are using the term rightly. Whether your concern for Good¹

¹ That this is the true meaning of Love will be patent to every reader of the *Bible*. To "love your neighbour as yourself" means "to have as much concern for his welfare as for your own."

This *positive* meaning of Love is sometimes overlooked in Eastern literature, having been largely elbowed out of court by the obtrusive negative substitute *a-himsā*, "non-injuring." But it is explicitly given in the *Gītā* as *sarva-bhūta-hite-ratih*, literally "taking delight in the welfare of all creatures," and is considered as an indispensable attribute of the right sort of man, whether philosopher or devotee. The *Veda* makes us pray and vow that we may "look upon all beings with the Eye of Friendship" (*mītra-chakshushā*); and the beautiful Peace-Anthem translated on the last page of the *Helping Hand in India and Ceylon*, *General Information* No. need not be repeated here.

reach high or low does not matter in the least. It is left for your powers and opportunities to determine. God waits for you both ways...and midway, too. Use "Love" for *giving* only, and the term will follow you as a blessing throughout your life.

V.

To give happiness—to make all we have dealings with as happy as it lies in
Why does Love fall? us to make them. So simple.

But *why do we so often fail when we start trying?*

A mother wants to make her baby happy. She finds he is happy when he gets sweetmeat. She gives him sweetmeat—more sweetmeat than is good for him. Result: he grows into a dyspeptic man—a self-indulgent one besides. And it is clear that neither dyspepsia nor self-indulgence can add much to the happiness of a life.

The richest man in Germany suffered from chronic dyspepsia. Others could
The Wrong Turn. manage his factories for him. He divided his time between new dyspepsia-cures and doctors, on whom he wasted millions, and self-indulgent but ineffectual attempts at suicide. *Perhaps* his mother might have given his life a happier turn, had she known how to look after him. But perhaps *she* died in childbed, poor thing, being too civilized—or not enough. Perhaps her own mother misfed her—who knows.

What *is* wrong when Love fails to do what it proposes, fails to make its object happy? Why should there be room for such blunders as are denoted by the phrase—as hackneyed as it is obscure—“he loved not wisely but too well” meaning of course not ‘well’ at all (what is unwise can surely not be ‘well’) but blindly and passionately? And what causes a man to blunder thus, and ultimately harm the object of his love? Surely *if he knew* he would not.....

That is just it, my Friend: *If you* KNEW.....

“Father, forgive them, for **they know not what they do!**”

Refer to the tabulation (*L. H. H. Leaflet No. 2*) and hang up a notice in a prominent position on the landing, so that it may catch the eye of all who climb the stairs:



NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS.

If anything fails to give satisfaction on the middle storey, please enquire at the top-floor office.

Am I obscure? Then let me put it clearly:

If anything ever goes wrong with Love, it is from lack of Truth:

Did I not tell you (perhaps you wondered why that chapter was so short) that *lack of Truth*.

*was the **bottom**-evil¹ of all human evils, the root-vice of all human vices, the root-disease of all human diseases, the root-misery of all human miseries?*

Animals do not misfeed their young. Instinct prevents them. What is instinct?
Why Animals
are safe.

It is God's substitute for the Power to enquire, which his animal creatures have not yet properly hatched out.

Why are we deprived of the convenient safeguard of instinct?

Because *we* have begun to develope **mind**, and must *go on doing so* (we are not half-way through as yet); and the control of instinct would stifle enquiry and cancel mental growth in us². *We*

Why Man
is not.

¹ Part I. Sec. xiii. A series of unattractive books on "*The Religion of Truth*" by an obscure great man, P. Sankaranarayana (who died last year), of which and whom — books and man — I shall have much more to say later on, will be found tedious reading by most people — verbose, diffuse, redundant. These books contain to my knowledge the first clear statement, the first attempt to demonstrate in modern times what I have now made the cornerstone of all my work — namely, the demonstrable fact that Truth and falsehood are neither an 'ordinary' virtue nor an 'ordinary' vice. Grasp Truth, and you put a bottom to *all* virtues. You have what you never had before: a solid ground to build on. Slay falsehood, and you have knocked the bottom out of every vice in your nature. There is not one of them that will hold water (store up energy) after that; for the bottom of the whole blessed lot of them *is* falsehood. Knock that out, and you can laugh at the whole crew.

² See. p. 36, middle para., and 38, last para. The great god *Custom* (sometimes called 'Precedent'), so devoutly worshipped in India and elsewhere, is mainly an attempt of so-called rational man to revert to animal instinct — a sort of animal atavism in our half-fledged human race. Its root lies in wanting to *save trouble* — to *save man from the trouble of thinking things out and making*

are intended to know, and must take trouble to do so. That is why our feelings mislead us, and *are intended to mislead us* until such time as we *take trouble to know how* to really accomplish what our best feelings naturally prompt us to do.

The foolish mother *feels* like making Baby happy, not only to-day, but for **If she but Knew !** 'ever and ever' (whatever that may mean). That is just as it should be. But unfortunately she does not *know how* to make him really, validly, reliably happy. She does not *know* what will procure him the greatest possible amount of happiness throughout his life, and after. If she *knew* the right thing for Baby, she would *do* the right thing for Baby, unhesitatingly. But she *does not know*, alas, alas !

And then the awful question, surging up from the bowels of the Earth, flashing **The Cosmic Sphinx.** from the depths of the Sky, spontaneously ejaculated by all the Cosmic Commonsense that witnesses the growth of a mind-gifted animal on this planet, and looks for something good therefrom—the question, terrible in its naked simplicity :

Why (on Earth) doesn't she enquire???..."

And the lunatic answer (with slight variants) from ward after ward :

"Enquiry is not a woman's business!!!"

Have I not told you we are mad ?

enquiries. The evil of it is patent enough : it goes right against the growth of Man, for Man's growth is *through taking trouble*—not otherwise.

"Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

VI.

At the end of my lecture to the boys of the Government High School, Bareilly, the Headmaster said in summing up:

The Bottom
of Love (and
everything
else).

“Boys, there is one essential point in Mr. Brooks’s lecture which I wish to emphasise before we disperse. If one or two of you remember this, his time with you has not been wasted. The point in question is, that **Truth is the bottom of everything**. A thing is not itself except to the extent that it is *true*. Your mind is a mind—serving the purpose of a mind : getting knowledge—only to the extent that it is *true*. Love is Love—serving the purpose of Love : creating happiness—only to the extent that it is *true*. Milk is milk—serving the purpose of milk : feeding babies as they should be fed—only to the extent that it is *true*.”

As the bottom is to a bucket, which without a bottom is no bucket, so **Truth is to all things whatsoever**. Save for IT, they cannot be themselves.”

That guileless English gentleman did not know that he was paraphrasing **The “Letter that Killeth.”** *Vedic Mantras*. I did not tell him. What would have been the use? Some of my ‘Vedic’ friends are innocently trying to make the *Vedas* another shibboleth—a stumbling-block unto their fellow-men—forgetting that the English for ‘*Veda*’ is “KNOWLEDGE,” and that to make a catch-word of “*Veda*”—or even of “Knowledge,”

for the matter of that—no more confers the reality of the Thing signified than the variously used name of “Christ” confers true Christian Charity on them that use it. “Not they that call out ‘Lord, Lord!’ shall enter My Kingdom, but they that (*know* and) *do* the Father’s Will.”

In short it is not mere faith in the old Hindu Vedas (or any other Scripture) that will help us. It is *Vedic Men*, here and now, with *Vedic* characters, to apply *Veda* to the world-problems of to-day. Such Men are born, not made to order. But, being born, they must be trained; and that is where the glorious inspiration of a distant *Vedic* past may be of use.

N.B.—By “*Veda*” and “*Vedic*,” in the foregoing paragraph, I simply mean “Truth” and “true” (with all possible synonyms, such as ‘upright, sincere, candid, honest, straightforward, reliable, trustworthy, etc., etc.’)

I really must give you just one more bit of Ancient India—the *Vedic* passage which that worthy Headmaster was paraphrasing un-awares. I translate literally:

“By TRUTH the Wind comes blowing;
By TRUTH the Sun shines in the sky;
TRUTH is the Ground of Speech;
In TRUTH all things are grounded.
Therefore they call TRUTH *paramount*.

TRUTH is the Bottom; the Bottom is TRUTH.

The “Spirit
that vivifi-
fies”.

Ageless
Wisdom.

It is by TRUTH they fall not from the
Happy Life forever—

The Saints, of Whom TRUTH is.

Therefore They have their JOY in
TRUTH.”

To which we may quite relevantly
add :

*O VERITAS DEUS, fac me unum
tecum in caritate perpetuâ!*

“ O TRUTH GOD, make me one with
Thee in LOVE Eternal ! ”

(Imitation of Christ, I, iii.)

VII.

My revered Friend and predecessor in the Cult
of Truth Paramount, P. Sankara-
narayana, draws attention to the
fact that “ the Christian Revelation
makes it (Truth) the ninth in the list of virtues,
and similarly various other revelations and
teachers. They did not note its primary nature,
did not mark it as the first and highest duty of
man, as the first and *the* greatest virtue, its
nature as a source of all other virtues, as we
shall soon see more fully¹. ”

St. Paul speaks of *three* primary virtues :
Faith, Hope and Charity—“ And the Greatest
of these is Charity.”

Long before him, in India, *a-himsâ*, “ Non-
injuring,” had usurped the place of Truth

¹ *The Gospel of the Religion of Truth*, 1911, p. 24.

(*satyam*) as prime moral concern for Man,
substituting

a-himsâ paramo dharmah

“Harmlessness [is] paramount duty”
for the primordial

na hi satyât paro dharmah

“Indeed no duty takes precedence of Truth.”

Thus there seems to have been a sort of “War
in Heaven” among the virtues, in
which poor Truth has been sadly
worsted, hardly ever coming out
even second best.

A War in
Heaven.

What has happened ?

Can it be, as P. Sankaranarayana seems at
times to suggest, that all the God-inspired
Sages of the immemorial Past were blind to the
primary nature of Truth and failed to clearly
teach it, leaving that honour to an obscure
dictionary-maker of Madras¹ ?

¹ That is what he was when I found him. His dictionaries are
freely used in schools, being cheap and handy. But of the educated
men I questioned on my tours, not one out of a hundred even
knew who he was.

He began life with a more than average measure of success—a
first class M.A. in Mathematics, Lecturer in the Presidency
College, Madras (an honour seldom bestowed on ‘natives’ in
those days, or even since). Strange, that he drifted into well-
nigh complete obscurity as his original genius forced its way
through into his life. For he was undoubtedly one of the *very*
few altogether original thinkers India has produced of late. A
more complete renunciation for love of the Ideal can scarce be
found. Position, prospects, honours, family, health—all went by
the wall when the Call came. In a few years he was a pauper.
I know a neighbouring householder who used to send him food
when he had remained starving for days on end, brooding on the
evil he diagnosed, the Truth he saw.

Or has the primary axiom of Human Ethics merely lapsed from sight, gone out of focus as it were, leaving to P. Sankaranarayana the very great, the signal honour of being the first to rediscover it in our own days—to reproclaim in Dictionary English, from the evil-smelling lanes of what was until lately known as ‘Black-Town,’ the Truth first wafted forth in solemn Sanskrit Chant from the sylvan hermitage of Vedic Rishis?

The latter seems to me to be the case, as the foregoing Vedic verses,¹ quoted (with perhaps too little emphasis) by P. Sankaranarayana himself, clearly attest.

How has such a powerfully uttered Truth lapsed from sight, ceased to be proclaimed as paramount—although the *Vedas*, which proclaimed it such, were never lost? How has the *Vedic* Text allowed itself to be eclipsed by lesser sayings, finding no champion for a score of centuries and more?

Does not India always honour a man like that? I do not know. In North or Western India things might have taken another turn. Caste is nearer to having its back broken there. But he never left Southern India, scarcely travelled outside Madras. *He was not a Brāhman, and he followed no precedent and conformed to no known standard.* People did not know how to class him, so they forgot him. He lived alone and died alone, bequeathing his Message to whosoever might care to pick it up and hand it on. The last chapter of his *Gospel* is hard to match for pathos, once the facts are known and the Stature of the man understood. While he lived there was no chance, it seems. And that was probably for the best, for he would have liked to meddle and organize, had there been a response, and would most likely have made a mess of everything, being hopelessly subjective.

¹ The ‘Native’ quarter of Madras, now renamed ‘George Town’ in honour of our present King.

² Pp. 53, 56-57.

I think I see an answer to this riddle—at least a clue to how the eclipse of
His Plan. Truth began. P. Sankaranarayana himself unwittingly gave me the key to the mystery. After I had declared my intention of bringing the rehabilitation of Truth more and more to the front in my public work¹, he drew me aside and solemnly communicated to me his slowly ripened plan—his Testament, as it were—the plan that would, he hoped, finally establish Truthfulness in this world.

What was this marvellous plan of his ?

It was to raise money somehow or other and build a large Temple of Truth—
A Stone Temple of Truth. an actual Temple of brick, stone, marble and what not, on its own site and not 'next door,' capable of holding so many and no more, with such and such a shape (he had the plans all ready made), surrounded with this institution on the East side, and that

¹ Let me make one point quite clear : my own work has been one continuous evolution so far. It was only in February 1912, when I was becoming interested in the *League of the Helping Hand*, that I took up P. Sankaranarayana's *Gospel*, accidentally found in the house of one of my many hosts, as likely to help the Comrades to realise what the first sentence of their pledge really meant. But the whole scheme of this Book (*The Making of the Better Man*) will be found on p. 143 of my earliest translation of the *Gītā*, published at Ajmer in 1908, at a time when I had never heard either of P. Sankaranarayana and his Mission or of Arthur Mee and his Children's League. One sentence from that page will suffice to make this clear : "There are only three virtues, satisfying the threefold need of man : Truth, Love and Health. All that goes against these is *vice*." This absolute identity of conception between three contemporary individuals quite unknown to each other at the time shows how groundless are the theories some of my friends are so fond of spinning, as to the necessary derivation of doctrines by one religion from another. The derivation of living religious truth is psychological, not geographical.

on the West side, with such and such altars, and such and such inscriptions.....

I left him without a word one way or the other, and.....waited for him to die, that I might safely tell the world how great a little man he was¹.

That man deserves to be immortalized, not in
 The Better a temple of stone, with puppet-
 Way. show processions, but in the death-
 less Memory-Temples of a thousand-million
 truthful minds and joyous hearts. It seems to
 me that while P. Sankaranarayana wasted his
 precious brain-oil dreaming of a stone Temple
 of Truth, a certain Englishman named Arthur
 Mee was unconsciously devising a better memo-

¹ Concerning P. Sankaranarayana (see the two previous foot-
 notes). He was a genius, a hero, a martyr to the Truth he loved.
 He sacrificed his whole career and made himself a fool in the eyes
 of the worldly-wise in an apparently futile attempt to bring home
 to the minds of men his great discovery, namely, the primary
 importance of Truth, and the universal prevalence and suicidal
 nature of untruth. He was a saint, past guile, jealousy or resent-
 ment of any kind. I twisted him this way and that in hour after
 hour of merciless conversation, and found him ring true all along:
 true in essential perception as he was sound in motive and in
 nature guileless. Only his Indian heredity and the petty surround-
 ings amid which he lived played him a curious trick: they made
 him too childishly subjective. He peopled his mind with funny
 little cinematograph processions of quite imaginary truthful folk,
 bearing witness to Truth by carrying banners embroidered with
 such and such declarations, emerging from his cherished Dream-
 land Temple; and he hoped to transfer these mental puppet-shows
 into the outside world at no distant date. But he entirely failed
 to see that his quaint advertisements mainly drew to him accom-
 modating scoundrels, delighted to humour him by professing
 whatever he asked them to profess, willing to commit to memory
 his funny little solemn schemes and tabulations, and cut-and-dried
 catechisms of Truth, while they all along considered him a soft-
 headed dolt whom they could safely plunder. And they did.

rial for that great unrecognised Seer of Madras by starting the League of the Helping Hand.

For there is only one Temple fit for the God of Truth---that is *the Mind of the Truthful Man*. Shall *we* start building, Comrades ?

VIII.

How does all this answer our query as to the disappearance of the Doctrine of Truth Paramount from the world after the *Vedas* had so triumphantly proclaimed it ? What happened ?

What happened was probably simply this :

True Teachers---able men withal---having realized the primary nature of Truth, and being duly honoured for teaching Truth and glorifying Truth in speech *and life*, and passing on to worthy pupils the living contagion of the Truth they lived, a time came (after perhaps several stages of transition, honest¹ enthusiasts of priestly dignity and sentimental *gurus* being among them) a time came when scoundrels found it a profitable business (why should not they in their turn make discoveries ?) to pose as Teachers of the Cult of Truth and take in guileless people by solemnly repeating the *mantras* once uttered by the Seers of Truth. In short *the Root-Vice of the Human Race*---*Insincerity*---got hold of the Primal Religion of Truth itself (why not, since it attacks all

¹ That is, slightly self-deceived.

things human ?) so that the few people who remained sincere began to keep silence as to Truth for very shame. It became something so sacred that to speak of it among the insincere was as painful to them as it is painful for a well-bred gentleman to speak of a chaste wife while passing through a street of harlots. That was how the 'Mysteries' arose—to be in their turn exploited by 'esoteric' mountebanks when they became the fashion.

Once upon a time, Truth was mere matter of Fact. That was the Golden Age.
The Second Loss. When Truth became the fashion, it was lost. Real Truth then sought shelter in silence. When secrecy in its turn became the fashion, the Word was 'lost' indeed—twice lost: exoterically lost and esoterically lost! How to restore it?

And yet I prate of Truth! Why?—Do not ask me. I began reluctantly
To-Day. enough in all conscience, but I do it all the same. I do it because I must. I do it because I am driven to, and have been trained to consider that my own feelings in the matter do not matter much. I do it because "the Fate drives," as old Sapt says in that admirable chapter of *Rupert of Hentzoldt*. Since various high Esoteric Folk have suddenly flung reserve to the winds in hitherto 'esoteric' matters of which the proof lies mainly in the future *and will obviously require truthful minds for its verification*, it is perhaps a 'lesser evil', nowadays, especially

¹ Anthony Hope's sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*—one of the finest bits of fiction that I have ever read.

in India where people are so easily influenced by solemn declarations¹, to proclaim Truth pure and simple—the *state*, not the abstraction—as *the* Primary Need of Man, and.....take the consequences.

But if anyone comes up to me and says, “Sir, let me help you. I am a truthful man. I have never deceived anybody. You may safely trust me.”
The Boast of Truth.—“Shake hands, Brother of the Craft,” I answer, “That is how all the scoundrels that ever deceived me spoke.”

N.B.—No use taking the other tack either—of hypocritical humility—for men’s professions about themselves simply do not matter one way or the other—no more do other people’s professions (or prophecies) about them. What matters is what men *are*; and what they *are* shows itself mainly in *what they do* and *how they do it*.

We may perhaps put it like this :

As Truth is the most necessary quality for a man to possess, it is the most dangerous for him to boast of.

When you have built a house, and are decently proud of it, you show your friend round the hall, and the sitting-rooms, and the dining-room, and even take him upstairs to the bedrooms and bath-rooms *when these are not in use*.

¹ Perhaps because the hand of Fate has hitherto deprived them of the educative influence of party-politics and those wholesale electioneering campaigns with which the British and American peoples are.....blessed.

You do not forget to show him the fine view from the roof, if you are wise. But you seldom take him to the cellar if there is one; and *the one thing you never do at all, at all, is to dig up the foundations of your house to show your friend how well they have been laid.*

When you have made a garden, and are decently proud of it, you take your friend round, and show him your roses and chrysanthemums and fuchsias and tulips—and even the vegetable-garden modestly hid behind the flowering hedge. You don't forget the fern-house, and the artificial pond, and the Japanese toy-mountain with the suburban prospect from the top. But you seldom show him the manure-pit, if there is one; and *the one thing you never do at all, at all, is to dig up your trees and pull up your flowers by the roots to show your friend how soundly they are rooted.*

It comes to this, then: You cannot do without Truth. If your circumstances have not contaminated you with it in early childhood, some one else must become circumstance to you and do so, using all handy means of moral contact (*satsanga*) such as speech, literature and so forth. Get contaminated by all means. Recognize, adopt, vow, practise, *live*. But never boast.

To boast of being true is *the* most unlucky thing a man who really nurses the new-born child of Truth in him can ever do—far more unlucky than to praise an actual flesh-and-bone baby to its face.

Super-
stition.

I am trying my little best. I may well admit that much. But supposing I were ever to succeed in becoming quite, quite true, in finding the State of Perfect Truth before me as the threshold of an open door, my foot stretched out to step in—do you know what my very last lie would be? It would be my *last* answer (for beyond that threshold there is silence) to the question, “Are *you* true?” And that last lie of mine (a ‘whopper’) would be:

The Truthful
Man's last
lie.

“NO!”

It would be a lie, of course, although it would also be a truth. For even a liar *is true at bottom* all the time, however many lies he may have crowded up on top to cover that bottom as if in shame. Were he not *true* at all, he would not *be* at all. He only *is* at all because of the Truth at bottom of him. That is the worst of it: a liar is, as it were, a mental *being* pretending to *un-be*, *Truth* putting on the semblance of *untruth*. The state of being a liar is itself an *untrue state*. That is why falsehood has no leg to stand on. That is also why, since the lie is an *unreal* vice, truthfulness, or abstention from falsehood, is so to say an unreal virtue also—meaning that it is not an acquirement, a wrapping, (as falsehood is). Truth is not anything that can be grasped, or let go of, put on or taken off. If lost, it is *lost inside us*, not outside. That is why it is absurd to boast of it, when found—as absurd as to boast of being one's own self.

Why he
cannot
boast.

Why he can-
not boast.

Truth is the natural bottom of the mind. It comes to light by clearing off the rubbish from on top. It was there all the time beneath the rubbish, therefore cannot be boasted of as an acquisition.

This does not contradict what I have said before. Each deliberate effort to be true, each temptation overcome¹, is the clearing off of something of the rubbish² from on top. The "straightening" I spoke of before is but one symbol out of many. This is another. Let us use symbols, since we cannot do without them. But let us be wary lest we *care for* them. To *care for* them would be idolatry—verbal idolatry—the worship of the 'letter that killeth.'

The Free
Use of
Symbols.

IX.

Now here is the simplest solution of this historico-religious puzzle—the apparent conflict between Truth and Love, between the Vedic "*Satyânnâsti paro dharmah*" and the Paurânic "*ahimsâ paramo dharmah*"—between "Know ye the Truth and the Truth shall make ye free" and "The greatest of these is Charity."

It is very simple on the Sanskrit side—a mere matter of linguistic commonsense. The word *para*, as its cousin *parama*, has many shades of meaning. It means 'beyond,' 'above,' 'be-

On the
meaning
of Words.

¹ Refer back to pp. 51, 63-64, above.

² Called tangle, jungle, overgrowth, maze, confusion, delusion, aberration (*moha*, *moha-kalilam*, *mâyâ*, *mohini prakriti*, etc.)

neath,' 'ultimate,' 'supreme,' 'paramount' and so on. The word *dharma* also has many shades of meaning. Its root meaning being "That which supports, upholds, underlies, upbears all things"—*dhriyate loko 'nena dharati lokam vā*. This is the orthodox Sanskrit etymology, quoted from Apte's *Dictionary*. Literally translated: "The World (meaning also humanity, society, the people, the State, etc.) is upborne by it, or It upbears the World." We might thus translate *satyānnāsti paro dharmah*¹ by "There is no

¹ This sentence has a curious history. Used as motto by the Mahārājās of Benares, it was adopted by the Theosophical Society, in the days of Madame Blavatsky, as its own motto. During my sixteen years of connection with the Theosophical Society, in Europe and India, I have never heard that motto explained in any save a metaphysical sense (as of some transcendent *metaphysical* Common Truth at the back of all metaphysical religious dogmas—a sort of abstract common marrow of all the theological bones of contention over which sacerdotal Cerberuses have been snarling odium at each other for untold centuries.) I have never found it taken in a simple, vulgar, market-place, exoteric *moral* sense, *i.e.*, in the sense of a moral obligation to speak and practise truthfulness and sincerity in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. Had it been so, since a motto is either a pledge if borne in mind, or a curse if forgotten (a life-sentence or a..... death-sentence to who adopts it), intending members of the Theosophical Society would have found themselves confronted at outset, not with the *single* obligation of theoretical assent to Universal Brotherhood, but with the double obligation of *practising* Truthfulness and Brotherhood in life. This might have altered many things. Strange to say, it was at a meeting of the Arya Samāj that I first saw, hung up as emblem amongst others, the whole sentence (of *Mannu*, possibly found elsewhere as well) of which that motto of the T. S. is *only the first half*, with a slight change in construction. The *whole* sentence has been already quoted on p. 56, above, and it proves that *satyānnāsti paro dharmah* can have no meaning save a *moral one*, since *anritam*, in the latter half, means no theological abstraction, but the common, vulgar *lie*, and nothing else. This little comedy might form an interesting supplement to my "Note on Mistranslation" in the *Gospel of Life*, p. 192 (1910 Ed.)

Basis (of life, individual and collective) more fundamental than Truth—no Foundation more basic than Truth.”¹ As a matter of fact, our hackneyed English “Honesty is the best policy” is a far more accurate (if perhaps narrowly interpreted) translation of *satyânnuâsti paro dharmah* than the solemn “There is no Religion higher than Truth” that has done justice (or otherwise) for it all these years.

Dharma thus comes to mean Duty—the function a person or an organ² can fulfil, the purpose for which it is conceived, created, evolved, maintained; without which it has no *standing* and lapses into atrophy; the fulfilment of which continually links up and *saves* that person or that organ, of which the violation cuts off and *damns*—its Duty, its Religion in the only *true* sense of the term.

¹ To carry the image into the second half of the sentence, we should have to say: “There is no *undermining* (of the foundations of life) that is more insidious and goes deeper than falsehood,” or something to that effect. Put the whole together and you have: “To establish, to found, to ground (a life, a destiny, a society, a church, a State) nothing beats pure and simple Truth. To undermine (the same) and bring it to ruin, nothing beats the lie.” All growths, lives, destinies—of men, souls, States, churches,—are founded on and upheld by the Truth that is in them. All are ruined by the falsehood they consent to.

² I speak individually and collectively *at the same time*. I cannot afford to make the sentences heavier than they already are. I leave it to the reader’s acumen to associate with the words “a person” the ideas “somebody, anybody, *a* body, *the* body, the *body* social, the *body* politic,” etc.; and with the words “an organ” the cognate terms “organism, organization,” hence “society, church, State, caste, guild, union, league, committee, council, congress, conference, etc., etc.....”

So we may translate the two apparently conflicting sentences by this laconic couplet (which the simile developed further on will make quite clear) :

**“ Nothing upbears like Truth, Nothing
Reconcilia- builds like Love.”**
tion.

Or in any one of a hundred similar ways, showing that the opposition between them is totally non-existent—as non-existent as a fancied conflict between the soundness of the foundations of a building and the soundness of the superstructure.

We may easily get rid of the difficulty on the Christian side by adding to St. Paul’s dictum : .

“ And the greatest of these is Charity ”
the innocent little rider :

“ Yes, TRUE Charity ! ”

Whatever good thing you may mention,
Truth is in Love included, *Truth is in it*,
it! either explicitly or implicitly. It
is a pity that it should be so necessary to set it
forth explicitly to-day ; for there are many
risks in that. I know the risks (to some extent).
P. Sankaranarayana apparently did not. That
is where we differ.

As a virtue, then, Truth must either be mentioned foremost of all, or taken for granted under all. No other virtue can stand *except it be true, based on Truth, founded on Truth.*

X.

In my lectures, the childish question, "Which of these three—Truth, Love, Health—is highest, or most important¹?" is answered by a more or less childish simile, already suggested in the pages that precede.

You want to build a house.

The
Catechism
of the
House-
Builder.

Q. What does a house consist of?

A. Three main parts: top, middle and bottom.

Q. Which of these three do you notice first, when you approach the house from a distance?

A. The roof.

Q. Which part do you notice next?

A. The walls, with windows and doors.

Q. Which part do you fail to notice, even when you have come quite close?

A. The foundations.

Q. On which part does all the rest stand, roof included?

A. On the foundations.

Q. Which is the most important of the three, and which the least important? Which can we best dispense with?

A. Let me see:

¹ A question which I hesitate to call "childish," since it implies the not at all childish, but altogether devilish *secret* question at the back of the mind which utters it: "Which of the three can we most safely dispense with?"—a question to which the answer seems hitherto to have been: "Truth."

Without a roof there is no shelter from sun and rain (nor from falling aeroplanes and such as fall from them)—therefore no house worth speaking of. We certainly cannot dispense with the roof.

Without walls and doors and windows to let in and let out, to shut in and shut out (air, light, people) there is no enclosure, hence no house worth speaking of. We certainly cannot dispense with the walls and doors and windows.

Without foundations.....there may perhaps be a house—a small one—for a little while, or part of one. But it certainly won't be anything in particular for very long. It will soon be a heap of bricks. I do not think we can dispense with the foundations after all, though they do make such a poor show.

Q. Shall we then say that all three are absolutely indispensable, and that it is therefore idle to question which is more or less important than the rest? Or shall we admit that, of the three, the foundations may perhaps be most easily dispensed with.....if we are in a hurry, as most people seem to be in matters of education to-day?

A. There is one thing I object to in your questions, Mr. Brooks: I never quite know when you are joking. However, let me not insist. I think we had better admit that all three are simply indispensable, and therefore equal in importance—no more, no less.

Q. Now you want to build your house. Suppose there is a cheap bargain in tiles going to-day, whereas circumstances point to the founda-

tion and walls being more convenient to get through with some six months hence—a question of seasons, perhaps. Will you say: “Since all three parts are equally important, it does not much matter which I make a start with. As there happens to be a cheap bargain in tiles to-day, and the men are crying for a job, let me jump right in and make a start with the roof. There will be plenty of time to put in the walls and foundations later on.”

A. ?

Q. What will you do with your roof, meanwhile? Will you harness birds to it to make it fly?

(The boys laugh.)

Understand clearly, then, that the foundations, although they are not *more* necessary than the rest, and will most likely make no show at all after the house is built, *nevertheless claim precedence over the rest at time of building*. Likewise Truth, though it is the last thing for a *true* man to boast of, *nevertheless claims precedence over everything else at the time when character is a-building*.

Understand that, although the root may be most inconspicuous when once the tree *has grown*, it nevertheless claims precedence over the rest at time of germination. The tree will never put forth stem, branch, leaf, flower, fruit *unless it first strikes root*. Remember Bhâradvâja's words: “The liar withers to the root¹.”

¹ See pp. 53, 54, above.

Truth may or may not be *the* most important
—yet it must be attended to from

Truth
first.

the start¹. If not, the rest is hardly
worth attending to at all. If the

foundations be unsound, the greater the size,
weight and luxury of the edifice, the greater
the folly of the building. Unless your mind *be*
true to start with, you can build nothing sound
on the basis of such a mind. Your philosophy
will not be sound philosophy; your theology
will not be sound theology; your astronomy,
geology, zoology, physiology, philology, ethnol-
ogy, archæology, palæontology and what not
will never be sound 'ologies' at all unless they
be built upon the one sound basis of your own
true mind.

In the building of human character Truth
comes first. Unless it comes first it is not likely
to come at all—save in rare cases when every-
thing else is thrown down to make room for
new foundations. *That* is a trial which few
men are prepared to endure. It is much cheaper
to avoid it.

**Who will help save the children of to-
morrow by laying their foundations true
to start with?**

XI.

"But we thought"—I hear you wail—"that
this was Part the Second, dealing
with the Principle of **Love**; and
here you are, still pestering us
with **Truth** as in Part I....."

The Haunting
of a ghostly
Plan.

¹ When the start (of mental up-building) is, is more than I can
tell. Some would suggest the 'age of reason.' Let me suggest
the childhood of both parents as furnishing a safer margin.

Excuse me, dear young Friends (or old ones)—but, you see, **Truth** being the foundation of ALL things, including Love, anything I may have said, anything I may.....still have to say about Truth is as little or as much a digression from Love or any other good thing as the laying of foundations is a digression from the building of a house, or as the planting of a tree is a digression from rearing it.

How can I make the status of Love clear unless I make clear the status of its very foundation? As with the house—once built, the foundation may safely be ignored.¹ Till then it would be folly to ignore it. Once you have settled the foundation of your life in **Truth**,—Love, Health, Beauty may well occupy the whole superstructure²; as the walls, doors, windows, roof and decorations monopolise the whole show once the house is finished and ready for use. You know now that the

¹ I am too modest, too apologetic in my plea for Truth. The foundations, even of the best-established structure, can *never* be safely ignored. For no building—especially no institution—is ever final. There is always something a-building, some new development. It is *because* the old foundations *are* ignored (on the accepted 'principle' of "out of sight, out of mind") that the best established movements are sometimes ruined by unsound later developments. On the roof of the proudest building I would have an inscription placed:

"I stand—let me remember what I stand on.

"I flaunt my glory in the sunshine—let me take heed lest I forget that which upbears me in the dark."

² All this was hastily written. Conscience protested energetically whilst transcribing it. The corrective foot-note thus prompted should have been inserted here; but it ran to such dimensions that I have placed it at the end of this section, with a clear title of its own.

foundations need neither be seen nor mentioned¹—still less dug up for demonstration. The standing of the building is their standing witness. When you see a great house stand, you take for granted what it stands on. Conversely, when a well-constructed super-structure cracks and crumbles, you *know*² there must be something wrong with the foundations.

Hence when we see how this poor world cracks and crumbles (religiously, politically, socially) so many centuries after the Vedic Seers, Vâlmiki, Vyâsa, Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad have done their noble work and had their say, *we know* that there is something wrong with its foundations. *Mankind is suffering from a canker at the root.* That is why the most devoted watering, manuring, spraying, pruning, is of so little use.

**Essential and Revolutionary Note on the
Need for advertising TRUTH³**

False Shame of Truth. —The last paragraph is all right, but I more and more object to all the previous apologetic drivel, even while transcribing it. I will not strike it out, however.

¹ I protest, as in the previous foot-notes and in the Note that follows

² Most people don't—and that is the worst of it.

³ This Note was to have been in smaller type, like previous ones, but was set up in large type owing to an oversight on my part. I do not regret this, however, for there is matter here that gives one furiously to think.

Let it stand as a warning to myself and others, and let me fearlessly repudiate it here, as I have already begun to do in previous footnotes.

It is not right that Truth should ever be forgotten. It is not fair! It is not grateful! It is not *safe*! The work of Truth is *never* ended, as the foundation of a house is. I was carried away by my simile. I fell into idolatry; I confess it! *We* are *not* brick and stone houses, surely. Even stone edifices that are cracking may be saved from ruin by timely attention to the foundations. Winchester Cathedral was threatened with collapse owing to the erosion of a subterranean stream or the rotting away of mediæval wooden piles. They *did* remember the foundations then, and were not sorry for having done so. Engineers worked it all out. A heroic diver went down day after day for months and months on end, and the foundations of the threatened part *were relaid* bit by bit in solid concrete, or by filling the whole space with bags of cement. Anyhow the cathedral *was saved*.

That Truth—like all foundations—is modest, and willing to dwell unheeded in the dark, *is no excuse for our failing to heed her*, we who owe Her all! She will not glorify Herself, being too simply *natural*. All the more reason why *we* should glorify Her, '*lest we forget*' (to keep the children in mind of Her at all times, and... to remember Her in time when *our* temptation comes). And then remember that our characters—the only *real* question in all this—are all the *time* a-building if we are really alive, not

Life, ever-
building.

mummies. New wings are ever being added—sound or unsound—out-houses and what not. All these can surely not be built without foundations; and how can their foundations be *true* if Truth lies buried out of sight far underneath the gaudy drawing-rooms and busy pantries of our ‘successful’ lives? More patent still, remember that there are always those, around us—our children and the children of others, the children of the Race—the *main* foundations of whose character are being laid to-day, laid largely *by contact with us*, confirmed or unsettled by our example and precept.

It is because we do *not* give Truth due *prominence* in our lives, even when it happens to be there; because we do not.....yes, *advertise* it (why should we be afraid of the word?); because we do not remind each other and ourselves of it again and again, with unwearying persistency, as advertisements insistently remind us (not without success—else why should wary business-men continue them?) of the excellences of the latest ‘Tonic’ hoax, or the unquestionable genuineness of ‘Somebody’s Cocoa’; it is because we keep Truth shivering as if for shame at the bottom of our private wells of prim reserve, instead of publicly installing Her as Mistress of the Household; it is, in short, *because we are ashamed of Truth*—charlatans or no charlatans—that we fail to rouse up due concern for Truth in the easily impressible minds of the simple folk around us (*children, whether in body or in mind*); that *we fail to*

Failure to
advertise.

The Well of
Shame is the
Bushel of
Folly.

build the Truth into the lives of those we are responsible for.

For it so happens that *we are our brothers keepers*, as we shall clearly see if we read on.

But *this* makes that crazy old man of Madras¹ greater, saner, wonderfuller, more absolutely lucid in his Vision than I had yet taken him to be. For all that the most captious critic can urge against him is that he sought to *advertise* the claims of Truth as best he could, and that he was not æsthetic, either in appearance or in method; and that advertisement, save when sanctified by communion with Art, is (quite rightly) not considered *good form*². The fact remains that Truth *does* require advertising, and that he was the only one who clearly saw this, and tried his level best to do it. He failed for lack of artistic temperament; largely also

¹ P. Sankaranarayana. See above, Sections V and VII, foot-notes.

² Our 'civilized' public conscience has unfortunately not yet reached the point of sanctioning another class of absolution for advertisements—namely those which, form or no form, happen to hold good *substance*, to be *true*, however inartistic. P. Sankaranarayana's advertisement of Truth belonged to that category. There being no recognition for it, it naturally fell flat: Is the fault his, or ours? It seems to me that, when we are a little more civilized, the State Department of Justice will have among its functions that of enquiring into the *actual merits* of all advertised commodities—foodstuffs, medicines, books and what not—and seeing how far they tally with their advertisements. A sort of hall-mark stamp—in three or four different shades and grades, positive and negative—will then be affixed, compensating both for lack of form in substantial advertisements, and... ..for lack of substance in formal ones.

for lack of money. It is most probable that, had he had the artistic temperament (formal imagination) he would have lacked the simple direct truthfulness, hence the power, to see what he saw and attempt what he attempted. On the other hand, had he had both truthfulness and money, he would still have lacked the formal imagination required to lay the money out efficiently, and would therefore have made a bigger failure and caused a larger number to misunderstand and reject¹.

¹ I am not speaking quite at random, here. *I myself* carelessly rejected his *Gospel* when I first picked up a copy. The tailpiece inscription and the quaint advertisements of 'Banners' and what not, somehow obfuscated me. They are decidedly not artistic. The man himself altogether failed to compel attention. He came to Bangalore shortly before one of my visits, and gave a very influential gentleman, whom I subsequently questioned, the impression that "he did not quite seem to know what he was talking about." I would probably never have taken up his book again but for the difficulty I found arising in connection with the League of the Helping Hand. The comrades were taking a pledge of truthfulness. Some, who were sincere, found all sorts of difficulties crop up when it came to *keeping* that pledge. They asked me for advice. I looked round for some convenient handbook on the subject, to which I might refer them to save time, and found.....P. Sankaranarayana's *Gospel of the Religion of Truth, and nothing else!* So I picked it up again *because there was nothing else*—nothing more stylish—to refer to. And then and then only did I find, on reading it *through* for the first time, that the main ideas in it were remarkably sound, spite of the uncouthness of the wrapping. So I gave away some copies to the comrades, and generally recommended it.

Now, after a year fraught with considerable trouble, including the final breakdown of confidence in some whose sincerity and spiritual greatness I had hitherto implicitly believed in—a year spent in probing the ultimate bearings of my own mind and mercilessly sifting my own motives—afraid to pass judgment on others unless I first and foremost judged myself—a year in which I more than once stood face to face with friendly Death, and *knew* that in Her lay release from pain—after a year like that, I

Now we come to the pith of this decisive
A Reparation due. *Note.* I have suggested, in Sec. VII, above, that P. Sankaranarayana had not quite done justice to the *Vedas* when he claimed to be the first to advertise the Doctrine of Truth in the thorough and insistent fashion in which it *must* be advertised if Mankind is ever to be attracted towards the Path that leads to Sanity. In this I have done P. Sankaranarayana an injustice, and owe him a reparation. I want to show you that this seeming boast, for which I first took him to be somewhat of a madcap, is no boast at all, but pure and simple Truth. (As a matter of fact there was no boast at all about the man. He entirely failed to 'make an impression,' even, save that of being a fool, on those who deceived him. He never deceived anyone, not even himself. I am sorry I spoke of his being 'great.' He was neither great nor small. He was *true*. He was *equal*—equal to my 'pariah' clerk, and equal to myself.)

* * * * *

* Let us then eliminate all superstitious sentiment with regard to Ancient Scripture, and look it squarely in the face (I *am* a bit inclined to superstitious sentiment that way, you know, and find this hard—yet I will try.)

take up the book again and think of the queer old man who passed away last August, having apparently done what he came here to do—borne witness—and.....I am compelled to say that he was probably unique—a Prophet of a Religion which is not yet on Earth. Is my brain softening, I wonder?

Did Ancient Scripture adequately advertise the Paramount Need of Man ?

Q... Do we recognize (those of us who have digested all that goes before, and are ready for whatever may follow) that Truth is *the* Paramount Need of Man, which he can in no wise dispense with ?

A. We do.

Q. Do we find it possible to revert to the subject of the awful prevalence and the ruinous influence of falsehood, and the consequent utter necessity of a continuous and prolonged struggle for Truth in all departments of life—do we find it possible to revert to this subject again and again, in a hundred different ways, with never-failing profit to ourselves ?

A. We do.

Q. Do we find it a fascinating, an entrancing, a never-wearying subject, once we have begun to grasp the gist of it and tackle it in real earnest in our own minds and lives ?

A. We do.

Q. Do we think that it ought to be brought into overwhelming prominence—more so than the best-advertised patent medicines, which spend thousands of pounds a year in advertisements only ? Do we think reminders as to Truth ought to meet the eyes of every man, woman and child at every street-corner, in tram-cars, railway-carriages, refreshment-rooms, in the windows of every shop, in the pages of every newspaper, on the fly-leaves of every decent magazine and publication, and in the text as well ?

A. We do.

Q. Has the Paramount Nature of Truth as Moral Need for Man been clearly mentioned in the Scriptures of the Race ?

A. It has been clearly mentioned in the Vedas and the Upanishads, amongst other Scriptures.¹

Q. Has this Doctrine of Truth Paramount, in such Scriptures as declare it, been advertised—in answer to the crying Need of the Race which we, following in P. Sankaranarayana's footsteps, have acknowledged—has it been advertised with such frequency and such insistency as to make all readers feel its paramount claim on man's attention, and the appalling nature and universal prevalence of insincerity (undermining *all* things human, including 'charity,' including 'righteousness') as primal cause of human misery—the Root-Evil of the Human Race ?

¹ See pp. 53, 54, 56, 57, above. I shall be particularly thankful to all (Comrades of the League and others) who will send me carefully quoted references, with chapter and verse, from any Scriptures known to them. There will be three classes of references, differing vastly in point of interest and value for our present purpose :

I. Commendations of Truth as *a* virtue—Not wanted, being too common.

II. Commendations of Truth as a necessary, an indispensable requisite for Salvation, and *emphatic* condemnations of falsehood in all its forms.

III. Commendations of Truth as *the* primary virtue, without which other virtues have no standing ; and clear condemnations of falsehood as *the* root-vice of our human race.

All references falling under classes II and III will be gratefully received and utilised for the greatest benefit of the Comrades and of all other readers.

In short, does the Doctrine of Truth Paramount (when present) *bulk as largely as it ought to* in the Scriptures of the Race? Does it bulk as largely as the Need of the Race for Truth bulks in the dawning Vision of the man who strives to cast forth insincerity from his own life so that Truth may out?

A. We regret to have to say that the Doctrine of Truth Paramount, although most clearly *mentioned*, is certainly not *so* advertised in any Scripture known to us. Precious beyond all valuation, it bulks very little indeed—as little as precious gems and Radium bulk in Mother Earth's vast, cheap, commonplace, drab, homely bosom. Even the Scriptures which mention it most clearly in *some* passages are so full of other subjects (all provably subordinate to Truth) that the unwary reader loses sight of the *prime* importance of Truth; fails to recognise It as *the* One Undertone and Hall-Mark of all *true* Revelation; loses hold of the One Clew-Thread which runs right through all other *valid* subjects and *makes them so*, without which they really are "like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark." That is probably why, in India, immediately after the period of the *Upanishads* (which *do* advertise Truth, but *not insistently*)¹ we find the battle lost. Even

¹ They advertise it quite unmistakably *for one who already takes his stand on Truth*. They do not advertise it in such a way that the insincere may be discouraged at every turn and ultimately forced to give it up ("it" meaning either insincerity or the Book.) This discreet treatment of the Ruling Factor in Man's growth *may* have been a lesser evil at the time...(?)...*Perhaps* those Scriptures would have been quite suppressed had they been quite outspoken. In that case the time for speaking out *has come*,

the great pre-Buddhistic sage Patañjali, in his *yoga-sûtras*, places Truth *second*, after *a-himsâ* (non-injuring), in his list of man's moral requirements. He apparently fails to see that without Truth there is no *test* of charity, no knowing whether one's 'harmlessness' is genuine or spurious. Charity, in pursuance of such 'teaching,' will be complacently exercised without the least concern to *see* whether it is *true* Charity, *i.e.*, whether it does any real Good. That is why there is so little constructive Charity in India, although there has been so much 'gift' (*dânam*) for centuries.¹ For lack of Truth, the 'gift' is not *true* Gift.²

Q. Do you think this eclipse of the Doctrine of Truth Paramount *could* have taken place if the Doctrine had been more fully dealt with in those earlier and more authoritative Scriptures; if it had been referred to hundreds of thousands of times instead of a few times only; if it had monopolised whole Scriptures,³ and the leading, central and final sections of *all* Scriptures, in-

it seems. Nothing valuable can be suppressed for long to-day. For the new Age of News has dawned—the Age of Awareness and Enterprise, and of the contagion of Awareness and Enterprise—the Age of Company (*satsanga*)-promoters, in more senses than one.

¹ Witness the armies of 'Sannyâsis' that subsist on nothing else.

² True Gift is defined in the *Gîtâ* as gift to the *proper* person, in *proper* time and place, with the conviction, "It is *required*." This obviously presupposes *true minds* to diagnose requirements and to discriminate 'proper' recipients from 'improper' ones. A vast field (rather, a jungle) lies open to tilling of this sort in the India of to-day.

³ This would not have implied monotony, since every other subject not only *can* be dealt with in its relation to Truth Paramount, but *cannot* be sanely dealt with *except* in that connection.

stead of being merely dropped in, casually as it were, in the midst of a hundred other matters (rituals, legends, magic spells and so forth) often of quite secondary importance? Do you think this eclipse *could* have happened if every *other* subject—important or trivial—had been coupled, in those earlier Scriptures, with a sort of refrain to this effect: “Failing Truth in the reader, all this is false. Failing Truth in the listener, all this is worse than useless. All we say holds good for the *satya-dharma*¹ (the Truth-grounded) alone: for all save him it is poison....” And so on, with endless variants?

A. We think it very imprudent to dogmatise about ‘might have beens’ and ‘should have beens.’ Yet as far as we can see (barring the hypothesis referred to in a previous footnote—of the necessity of discreet treatment to ensure the handing down of the Scriptures through hopelessly insincere generations) it seems impossible that such an eclipse should have happened, had the Doctrine been first advertised as you suggest. For all subsequent Scriptures quote the earlier ones. There is no other prime Authority for Hindus. Had that Authority been interlarded throughout with references to the Paramountcy of Truth, these references would have saturated all later Scriptures with reminders of Truth, and such a total eclipse as

¹ The man backed by Truth, up-borne by Truth, who takes his stand on Truth. This is the only man who ‘sees God’ in the First *Upanishad* (*Isha*). The Christian saying: “Only the pure in heart shall see God” means exactly the same thing; but it must be freed from sentimental wrappings.

has occurred would in all probability have been averted.

Q. To whom must we in fairness ascribe the first deliberate attempt to bring the Paramountcy of Truth in all human affairs to the notice of the Human Race? Who first made *this* the Paramount Business of his Life, clearly subordinating everything else to it? Who first wrote books with *this* as their Paramount Subject, clearly subordinating everything else to it?

A. That is a question which we cannot dogmatically answer, for lack of sufficient information. As historical information is never final, it will always remain an open question. Yet we may safely say that, *to our knowledge*, P. Sankaranarayana of Madras was the first to make the Paramountcy of Truth in all human affairs *the prime concern of his whole life and teaching*.¹

It is quite certain that the same Paramountcy is *implied* in the life-work of all sane Helpers of Humanity, ancient and modern. But *none of them*, to our knowledge, *made it his prime concern to demonstrate this and proclaim*

The
Herald of
Truth Para-
mount.

¹ The only books left by him (barring Tamil and Telugu-English Dictionaries) are: *The Gospel of the Religion of Truth* (Re. 1-0-0).

The Doctrines of the Religion of Truth (Re. 0-8-0).

The Sequel to the Gospel and the Doctrines of the Religion of Truth (Re. 0-8-0) and a few minor cognate pamphlets, placards and charts.

All these may be ordered from the League of the Helping Hand, Mylapore, Madras.

at explicitly throughout his teaching ; else would this have remained associated with the name of such a one—as P. Sankaranarayana will always be remembered, if at all, as the Sage (or the madcap, according to standpoint) of the *Religion of Truth*, and nothing else. There is nothing else to remember him by. His *Anglo-Vernacular Dictionaries* are cheap and handy, but will be displaced by cheaper and handier ones unless a later generation affectionately retains them as part of the life-work of “The Recluse” of the *Religion of Truth*.

If there is, or has been, any other man or woman whose life-work, whether ‘artistic’ or otherwise, answers to this description or improves on it in point of wholesale centredness in Truth—Truth all-encroaching, not merely transcendent—we shall be glad to hear of such a one and shall whole-heartedly assist in making his work known to all whom we can reach—as we do here for that submerged old Hermit of Madras.

XII.

Well, let us now push on.

The **Heart**, we have seen, is our power to feel. It also implies the emotion
 Getting on. or impulse, expansive or retractive, which is to normal human action what steam is to the working of an engine.

For its prosperity the Heart needs **Happiness**.

The God-Made Rule for *getting* Happiness is *giving* happiness. The key to right feeling is right impulse, as the key to right knowledge is right utterance¹.

The simplest name for this rightness of impulse is LOVE.

LOVE is the right condition of the Heart, as TRUTH is the right condition of the Mind. LOVE is the state of the Heart that *truly* gives happiness because it is united with a *true* Mind concerned with the perception of happiness and unhappiness, the understanding of happiness and unhappiness, the planning of the greatest happiness, the ways and means of ending unhappiness and bringing about happiness. The expression of LOVE in Life is SERVICE, as SINCERITY is the expression of TRUTH.

LOVE
and
TRUTH
Inseparable.

Remember, I am always chafing at this separation into compartments (the very plan of the book). Yet I do not see how I can make the subject clear without it. Remember, Truth and Love are *never* separate. *They cannot be.* Truth is the very Mind of Love. Love is the very Heart of Truth. Love without Truth is not *true* Love; Truth without Love is not *live* Truth.

¹ "By their fruits shall ye know them." You know the tree by what it yields. The key to right living is right *production*. The divine Parable of the Talents is enough to shatter all doubts as to the fundamental rightness of Christ's Teaching—enough to shatter all the wrongness of whatever sects bind men to lifeless dogmas in His Name.

Truth is the Knowledge of the Law: "Know ye the Truth—the Truth shall make ye free."

"Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Live ye the Law, and ye shall know the Truth.¹

Without Love, Truth is sterile—an abstract mummy, not a Living Power. Without Truth, Love is wasted—useless sentimental gush, a letting-off of steam that might be canalised by rational machinery and made to work wonders for the Cause of Good.

Now the direct breaking of the Rule of Love is the giving of unhappiness instead of happiness. The names for this are Hate and Cruelty. Hate is cruelty in thought and feeling. Cruelty is hate in action. I shall freely use the term 'Cruelty,' because it includes Hate, as act includes the thought that conceives and the feeling that urges it.

You may object to the term 'Cruelty,' saying that it applies only to extreme cases—to the infliction of grievous suffering—and that *we* have merely petty cases to deal with. Yet I prefer to use it for that very reason, because it seems to me that between the infliction of grievous suffering and the infliction of light suffering, there is a difference of degree only, not of kind. Why then should there be a difference of terms? Let us be consistent and say that the infliction of much suffering is *great cruelty*, and that the infliction of little suffering is *petty cruelty*.

¹ A paraphrase of "Whoso leadeth the life, he shall know of the doctrine."

To remember that our petty acts of inconsiderateness in school or office, our little displays of temper, our daily little household tyrannies, *are* petty **cruelties**, and nothing else—the diminutive brood of the deadly snake, the petty spawn of the monstrous deep-sea shark at thought of which we shudder—*this* may help us to recognize¹ the nature of so many of our words and deeds which we complacently condone as trifling, and to repent and modify our lives² accordingly.

Now let us see how the Rule works.³ The question is:

“How shall the following of the God-Made Rule procure for me the thing I want? How shall my *gift* of happiness *get* me happiness? How shall I, by loving-kindness, earn the boon of deathless Joy?”

To which the answer is:

“By loving-kindness I shall just make my heart fit for Joy. Being fit for Joy, my heart *shall enjoy*—shall rightly enjoy, according to its power to enjoy—whatever happens to be there for it to joy in. And there is always something *there*, you know; and something leads to something else; and growth follows on the heels of growth; and power lies wrapped up in power, awaiting its time, awaiting its call; and of the Glory that shall be revealed there is no end.”

¹ Confession. * Conversion. See pp. 65—66, 74, above.

² Refer back to pp. 27—29, above.

And the other question is (why should we shirk it?):

"How shall the breaking of the Rule deprive me of the thing I want? How shall I forfeit Joy by being cruel?"

To which the answer is:

"By being cruel I shall simply make my heart unfit to joy. Being unfit to joy, my heart must fail to joy—fail to rightly and *truly*¹ joy—even in what happens to be there for it to joy in. My heart will be like a dyspeptic stomach which cannot properly digest anything, even the food put into it'.

¹ I have seen a boy throw stones at a sick dog that couldn't run away, and heartily laugh at its contortions. You think that boy was cruel. I tell you I doubt whether such a thing as actual cruelty exists, save as an acute form of insanity. I doubt whether any other vice than ignorance exists at all. Call me a dry, bloodless 'Vedântin' if you like. I answer you out of the mouth of Him you daily crucify: "Father, forgive them, *for they know not what they do.*" I have already quoted that, and may quote it again. He caused Himself to be raised high before saying that, as though He wished it to be widely heard. Few sayings have been *thus* advertised. Strange, that I have never heard a Christian preacher take it for his text. But let me not lose hold of that boy, or he will give us the slip. What that boy suffered from (for all the suffering in store for him is rooted in that act of his—in the *mental state* of which that act is the index) was simply *lack of imagination*—a purely *mental* failure to view the situation from the dog's standpoint. I saw the same boy thrashed a few days later, and can assure you that he did not laugh at suffering *then*. Which proves that he did not enjoy *suffering*—either the dog's, or his own. *At the bottom of all cruelty there is a false state of mind. So at the bottom of all kindness there is Truth.*

* Abominable! But I let it stand, content if my tautologies and platitudes make you think out for yourself the point I am trying to drive home. We are always thinking of a moral sanction—of merit and demerit, heaven and hell—in terms of gift or denial of

How to understand this twofold business better?

Very simple : put it like this—

Love, the concern for others' welfare, the
 frank acknowledgment of Service
 Eye for eye and tooth for tooth. due, the loyal rendering of Service
 due—simply *stretches* out the
 heart. It gradually and steadily shakes out
 wrinkles and folds, and loosens knots and fills
 up holes. The rest comes of itself ; a full heart,
 like a well-stretched drumskin, vibrates harmo-
 niously in answer to the gentlest touch that
 strikes it. It cannot help doing so.

Cruelty—the recourse to cruelty, the plotting
 of cruelty, the infliction of cruelty—makes the

outside things, surroundings, opportunities and what not. Whereas the real sanction of the Moral Law by which we live (or otherwise) lies in the growth or atrophy of the *power in us*. Real cosmic punishment does not lie in the privation of things, surroundings, opportunities. Such privation (when felt) is a cosmic tonic and appetizer—not a punishment. Cosmic failure (damnation) is inability to enjoy things, to fit into surroundings, to rise to opportunities. Starvation in the midst of plenty—that is damnation.

Mind you, there are surroundings and 'surroundings'—more than one kind at a time, hence the need for discrimination (*viveka*) as the first step. There are our *true* surroundings, our natural surroundings—our bodies and the triple world (mental, emotional, material) of which our bodies and our powers are a part. And there are our artificial 'surroundings'—the 'world' of insincere customs, fashions, conformities, which it is not convenient to be at variance with. When I speak of surroundings in the previous paragraph I do *not* mean the latter sort. For the 'world' (*jāna*) *samsād* in *Gītā*, xiii, 10) may precisely be described as the aggregate failure of humanity, in any particular time or place, to study, understand and adapt itself to its *real* surroundings. It goes without saying that comparative failure *means* comparative success. But let us be wary lest we drop the inverted commas too soon, mistaking some clever counterfeit for the real thing.

heart shrunken and horny, knotty and tough. Cruelty ossifies the heart, or petrifies it. A sensitive heart *cannot* inflict cruelty. A cruel heart cannot be sensitive : it has slain its sensitiveness in becoming cruel.

Here again a little play-acting comes in handy¹, and helps the boys to grasp and remember what they fail to get a hold of in its abstract form.

Suppose I am a *dacoit*—a housebreaker. I have accordingly broken into your house at night, and have seized and bound and rendered you generally helpless. You are at my mercy. I now proceed to torture you in order to help you tell me where your little hoard lies buried. The moment I see you writhe with pain between my hands, the shadow of that pain of yours falls (by a *natural* process called sympathy) upon whatever live heart-surface there happens to be left in me. If I am still fit to enjoy² at all, I do not like to

¹ Refer back to pp. 40—42.

² Of course this is absurd. I have to *make it so* in order to leave Truth out of account for a moment in deference to the plan of the book. Everything becomes absurd the moment you leave out Truth. See previous footnote about the boy and the dog. A man who deliberately inflicts cruelty may obviously still be fit to enjoy. He may even 'enjoy' his cruelty for the matter of that. He does really enjoy to the extent that he is blind to facts—to the extent that he is *untrue*. "When ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." Thus would any genuine dacoit retort. A man still capable of sympathy must deliberately blot out the other standpoint—paralyse the 'other' spot in his mind, as it were—in order to get through with the commission of a cruel act. This is of course self-deception of the most flagrant sort ; and the mental paralysis induced inevitably reacts on the heart, and tends to paralyse that power too. Our dacoit will blot out awareness of your suffering by concentrating his whole mind upon the object he has in view, subordinating everything else to that. Your money may even seem the more precious to him in that he performs more atrocious deeds (and thereby runs more risks) to get it. This is perversion of mind-power. It happens individually in crime, collectively in war.

see you suffer. I must stop. "You pig-headed long-eared customer," I observe, "Why *will* you put me to the trouble of making you suffer thus? Do you not see it pains me?"

**The Dacoit
with a soft
spot.**

Why *will* you not tell me where your little hoard lies buried?"—"Large-hearted Conqueror," you reply, after recovering breath, "I assure you that I, for my part, am really most willing to spare you the trouble of seeing me suffer; but not by surrendering the snug little hoard on which my family honour depends. I am only a poor clerk, earning fifty rupees a month. My eldest daughter, aged nine, is to be married next year; and her..... estimable prospective father-in-law demands five thousand rupees to take her off my hands. He will demand more if I postpone, for he knows I have no other decent choice in our exclusive little caste. I have five more daughters to dispose of under similar blackmail conditions during the next seven years. If they grow up within my house I am a doomed man—outcaste, disgraced for life. Far rather perish at your noble hands than face the prospect of the utter social ruin you would inflict on me and mine by annexing my little hoard. So you may rest assured I *will not* tell you. As for your sympathetic pain, there is a far simpler way of easing it: Spare me and let me live out my senseless, custom-ridden life in peaceful monotony..... Yet stay! If you insist on my digging up *something* for you, there is perhaps a way. You seem to be still young (under your mask), able-bodied, intelligent, well-educated even, as is the fashion nowadays among..... dacoits. Why not rejoin the University for a bit, and go in for the LL.B. or at least the 'Pledership' examination? That.....estimable prospective father-in-law of my eldest girl has got a piece of land, bordering mine, in our village. I have been waiting to file a case against him for encroachment these last five years. My daughter's impending marriage has stayed me (they were betrothed six years ago). But once rid of my daughter, next year, I shall be free at last. *If* you could win my case for me, great-hearted conqueror of hearths, how gladly would I not dig up a.... *little*

corner of my remaining treasure, and put it in your hands. 'with heartfelt thanks, Vakil Saheb !' "

In short (never mind if my little story is absurd) *if* I have any heart left in me, and want your money, I shall find *serving you*—in some capacity or other—a pleasanter way of extracting your pelf than torturing you¹.

Cruelty is *not* a pleasurable occupation for who is fit to enjoy. Who is not fit to enjoy can find neither cruelty nor anything else really enjoyable.

The cruel man has made himself a heart of stone. As a crooked mind cannot *know true*, a heart of stone cannot *really enjoy*. The heart of stone *has slain itself*.

The Better Way.
God's Verdict on Cruelty.

So the verdict is (see Table—*L. H. H. Leaflet No. 2*).

"Cruelty, the breaking of the God-Made Rule of Love, simply kills the power to feel in man. It gives the man a heart of stone."

Let us not commit suicide—

That is altruistic morality enough if we would save our hearts as well as our minds.

XIII.

"But," I hear you say, "dear Mr. Brooks, we quite admit that Cruelty—deliberate Cruelty—gives the man a heart of stone and slays the

The doleful Dilemma.

¹ With apologies to Norman Angell, whom I am *approximately* quoting here.

Power of Joy in him. But we quite fail to see how the opposite line of conduct, which must logically make his heart more and more tender and sensitive, shall give him Joy. For, as your imaginary dacoit's residual square inch of heart vibrated in sympathy with his victim's suffering and stayed his hand, so our hearts, expanding many a square inch of tenderness all round (if we follow your prescription) will be continually vibrating in answer to the sorrows and sufferings which surround us on all sides. And there is so much of suffering in this poor world—so much of misery—disease, pain, loss, death, mutual injustice between man and man, man and woman, man and child, man and animal, between races, creeds, castes, classes, nations—that we shall hardly ever be without this very doubtful blessing of 'sympathetic suffering' for a single moment in our lives. When we close our eyes to the world's sorrow, it will haunt our memory and our dreams. It seems to us that you are offering us such a sorry choice—either to harden our hearts and lose the Power of Joy, or to get the Power of Joy and find nothing but sorrow instead because of the tenderness of our hearts and the prevalent sorrows of the world—that there is really no escape from the dilemma except for one who lapses into the dreamless slumber which our melancholy philosophers discovered at the back of these twin sorrows of the waking world and of the dream-world. Had we not really better—since our modern friends are all calling to us to be 'up and doing'—had we not better swallow a wee dose of 'worldly wisdom' and '*steel our*

hearts’ to the troubles that surround us, fighting for our own hand (and for our dear ones) as best we can, and remembering—when we see something that might distract us from our aims—remembering that ‘*We are not our brothers’ keepers.*’¹

In short, we all admit that Love is excellent,²
 being demonstrably the Master-
 The Trouble of it! Key to real Joy. But when it
 comes to *facing trouble* for Love’s
 sake, bearing trouble for Love’s sake, deliberately taking trouble for the sake of Love, we feel that we are being cheated of our dues. You tell us altruism is nonsense, since Truth and Love, by which we serve our brethren, are precisely the means of our own growth in the twin-glories of Knowledge and Joy. We believe you, and are willing to take up Truth and Service *for our own sakes*, not for the sake of those we serve. No sooner do we start trying,

¹ Mark the parallel between this and pp. 42—44, above. To successfully harden one’s heart to the world and soften it to one’s ‘dear ones,’ would require two hearts. The heartless businessman who is at the same time an excellent husband and father, succeeds in dealing with all ‘*other*’ folk as ciphers, as though they belonged to a different species from his own wife and child. He does not realise that he is fencing off a certain area of his heart, (a ‘soft patch,’ so to say—whether homely English cabbage-patch or Persian rose-garden—amid vast stony, sandy wastes), in which he enshrines living, pulsing images of his dear wife and child; whereas all the rest of *the same heart* is occupied by fine, precise engravings—figures, cyphers, characters, credentials, estimates—cut *in cold steel—the steel of his own loveless heart*. A *whole* man can no more afford two hearts than a sane man can afford two minds.

² The parallel, just here, is with the big question on page 44 and the pages that follow. But it soon drifts into a comment on Section XXI (pages 76—82).

than we discover to our dismay that, instead of the logical, certain, easy (to demonstrate) twin-glories of Knowledge and Joy which we expected, you have opened up for us a thorny path of infinite trouble for Truth and infinite trouble for Love. Have you not dealt with us as the clever company-promoter deals with his victims, or as the indentured labour-recruiter deals with his? It seems to us that you, by describing to us a prospect of (perhaps purely imaginary) future Knowledge and Happiness, are trying to kidnap us into hard labour in the Service of Mankind. It seems to us that you are trying to entice us into practical altruism by dangling an egotistic ideal before our eyes as a decoy."

What if I am?

Anyhow you cannot accuse me of very black deception, since I am so willing to give away the show.

I told you that altruism was nonsense—so it is—but did I ever tell you that
Altruism
and Egotism
again.
 egotism was not? Then, when I tell you altruism *is* nonsense, why should *you* jump at the conclusion that (all) egotism is sense to me, when I have nowhere said so? Where I have spoken well of Egotism, I have taken care to qualify it, calling it 'right Egotism,' 'decent Egotism' and what not. And have I not told you that "a decent egotist *is* an altruist right enough?"

Do you not see that I run down altruism simply because it is what the most subtle kind of false egotism deceives itself (and others).

with. Altruistic 'cant' is the favourite mask of the most dangerous sort of egotism—self-righteousness.

Egotism at least is bound to be frank, as your own egotistic talk, a page higher, has shown. As an egotist you must frankly acknowledge that you want profit and do *not* find satisfaction in trouble.

Now the way, if painful, is at least *clear*.

No profit
without
Trouble.

There is no more confusion once we have got sham altruism out of the way. All I have to do is to demonstrate to you that, in Love as in Truth, **there is no profit without trouble.**¹ This done, your frank, straightforward egotism will frankly declare itself willing to take trouble for Love's sake as for Truth's sake. For it will clearly understand that, in a Universe of Law, it can get no more Good than the trouble it takes. The trouble it takes is precisely the measure of the Good it is entitled to.

The World-
Shop.

There is no bargaining, no haggling (that is perhaps why most people do not like it².) Fixed price and cash transactions—such the Rule in this big World-Shop. You may or may not get the Goods at once—some things have to be *grown* for you to order, some things dug up from underneath God knows what piles of rubbish, some sifted (like Radium) from untold heaps of worthless ore—but *you* must pay cash down

¹ Pages 49—51 belong to all three parts of the book, and should be read over again in this connection.

² Read the passage on "Bargaining," page 47, above.

when ordering anyhow, or you will not even be entered as a customer. You *do* get what you pay for *in the end*—that much is certain. If there is any deception in *this* Shop, it is not the sort of deception you experience when you have paid good money and get mere painted trash. Quite the other way. We never fully estimate the value of our own God-sprung, innate Powers—of Truth and Love—when first we pay allegiance. We are not able to. Our ability to appreciate grows apace by salutary waiting, while we work on without a semblance of reward. When the Goods do come home at last—when the last wrappings are undone—

The Game
and the
Candle.

there is no more question as to whether the prize is worth the while, as to whether the ‘game is worth the candle.’ The game *is* worth the candle right enough, for there is nothing else that can hold a candle to it, as Krishna beautifully puts it in the *Gîtâ* :

“Once known that deep, unending Joy
transcending ‘sense’, yet sensed by Heart—
Once Mind, at home in It installed,
from this, its Truth, no longer swerves,

Which having gained, it cannot dream
of any ‘gain’ transcending this—
Its own True State—wherein once poised
it dwells, by direst pain unmoved.

As ‘Yoga-State,’ then, know thou *this*—
unyoking Man from yoke of pain.
Be thou unto this Yoga yoked
With fixed resolve and dauntless heart¹.”

¹ This is a literal translation of *Gîtâ*, vi, 21—23 (3rd. Ed., in

Egotism is honest. It can light the bonfire of practical, efficient altruism out of purely selfish considerations, and ultimately *burn itself therein* when all other fuel has run short. Beware lest, hoping for escape from trouble, you seek to throw yourself into the fire too soon. There will be no one left to throw the rest in; and, Lord! What an unsightly heap of unburnt refuse you will leave behind! There is only one test of the rubbish being burnt, the trouble finished taking, yourself really free to escape at last: *there is no more trouble to escape from*—that is the test of your being free to escape from trouble. The only test of your being free to

“Don’t mention it.” escape is *your not wanting to*. Funny, isn’t it? Perhaps that is why, when any gentleman is thanked for taking trouble, he invariably murmurs! “No trouble at all, I assure you. Pray do not mention it.”—Which forms a more potent and more prophetic *mantra* than any that a greedy priest is paid for mouthing at a ‘*Shrādh*’ performance.

Anyhow *sane* egotism is a safer policy than professed altruism. Altruism is mostly dishonest, for it claims to be disinterested. It is secretly enjoying its dividends while all the time pretending that there are no dividends to enjoy.

prep.) reproducing not only the sense, but the metre and the curious word-play in the last verse, where the root *yuj* (of *yoga* and other cognate words) occurs not less than five times.

XIV.

Now let us candidly look into this business of the suffering of our tender egotistic hearts out of sympathy with the suffering of others.

You suffer. I see you suffer. My heart is as it should be, and some vague or clear shadow of your suffering falls on it¹.

Thus I suffer to *see* you suffer ; I suffer to *know* that you are suffering.

Now I do *not* want to suffer thus. *Nobody* wants to suffer (those who say they do are hypocrites). Nature does *not* want to suffer. How to be rid of that suffering?

Well, this is what I call a *rectilinear* proposition. Two points determine one straight line, and one only. On a straight line there are two directions, and two only: 'To' and 'away from.'

A Rectilinear Proposition.

Put it in tabular form :

You.....I

$\longleftrightarrow \begin{matrix} ? \\ ? \end{matrix} \longleftrightarrow$

suffer..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{see you suffer} \\ \text{and thus (or otherwise)} \\ \text{know you suffer} \end{array} \right.$

“What to do?”
resolves itself into:

← ————— or ————— →

¹ A big *Note on Human Sympathy*, which suggests itself here, is transferred to the end of the section.

To do *or* not to do ; to go *or* not to go ; to help *or* not to help ; to serve *or* not to serve.

Or, in other words :

To do *or* to refuse to do ; to go *or* to refuse to go ; to help *or* to refuse to help ; to serve *or* to refuse to serve.

"He that is not *with* ME is against ME"—says our Common Life.

Very important:—Note that the question,
The
Underlying
Question.
 "To *see* or to refuse to see," "To
know or to refuse to know," has
 not even been mentioned *here* ;
 for that question means :

"To inform oneself or to deceive oneself as to the real state of affairs around one."

And *that question belongs to Part I.* Do not tell me that I am forgetting it. I took it all for granted when I began with: "Let us look *candidly*....."

So that our actual failure to help this suffering world as we *might and ought* to help it depends *primarily*¹ on a violation of the Rule of *Truth*—on a 'shutting of our eyes' to things which we

¹ As *every* human failure does—man being, as we have seen before (pp. 7–11 and elsewhere) an essentially *mental* creature, for whom knowledge is *the* primary consideration, Truth *the* primary virtue, and (self or other) deception *the* primary vice. This will bear repeating a few times more. (Do not be annoyed with me. You *know* how many (?) Indian readers will trouble to read a book *through*. Unless I repeat my saw a hundred times in as many places, someone is sure to miss it).

could not help interfering with if we went on looking at them, and which we fear *it would be troublesome for us to interfere with.*

This primary refusal to even clearly *see* the mischief has to be thoroughly thrashed out first, otherwise it will mask and confuse the operation of the second cause, which is : a deliberate refusal, seeing the suffering, to frankly consider our own selves in relation to it, and *see what we can do* to help.

This being in its turn made clear—and this *second bar* to service falls, like the first, under Part I (you may slay me for it if you like!)—there remains for Part II the trivial question, scarce worth considering at all, of the man or woman who, clearly seeing the suffering, and as clearly seeing what he or she *can* do to relieve it, actually refuses to *do* it. That man or woman is hardly to be found on Earth.

Therefore I say—and I wish I could enter this (or something like it) simultaneously, in big, bold type, on the front page of every newspaper on Earth for a whole month on end (for I believe not only in Marconi waves, but in mind-waves also):—

Humanity as a whole is still in a most painful condition, although it is slowly improving. But individual man himself is.....no worse than he

**Averted from
Others.**

**And from
Ourselves.**

**'What Open
Eyes see.**

is. There are very few men and women on Earth who, once willing to *look and see*, would not perceive the suffering; still fewer who, perceiving, would not be willing to *see what they could do* to help. There are scarcely any who, willing to see what they could do, would not perceive an actual little corner of service for them to fit into, an actual little share of work for them to do. And I hardly believe there are any at all who, *seeing* their little corner of service unfilled, their little share of work undone for lack of them, would not get up and do the work—step in and fill the corner—or quit this life for very shame. Open the door to Truth, and there is hardly a man or woman or child on Earth that will refuse to help in *doing* what a few crack-brained enthusiasts are failing to efficiently accomplish to-day precisely because they *are* so few.

For, mark you,—this I defy any sane man to rebut: *There is hardly a man or woman or child on Earth that might not, under given circumstances¹, be your friend and help you and be helped by you with pleasure.*

Just think of it! Hardly one man or woman or child on Earth — German, or

¹ External circumstances leaving the essentials of character—the only valid ground for judgment—quite unchanged.

Indian, or Kaffir—whom you might not, under given circumstances, call your friend!

Do not tell me that you “can do nothing.” There is a hidden knot underneath that. You are secretly ‘locking the points’ in your own mind—refusing to give ‘line clear’ to the train of circumstances that would end (you *know* it) in *making* you eventually do what you now say you ‘cannot do.’ You are a *liar* first and foremost—in this as in whatever else prevents you from being the God on Earth that you might be—a double liar to yourself¹, a single one to me.

The real crux of all philanthropic problems is *the self-deception of those who prefer not to see* because they know full well at bottom that if they *saw* they would inevitably *do*, and *that* might upset their arrangements—put their life out of trim, so to say.

So, please do not grumble at me and say that I “will not leave TRUTH alone.” I tell you it is TRUTH that will not leave you, or me, or anyone else alone. TRUTH is with us (*for* or *against* us) everywhere and at

¹ Self-deception implies: (1) deceiving oneself by..... deceiving oneself; (2) further deceiving oneself by assuring oneself that one is not deceiving oneself. The fine show of assurance most cocksure folk contrive to *make*, is nothing but this double-bottomed sort of ‘bluff.’

all times, my Friends, if we have minds at all to *know* with ; and our Root-Mistake lies in ignoring it, or pretending to. *All other mistakes hinge upon this one.*

Insincerity is the Root-Evil of our Human Race.

Note on the Three Steps to Service. It is essential that no step in the sequence shall be left out. One step left out—especially the first—is fatal to the rest. Put all the steps in order :

I. The opening of the eyes to the world's sorrow : candid enquiry into the facts.

II. The casting back of the same *open* eyes upon one-self *in relation to* the facts—one's powers, and their relation to the world's sorrow. Candid self-examination.

You may, if you like, arrange I and II in two columns, thus :

I. <i>Enquiry,</i>	II. <i>Self-Examination,</i>
revealing :	revealing :
Ignorance One's power to teach.
Error and superstition ...	do. to enlighten.
Helplessness ..	do. to assist.
Weakness ...	do. to train.
Disunion ...	do. to organize.
Fear ...	do. to encourage.
Timidity and distrust ...	do. to inspire trust.
Dirt ...	do. to shame.
Apathy ...	do. to stimulate.
Isolation ...	do. to meet.
Degradation ...	do. to raise.
Friendlessness ...	do. to befriend.
Wrong ways ...	do. of right example.

I.		II.	
<i>Enquiry,</i>		<i>Self-Examination,</i>	
revealing :		revealing :	
Outcastehood	...	One's power to rightly associate.	
Misrepresentation or lack of representation	...	do.	to speak and write.
Sorrow	...	do.	to comfort.
Disease	...	do.	to heal.
Conditions leading to sorrow and disease	...	do.	to reform.
etc.,	etc.	etc.,	etc.

(I have put in the points at random, as they occurred.)

It goes without saying that there will be right ways and wrong ways of using those powers. But even somewhat mistaken *use* is better than no use at all. Atrophy stifles and kills ; honest, open-eyed mistakes enlighten and train.

III. To who bears both the above categories in mind—to who sees, remembers, ponders,—circumstance of itself brings opportunity to begin actual *work*. It is impossible for a sane person to even start enquiring without finding immediate opportunity to help in some small way ; and help invariably opens up further enquiry, and further enquiry further opportunity, and so on. When I and II are there, III is a *foregone conclusion*.

To return to the opening sentence of this Note : It is *essential* that no step be skipped. I. is *the primary step*. Unless it is taken, the others either are not, or are shams. Some people, with the haziest idea of what the real trouble is, jump up and say : “ I wish to *serve*. What can I do ? Please find a task for me.” They are like a somnambulist approaching, with outstretched hands but *closed eyes*, a hostess who wants to see her guests—not dreamland dummies—fed, and saying, “ Pray let me hand round the tea-things. I want to help.”

Note on Human Sympathy. I have repeatedly protested that I am no prophet and do not care to be one. But I am afraid I shall have to give up that little piece of bluff like all the rest. Hitherto I had only discovered P. Sankaranarayana, Norman Angell, Arthur Mee and others. Now I am discovering myself! I suppose this is the converse proposition of "Do unto others....."

The fact is that all I wanted to write here is already in a *Note* on pp. 58-60 of my *Gospel of Life*, which I had quite forgotten. It was written, with the whole Introduction, in the early part of 1909, when I had neither seen nor heard of any of my comrades named above. I say this specially with reference to the Author of the *Great Illusion*, whose main ideas—shorn of his intimate knowledge of affairs—the rest of that *Introduction* seems to have subconsciously plundered.

I reproduce here the first part of the Note in question (pp. 58-59). The second sentence must have been a prophecy of *this* book, for I have certainly not *repeated* that—not in print, at least—until I began to write *this* book three weeks ago.

"Sympathy is a matter of healthy *knowledge*, of *mutual*, *free* acquaintance—nothing else. I will
From the Gospel of Life. repeat a thing like this until I weary you. Why does an English conscience revolt against the slaughter of dogs for food, as in China, or of horses for sport, as in the bull-fights of Spain? Because, through constant association with those particular four-footed companions, a sense of close acquaintanceship, of mutual indebtedness has been evolved, has become part and parcel of the national consciousness. But a child with a pet lamb feels quite as much for it as any sportsman for a horse or dog.

I had a landlord once, in a small place near Brussels, who ate chicken willingly enough (I am a vegetarian) as long as he was sure he hadn't seen the creature alive. But if he found out that his wife had killed a member of her

own wee poultry-yard (three hens and an old rooster were all that remained of it when I arrived) he wouldn't touch a morsel. Any creature he had seen alive stuck in his throat. More so if he had fed it.

Of course there is another sort of 'close' acquaintance that can hardly be called 'mutual.' Still less can it be called 'healthy.' I mean that of the cattle-ranch, the slaughter-house, the vivisection-table. Cruelty, whatever it may mean to its victim, makes a far worse victim of the perpetrator himself. *It deprives him by degrees of the very power to feel.* A heart in which the natural response of sympathy has been systematically stifled, as a hindrance to the work in hand, gradually loses the power to respond at all. How can a 'heart of stone' vibrate in answer to the chord of Joy?"

* * * * *

What can I add to that?

You may say that *antipathy*, as well as sympathy, requires mutual acquaintance, and grows
Concerning from mutual acquaintance quite as often
Antipathy. as sympathy, if not oftener. The last paragraph quoted above disposes of that. Instances are not hard to find. Macaulay's antipathy for the Bengali surely did *not* spring from "*mutual, free acquaintance!*" It was a very one-sided affair, not a *relationship* at all. It was about as 'mutual' as the acquaintance 'between' a bacteriologist and the microbes which he holds beneath his glass. I personally *like* the Bengali although my tastes happen to differ from his in supposedly very essential respects, such as religious rites (I don't immolate little goats to Kālī—nor do many Bengalis, for the matter of that) and diet (I do *not* consider fish a.....vegetable—still less do I commune in the abovementioned little goats). Now these two things are enough to produce profound antipathy. I remember travelling between Calcutta and Madras with a Madrasi Brahmin gentleman—a high official in the Revenue Department, I believe—stationed in Calcutta. The way he spoke of Bengalis was.....entertaining, to put it mildly. "Those fish-eaters! Those

goat-killers ! !.....¹ ". He well-nigh vomited his horror when he said that. His acquaintance with them was certainly *not* 'mutual.' Caste took good care of that. I have no caste (not in that sense at least). Living in the homes of fish-eating Bengalis, I made my requirements clearly known to them, and they gave me excellent pure vegetable food—were glad to give it. I did not hate them for eating fish, and they actually liked me for *not* eating it, recognising that I was truer to the principles of their professed Religion than they themselves were. Surely they would have treated the 'Stranger from Madras' with quite as much consideration. For I can assure you that I have no 'Ruling-Race-prestige' whatever about me. How did I manage, to start with? Well, I went and *lived* in a Bengali school for fifteen months on end, and did not see the face of another white man (I seldom used a mirror) for that whole period. Those Bengali boys and I *became* real, live *fellow-creatures* to one another. Not till then did we *cease to be* unreal, imaginary social (or anti-social) *dummies in each other's minds*.

When we (of the various wards) talk of each other 'in the lump,' whether favourably or otherwise, it is not *men* at

¹ One has to *live* among Indians for a while to realise the task reformers have before them ere India's unity becomes a *vital* fact. Of course there is separateness in socially 'united' countries—Ulster Covenanters, Suffragettes, Home-Rulers and Anti-Home-Rulers and what not. But in most cases, after they have 'had it out' on the boards, they dine together at the inn and treat each other to drinks. I *don't* approve of the drinks, but I must acknowledge that they *do* wash out ill-feelings. They have their value as symbols. "Have a drink, old chap!" is an expiatory *mantra* indeed. It was not for nothing that Jesus made His Sacrament consist of bread and wine. These vulgar *social* things reach deeper and disintegrate or reintegrate more *vitally* than all the rest. Fancy *eating separateness* with every meal! A curious antithesis, by the way, between English political opponents who fight for all they are worth on the platform and cheerfully dine together afterwards, and Indian gentlemen who join together to 'pass resolutions' on the platform, and then slink off to their separate *choukas* (caste-compartments) for dinner.

all that we are talking of. It is stereotyped, fancy *dummies in our own minds*. These fancy dummies, or imaginary lay-figures, have to be destroyed—there is no other way—by live acquaintance with our living fellow-creatures; by the rubbing together of minds, hearts, shoulders even; by entering into each other's vital hopes and joys and sorrows. But the best symbol of it all is:

“BREAKING BREAD.”

That is how Christ gave His Godhead away. *He lost caste for us*. Why has it never been put in that way?

The India of the heights shall never redeem the India of the depths until she does as Christ did—intellectually, sentimentally *and* socially.

That will be the conversion of India to *Real Christianity*¹ *saha nâv avatu, saha nau bhunaktu, saha vîryam karavâ-vahai. tejasvi nâv adhîtam astu mâ vidvishâvahai.*

(*Upanishad*).

“Both together let HIM shelter us! Both together let HIM partake of us! Both together let us put forth strength! Let Learning bring forth Light in us—that we may hate no more!” (*Upanishad*).

XV.

So, then, TRUTH will not let us shirk the clear issues of Love **or** Hate. LOVE **OR** HATE. When we, uncomfortable, seek to evade, circumvent, prevaricate, Policeman TRUTH stretches out a merciless Long Arm and grips us by the scruff of the neck and sets us face to face with our naked selves

¹ That is, the *living* worship of the One Eternal Christ of Organic Wholeness—the *virât-purusha* of Whom all cosmic separateness is the Crucifixion, of Whom all cosmic synthesis is the Resurrection. “Ye are the Body of Christ, and severally members thereof.” (*St. Paul.*)

again. No wonder people do not like to speak or hear or read of **Truth**. It is positively indecent, for it gets underneath our clothes and all—and what were men and women created for, if not to serve as animated clothes-pegs for a bi-sexual Tailor-Milliner Pa-Ma Fashion-God to try his new ‘Creations’ on?

It is a rectilinear proposition, anyhow. Barring a fourth dimension¹, when anyone suffers, and I *know it*, there is no choice save either *Love or Hate*, ‘to’ **or** ‘away from,’ acknowledgment and help **or** denial and desertion, “*am I or am I not my brother’s keeper?*”

If I am, I *must* do what I can—or take the consequences.

If I am not, I need not bother: “Let *him* go to the dogs.....**and**...*vice-versâ*.”

So the whole question—the Question of Questions, on which hangs the whole Destiny of the Human Race (and of whatever urges up from cosmic mushroom-beds besides)—is:

“*Am I or am I not my brother’s keeper?*”

To be or not to be (our brother’s keeper)—that is the question.

And (the last thing anyone cares to think about) to solve that question—or any other question—*truly*, requires.....a *True Mind*

¹ Of which the inlet (or outlet) may well be the ‘dreamless slumber’ mentioned on p. 136, above.

XVI.

Am I my Brother's Keeper?

What is the **True Mind's** Answer to that Question?

Religion¹, from long before the Dawn of History, agrees that there is no safety save in organization, no progress save through organization, no continuity save through continuous organic growth and reproduction.

Religion
and
Science.

Science, minutely prying into the structure of things, confirms all that Religion has ever proclaimed², restates the Law of Synthesis as the one Rule of Progress for cells, organs, bodies, nations, races, worlds.

["Law of Synthesis" is simply another name for the God-Made Rule, "Do as you would be done by" (p. 22, above). "Syn-thesis" means "putting together." It is the opposite of "cutting up" and "cutting off." Does anyone like to be "cut off?" *Mâ 'ham brahma nirâkuryâm mâ mâ brahma nirâkarôd anirâkaranam astvanirâkaranam me 'stu.* "Let me not cut off the Wholeness, lest the Wholeness cut off me! Let be no cutting off [by me,] let be no cutting off for me!" (*Upanishat*). Or, as Christ put it: "Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive.....*"]

¹ I had first written "Authority." All words are dangerous. I prefer "Religion" because of its intrinsic value: *re-ligio*, re-linking—the Linking up again of the many into the One, of all creatures into God—Synthesis, cosmic organization. See *Gospel of Life*, p. 37, and the whole of Chapter VIII.

² Whoever opposes Science to Religion is either opposing Real Science to sham religion, or sham science to Real Religion. Real Science and Real Religion are inseparable. Real Science is Knowing the Way, and Real Religion is Treading it. They are to each other as Mind and Heart, as Truth and Love (see p. 128, above). "United they stand, divided they fall."

Some speculative individualists have lately sought to glorify the individual at the expense of the vulgar 'crowd,' superior separateness at the expense of the Common Good. It may be shown that whatever exaggeration—whatever deviation from organic soundness—there may have been in really great writers of that school,¹ has been simply a 'swing of the pendulum,' a reaction against the *disorganic* blind conformity—the Procustes' bed 'ideal'—which decadent institutions—churches, states, societies—have sought to impose on their constituents. *Really* organic Society contains and produces the triumph of individual distinctness, purpose, destiny. Really organic Society is no more opposed to genuine Individualism than a healthy male body is opposed to the separate spermatozoon which energizes, focusses and has the power to reproduce it. Really healthy Individualism is no more opposed to the common social welfare than a healthy separate spermatozoon is opposed to the healthy male body which it energizes, focusses and has the power to reproduce. The 'Superman' should be considered in this light as the generative summation of his Race, its Germ-Plasm Incarnate, its living 'First-Fruits,' who conquers death even here below and stands as surety for the rest in Realms of Life Immortal.

¹ Such as Nietzsche, who may be regarded as its Master.

What do the Scriptures say ?

The One Answer in the Scriptures.	<i>brāhmano asya mukham āsīt</i> "The Brāhman of Him ¹ the Head was <i>rājanyah bāhū kritah</i> The Chieftain [His] Arms [was] made <i>ūrū yad asya tad vaishyah</i> His Thighs [are] not other than the Merchant <i>padbhyām shūdro 'jāyata</i> Of His Feet the Workman sprang."
---	---

Thus says, literally translated, the sacredest, holiest, most superstitiously revered passage of the *Vedas*—the *Purusha-Sūkta* which orthodox Brahmins hold in such high esteem that many of them make it (the *recitation* of it, I mean) do justice for the whole *Veda* which they—barring specialists—have obviously no time to master.

What *does* it mean, what *can* it mean, what *must* it mean, save that Brāhmanas or men of Wisdom, Kshatriyas or men of Power, Vaishyas or men of Skill, Shūdras or men of Work, constitute respectively the **intuitive, executive, economic and labour functions** of a Common Body Politic, deliberately designated by the term *purusha* ('He that pervades an organism'—*yah puri dehe shete*—is the orthodox etymology) which means a Person, in the narrowest as in the broadest sense ?

¹ The *virāt-purusha*, the Universal Man or Cosmic Organism of the *Veda*, explicitly defined in the immediately preceding verses, some of which are so startling, when read in this light, that I *must* publish a literal translation soon, with a few Notes.

Note on the Wind that blows...for Scriptures as for Men.

This literal, *organic* interpretation of 'Caste' as dealt with in the Scriptures¹ may not find favour with theoretical folk who deem it convenient to uphold shifting, latter-day Hindu customs against both Natural Science and Spiritual Authority. This straight reading of the Books would not have had a chance of being accepted, had not the way for it been cleared by modern education. A momentary lapse from 'religiosity' is little indeed to pay for such a Boon. Let pandits argue as they like, Young India will have *the view that leads to Life*, or nothing. They *will* have better, saner, truer *life*, whether with the *Shâstras* or without. If the *Shâstras* oppose *this*, to the wall the *Shâstras* go! If it can be shown that the *Shâstras* support *this*, they will cheerfully and gratefully take the *Shâstras* along with them into the Age of Progress that opens up ahead. The Better Life does not *depend* upon the *Shâstras* any more than Mathematics upon 'Euclid' (what of Pascal?). It is the *Shâstras* that depend, for their future preservation, upon the Better Life *in them*—upon whether their Authors intuited and taught It in days when It could not yet, for lack of fit human material, find embodiment in any vast society of men².

On that condition only—on condition that they teach Organic Wholeness—will the *Shâstras* remain in use as I, who have looked into them, think they will³.

¹ For a fuller treatment of which I must refer the reader to the Eighth Chapter of *The Gospel of Life*, and its Notes, (Pp. 223—291, 1910 Ed.)

² I purposely leave out of account the hypothesis of a possible Golden Age, in the far past, of which the highest Intuitions of Scripture might be a distant echo. It simply does not matter whether we believe in this or not. What *does* matter is that we shall honestly recognize what there is in the various 'Scriptures' which we have—both gold and rubbish—and that we shall sift out all possible Gold, from all possible sources, as inspiration for *the lives we are going to lead*.

³ The same for 'Euclid.' 'Euclid' remains in use because it contains what is to-day recognised as sound Mathematics, and

A curious thing happened, more than two years ago, in a town which shall remain nameless for a while.....for reasons. I gave six lectures there, and had full audiences. I was accustomed to sympathetic audiences. But sympathy is cheap enough; and there are, as organizers know, only two tests of genuine interest: *work* and *money*. To put this concretely, I was accustomed, in those days, to an audience of 4 or 500 people in large towns, and would sell books (my Translation of *Gitá*, and *The Gospel of Life*) to such an audience to the tune of Rs. 100 or 150, besides getting sundry donations for the furtherance of my work. But *this* was a town of 30,000 inhabitants at most, and I was mildly surprised at the enthusiasm displayed throughout, especially at the last two lectures, when I dealt precisely with the organic meaning of 'Caste', and quoted the very same verses—with the very same interpretation—which I do here. Students, especially, rushed forward at the end, and managed to buy books worth Rs. 350—the biggest sale that has ever yet happened throughout my wanderings. After the last lecture, I enquired what the matter was. "Oh, did you not know?" they answered. "Professor Z * * * of * * * gave a lecture on the Caste System in this hall just a few days before you came. He used the very same quotations which you did, but explained them in a quite opposite sense, trying to justify the present-day 'Caste System' on apparently scientific grounds, of 'heredity' and what not. A large number of students, and * * *¹ came, expecting of course, from such an educated man, a liberal and progressive treatment of the subject. * * * even took the chair. But when they all saw what they

sound Mathematics are wanted as a factor in Education. 'Euclid' is saved by the Mathematics in it, not Mathematics by 'Euclid.' But for some things which it happens to contain, Euclid would long since have gone the way of Ptolemy and other outclassed memories, preserved as landmarks of past error, if at all.

¹ A prominent local personage, who happens to be a staunch 'Reformer.'

were being 'let in for,' they were so angry that there would have been a riot, had this not been our gentle India. * * * turned his back on the lecturer and sulked ; and we had some trouble in preventing the students from.....being rude. It seems that *you are getting the recoil of that, nothing more.*"

There is very little doubt about "which way the Wind is blowing" in the Valley of Younger India. Let us trust the bones are getting moistened for the Resurrection which every friend of India expects.

The One Universal Caste-System.

Understand this, and all becomes clear :—

Brâhmanas are those who actually know, teach, inspire—not the thousand hereditary cliques (priests, cooks, judges, sepoy, clerks, all scrambling for a livelihood as best they can) that cling pathetically to the *name* in the India of to-day.

Kshatriyas are those who actually wield power, lead, organize, administer—not the hereditary clans (chiefs, cultivators, money-lenders, munshis) that bear the *title* in the India of to-day.

Vaishyas are those who actually cultivate, manufacture, breed, trade, exchange, barter—not the thousand hereditary sub-castes (civilians, barristers, dewans, Sanskrit scholars, school-inspectors and what not) that bear the *name* in India to-day.

Shûdras are those simple Holy Ones who know no better than to put their hands, legs,

backs at our service, and but for whom most things that are done could not be done at all—not the technically more or less despised Rajas, professors, clerks, sweepers, shoe-makers and many-sorted artisans and labourers who are ashamed or proud (without the ghost of a reason), to bear the *title* in our India of to-day.

Pariahs are simply *those that do not serve the Common Body*: religious, political, social, economic, industrial *misplaced excreta* (abscesses, buboes, chancres, tumors); the loafers, whether crowned or ragged; the parasites, whether in priestly robes, or highway motor-cars, or in the *sâdhu's* ruddy earth-stained cloth. *These* are the *pariahs*—not the submerged indispensable millions that are crying for social redemption in our India of to-day.

[**Note on the Astounding Collective Delusion of the Present-Day Miscalled 'Caste-System.'**—*The whole thing is one vast, solemn, tragic farce*—two hundred and forty-million fellow-dues hypnotising themselves and each other on the World-Stage! Everywhere the assurance of solidity, of immutability, of dating from the very foundations of the Universe; while the whole colossal mirage *is actually shifting like a sand-hill all the time*—shifting grain by grain with every breath of wind, before the eyes of who-

¹ They are called *nashtâh*, 'the damned,' in the *Gîtâ*—by other names too. But this one *is* handy. Understand that you are either Brâhmana, Kshatriya, Vaishya, Shûdra or.....Nashta. See pp. 22—24, above, where I have used the expressive term 'vermin.'

soever cares to travel, study and observe.¹ Bhârgavas and Kâyasthas are quietly smuggling themselves from Vaishyahood and Shûdrahood into Brahminhood and Kshatriyahood respectively. Of course they say that they were unfairly *degraded* of old. But that makes the whole system *twice condemned* : first by their sham degradation, next by their sham reinstatement, when there is no living authority that has the power to reinstate.

But the most staggering impertinence of the whole colossal Imposture is this :

The whole Caste System of Bengal is a demonstrable hoax. A *wholesale redistribution* of all the Castes in Bengal was effected during the historical period, in the days of Raja Ballal Sen, about a thousand years ago. The omniscient Pandits who shuffled that gigantic pack of cards decreed that no Kshatriyas could possibly exist, since they were all destroyed by Parasurâma long ago ! Whatever Kshatriyas there claimed to be were forthwith classed as Shûdras, and Shûdras they have been ever since. High-class artisans, such as goldsmiths, were, for some inscrutable reason, classed as the lowest of the low.....*And that system claims to date from the dawn of creation !* Creation dating from the Pandits of Raja Ballal Sen !..... And that system has swayed the destinies of Bengal for a thousand years, and is still swaying them with a vengeance, spite of heroes like Raja Ram Mohan Roy !

These be thy Gods, O 'educated' India of to-day !]

That this rational, universal Caste System²—
 which the *Genius* of Ancient
 India *conceived*, although her
 people possibly never did *practise*

**The Real
Caste System
in the Gita**

¹ There is actually *no indigenous Science of the Caste System as a whole !* Here is a vast Social 'System', controlling the destiny of a colossal aggregate of men, and there is actually not one supporter of it who can claim to *know* it ! Not one dare study it *as a whole*, firstly because it takes good care to prevent him from travelling to do so, secondly because, like all shams, its back is as seamy as its front is invulnerably bold. To study it *all round* is to expose it.

² Of page 159.

it on a large scale—is not a fanciful interpretation of mine, the *Bhagavad-Gītā* makes abundantly clear.

“The fourfold Caste System,” it says, “was established by ME, through functions coming to be allotted according to capacities. You may as well regard ME (the Common Person) as its Author, although I (as apart) do not act¹, and am inalterable.” (iv, 13).

“To Brâhmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shûdras their functions [were] respectively

¹ HE expresses Himself *through* the Cosmic Organism, not apart from it. It is precisely His Expression, His Word, ‘Inseparate from HIM,’ ‘without Whom was nothing made’ (John, i, 1–3). “I and My Father are One—” “My Father and *your* Father, My God and your God.” “I (in that Oneness) *am* the Vine—ye, (in your separateness) are the branches.” “None cometh to the Father save through Me”—none reaches Perfection save through living surrender to the One Organic Life—therefore “I *am* the Way, the Truth, the Life.” This Organic Life alone *manifests* the Hidden God, *is* His Word, His Expression, therefore “he that sees Me sees the Father;” nay—“they that follow My Commandment, I *am* in them, they *are* in Me. And what *is* My Commandment?—*That ye love one another.....*” “*For ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof.*”

‘Christ’ and ‘Krishna’ are mainly Mystery-Play Impersonations of the Organic Common Life—the *virât-purusha*. I do not for a moment suggest that there were not actual Persons that *did* impersonate. There emphatically were. The Reality impersonated does not exclude the impersonating Actor: it *implies* Him. Besides, the Mystery-Play Stage, as far as I (and Shakespeare) are concerned, is not a hole-and-corner ‘esoteric’ Punch and Judy. It is the History of the Human Race. The main point is that we are dealing with the Reality impersonated by those great Actors, rather than with the Actors themselves, however wonderful they may have been—reading History in ‘the Spirit that vivifieth’ rather than in ‘the letter that killeth.’ We are not going to start a New Bædeker’s Peerage of Super-Humanity, and fall out over the genealogies of our respective Patrons in the Upper Life, are we? If you doubt this, read the *Imitation of Christ*,....., and make up your minds accordingly.

allotted through the very qualities which their natures put forth. (xviii, 41).

“ [Thus] calmness, self-control ascetic fire, purity, patience, [and hence] Wisdom, Science, [and] Godliness—[such] the Brāhmana’s function, *determined by his nature.* (*Ibid*, 42).

“ Prowess, splendour, will-power, executive ability, fearlessness in combat, liberality and lordliness—[such] the Kshatriya’s function, *determined by his nature* (*Ibid*, 43).

“ Agriculture, cow-keeping, commerce—[such] the Vaishya’s function, *determined by his nature.*

“ Subordinate service of others—[such] the Shûdra’s function, *determined by his nature* (*Ibid*, 44).

“ Humanity reaches [collective] Perfection as each becomes devoted to his specific function [in the Great Organism.] How the individual, by devotion to his specific function, reaches [individual] Perfection, do thou hear: (*Ibid*, 45).

“ The Son of [the Common] Man.....*mānavah*
attains Perfection.....*siddhim vindati*
through worshipping.....*abhyarchya*
by his specific function.....*sva-karmanâ*
That One.....*tam*
from Whom [is].....*yatah*
the forth-flowing of Creatures.....*pravrittih*
[*bhûtânâm*
[and] by Whom.....*yena*
this All.....*sarvam idam*
[is] spread forth”.....*tatam*
(*Ibid*, 46).

N.B.—No mention of ‘birth’¹ (jâtih) !

I had to translate the whole passage in order to show you how verse 46 of *that passage*, translated word for word (the others are quite as literal), unmistakably refers us to *universal issues* (not racial or sectarian ones) in connection with the True Caste System whereof it speaks, proving thereby that the Author had in mind a System of Universal Organisation for Mankind—not the Giant Incubus of Hereditary Social Aberration which still holds in its deadly grip the modern descendants of the particular clans and tribes which grew, prospered and (thanks to it) decayed in India ere the World-Power of the West arose.

“ But,” you will say, “ if Caste is merely the difference brought about, by the operation of Natural Laws, between human beings according to their variously apportioned powers (*guna*) and the correspondingly diverse functions (*karma*) for which their diverse powers fit them, it inevitably follows that *Caste exists anyhow*. Caste is *the Real Scale of Human Values*, at all times and in all places ; and we frankly do not

¹ Verse ix, 31 (the *only* verse in the whole *Teaching* of the *Gîtâ* which makes mention of social inequality due to birth) shows that *another* ‘Caste System’—an artificial system in which women, Vaishyas and Shûdras were *submerged*—existed in Shri Krishna’s day ; and incidentally deals it a (spiritual) death-blow by proclaiming *living salvation open to these as to the highest castes*. No wonder Conservative Authority seeks to reserve the *Gîtâ* for an ethereal and lofty few....It is positively a dangerous Book !

see the use of a 'System' at all, except to mislead foolish men and make them erect a false shadow of the Real Thing, and grasp and cling to that, perversely shutting out the Blessed Reality which would reveal itself spontaneously *would they but drop the sham that masks it.*"

Well, I am afraid I must broadly agree with you. No Caste 'System' was ever established by God—*i.e.*, by the Bright evolutionary Power in Nature (individual or collective)¹

Ways and means, and the Worship thereof. which the bright passages of the *Veda* all invoke—except as mere recognition, for *practical* purposes, of Real Caste, or Human Values to the Community, and as experimental attempt to facilitate the working of the One True Natural System, and prosper the Human Race, by distributing *right opportunities to the right men*².

But you know—I have said it many times, yet we are always forgetting it—that *we are a mad Race*. One of the chief symptoms of our mundane lunacy is our *constant confusion between means and end*—the transfer to the *ways and means* which we invent, and can readily grasp, of all the loyalty and reverence due to the *end* for sake of which the means in question were devised. One peculiarity of this pervading

¹ *Elohim*—the term used in the earlier passages of the *Bible*, is both singular and plural, and might be translated "He-the-Gods."

² That is precisely what the present-day 'Caste System' not only does not do, but actively prevents. Read *Matthew*, xxiii, 13. The Real Caste System and Christ's 'Kingdom of Heaven' are one.

mind-disease (itself a direct main-shoot from the Root-Sin—*Insincerity*) is that we have no clear, distinct name for it anywhere. I sometimes call it *Idolatry*. It may perhaps be symbolised by the worship of the ‘Golden Calf.’ A bright North-Indian writer, Pandit Guru Datt,—who died very young a number of years back, and from whom great things might have been expected had he lived—calls it *Pecuniomania* (money-madness), using the term for a specific instance in a general sense, for lack of a clear general term.

For the worship of Money—the “Almighty Dollar,” the “Great God Rupee”—*Money* is undoubtedly one of the best defined and most virulent forms of this appalling scourge. Money in its present form was gradually evolved by the Spirit of Mankind¹ in the course of Human History, merely for the purpose of facilitating exchange, and thus as a subsidiary *means* for increasing general prosperity through the easier and swifter circulation and distribution of wealth. Now wealth means nothing if not the power to satisfy our essential needs—food, clothing, shelter, health, education, association, marriage, private and public fulfilment of our triple destiny, physical, emotional and mental. Money is created as a subsidiary *means*² for facilitating all this—for lubricating the complex workings of society. Money is a

¹ *Mayā srishtam*, “projected by ME.”

² Curious, that money (*handy wealth*) has actually come to be called “means.”

handy *token* for anything you or I may *need*.

Think this over for some time, and you will begin to understand the *sin* of hoarding.

The Money-Sin. —accumulating unused and unusable quantities of what ought to be in circulation, helping someone or other to procure some useful thing or other. You will begin to understand the sin of 'cornering'—of using the power of money to *prevent* the normal repartition of things of prime necessity, such as wheat, rice, etc., for the sake of extorting more money from the needy thanks to the artificial scarcity (and rise of prices) thus produced. All interference with the free circulation of money means widespread *cruelty*. Instead of either lusting for money, or (more foolish still) hating it, we should learn to consider it as a *very sacred thing*, and welcome every opportunity of *using* it as an instrument of our Service to Mankind.

Once you understand the cruel sin of interference with the circulation of material wealth, or *money*, it will be easy for you to understand one aspect of the sin of 'Caste.' For titles, and the privileges they carry, are simply *tokens*, just like rupees or sovereigns. A title is simply a convenient *verbal token* for so much *Human Value*—for so much *Power to serve*, spiritually, politically, economically, industrially. Titles that are not justified by *use*, *unearned* privileges, are, on the plane of human intellect and emotion, like so many hoarded

The Caste-Sin.

A 'corner' in the Spiritual Needs of Men.

(unused) acres or sovereigns; the knowledge and moral help of which they obstruct the circulation is like so much cornered rice or wheat. Artificial 'Caste' is an interference, on the part of intellectual and sentimental vested interests, with the free circulation of spiritual Help and Knowledge according to demand. It obstructs the due advent of opportunity to them that can dispense such Help and Knowledge. It ushers into the world of men's minds and hearts and characters a spiritual famine such as the cornering of wheat or rice brings to the grosser world of men's bellies. It is *cruel* in the deepest, subtlest and most heinous degree.¹ Little wonder that the country in which such a sin is perpetrated on a large scale *starves* spiritually, and physically as well. For the two ultimately go hand in hand.

One of the first duties of all philanthropic Movements such as the League of the Helping Hand, in India, is to give a tremendous stimulus to the free, rational and moral education of the people, thus reviving the circulation of spiritual *and* material wealth, and rousing the country from the prolonged syncope which has been threatening its very life.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the situation of

¹ When one begins to really *grasp* this, one ceases to wonder at the vehemence with which Jesus denounced this sin which He found, though in a less degree, among the Pharisees ('purists') of His day. What would He have said in India to-day?

**The Naked
individual and
the Spirit of
the Race.**

each human individual, isolated from the rest, is this :

You stand naked, shivering—a body, heart, mind in *need* of all the circumstances that will draw forth your powers and enable you to *fulfil*¹ yourself. You address the Spirit of Humanity—the personified aggregate of all your fellow-beings², and cry out :

“ I want ! ”

“ All right,” answers Humanity. “ *What can you do ?* ”

You feel yourself, and reply :

“ I can ponder, understand, explain, caution, inspire, guide. I am a Priest, a Brāhmana³. ”

Or :

¹ There is really nothing like the Old Scriptures to bring us back to the simple realities of life. Read the prayer with which my *Sannyāsa* concludes. *Feel* how utterly it differs from the negativism and pessimism of later mystic growths.

² Mind you, I do *not* say that HE has no existence apart from them, any more than I say that *you* or *I* have no existence apart from your body-cells or mine. But I do say that you will not make *Him* any the more real by losing sight of *them*. Better doubt Him and work for them than seek Him and neglect them. Our *real* Faith is marked by the *life we lead*, not by the doctrines (often determined by mere antithesis) which we profess. I would put Francis of Assisi and Charles Darwin on the same calendar of Human Saints.

³ Etymologically, an expander, a developer, a grower, hence a Teacher, a Spiritual Guide. This becomes, by contrast with spurious substitutes, the ‘ Unlearner ’ of Hinton’s admirable *Unfinished Communication*. The Greek sophists slew Him as Socrates; the Hebrew Pharisees as Jesus. The exploder of constrictive false notions and sentiments and the expander of Man’s true Nature are one.

"I can command, lead, organize, govern. I am a Ruler, a Kshatriya¹."

Or :

"I can control production, transact business, manufacture, distribute, buy and sell. I am a Vaishya."

Or :

"I can fetch, carry, hew, draw, labour as directed. I am a Shûdra."

In one word (or rather three) you answer :

"I can serve."

"All right," answers Humanity with grim good-humour. "If you can serve—
Serving or
Starving.
 you need not starve'. Just you

¹ Etymologically, "He that surveys, controls, husbands a given Field (*kshetram*, used from of old both in the proper and the figurative sense). Cf. Arthur, in the concluding lines of "The Holy Grail" (*Idylls of the King*.) The Kshatriya, or Statesman, is marked by his grasp and husbandry of Vital Affairs over a given area—his power to survey and beneficially control—as the Brâhmana is marked by his beneficial Insight into Principles—his power to intuit, expound, *inspire*.

The further term *vaishya* exactly corresponds in sense with our English term "the Middle Classes"—better still, with the French "*le Tiers-Etat*—the Third Estate." Genuine men of the upper two types are lamentably few, and have to be singled out in our half-fledged Humanity. When we come to the third estate, we meet large numbers for the first time, hence the term *Vaishya*, connected with the root *vish*—'pervading, numerous, diverse.'

Finally *Shûdra* means 'Earth-Coloured,' related to the Common Earth, not in the utterly false sense of 'despicable', but in the eternally true sense, as the support, the producer, the nourisher (*pûshana*) who, like Mother Earth, is the fosterer, the nourisher, the support of all this (*Brihadâranyaka Upanishad* I, iv, 13). I give you definite references to show you that these are no new-fangled meanings of mine, but Vital Perceptions and Word-Symbols as old as the oldest *Upanishads*. As to *how old* these are, I frankly do not care. Let theoretical Orientalists wrangle while we *work*.

^a See *Sannyâsa*, pp. 34—39.

jump in, my dear, and take your share among the rest, for 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.' I have from time to time devised various more or less perfect ways and means¹ to provide you with whatever is most needed—education, station and so forth—for the carrying out of your function in *My Life*."

¹ "And will go on devising others—better and better as the experience of the Race improves." All systems, policies, contrivances, makeshifts,—'contraptions' as the schoolboy calls them—ever devised by the Spirit of the Race urging forward to Fulfilment in all civilisations, past and present—are here included. Caste is a 'contraption' of the Race-Spirit. That is why Krishna, in His Communion with the Race, calls it *mayā kritam*, "contrived by Me." Money is another 'contraption' of the same Race-Spirit. It threatens to ruin modern civilisation as Caste, when worshipped instead of *used*, ruined that of Ancient India. Democracy, in its right sense, is the Spirit of the Race striving to upset the Idol, money. It may become an Idol in its turn. All 'contraptions' are *traps*—not in themselves, but owing to our prevalent vice just dealt with: Pecuniomania, Idolatry—the transference of human worship from ends to the contrivances devised to speed those ends. To find out whether any particular 'contraption' is alive or dead—a living engine or a disintegrating corpse—one has only to see how it works. There is no other test. How far does money promote the circulation of wealth? How far does hereditary 'caste' promote the Service of the Race? There is no other test: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

The opening verse of Shri Krishna's Teaching (*Gītā*, ii, 11) and Tennyson's well-known lines,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

are *identical* in spirit. They are *the same*, whether then or now—the Call of Life echoing down the valley of Dry Bones: "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord!"

² *Yoga-kshemam vahēmi aham. Gītā*, ix, 22. "I provide them with ways and means."

Money occupies an overwhelmingly prominent place (to-day) among these convenient contrivances which so many are abusing.

Caste *was* another, so sadly abused in India from a long time back, that it has well-nigh lost all real meaning.

Caste may be defined as *the convenient¹ public recognition of human merit, in its several varieties, by the conferring of significant titles.* So little has it to do with *mere human birth* that caste-titles were freely conferred on the Gods when invoking them.

¹ *Extremely* convenient, I maintain. So convenient that it cannot, under some form or other, be dispensed with. The first thing an intelligent English writer does, when forecasting the next step in the improvement of Mankind, is to devise.....a Caste-System. Read H. G. Wells' *A Modern Utopia*, and see how closely his system corresponds with the *real* Caste Idea we have just dealt with. The Arya-Samaj, in Northern India, is doing the same thing, conferring caste-titles upon *adults* according to qualification—thus smashing up the corrupt 'caste-system' of to-day while retaining its terminology, a step which Ancient Scripture justifies, as we have seen.

Titles proclaim to the public—or *ought to* proclaim—what sort of person a certain man (or woman) is, what his qualifications are, and what sort of help—teaching, counsel, guidance, leadership, management—may be expected from him.

A wise man without title gets no hearing. It is a double privation : of opportunity for him, of help for those to whom he might be useful. Of course he can gradually earn his title as he does his duty, bit by bit (this may be wasteful). As he earns his title, he gets his hearing.

You come to my lectures for one or both of two reasons : Firstly because I have, by years of hard work, earned the *title* of being a fairly efficient lecturer. Secondly because the Organisers and Presidents of the Lectures, who are known to you (under some

Although the circumstances differ vastly, the pathetic *spirit* in which people go on clinging to hereditary 'caste' in modern India is identical with the pathetic spirit in which the Aristocracy of France still clung to their hereditary titles when the Encyclopædists had done their work, and the Revolution was already upon them. The spirit is not quite dead even to-day. It survives in many of their descendants personally known to me in my childhood.

Is there any hope of reforming the Hindu Caste-System from within?

*There is no hope of reforming the present-day hereditary 'caste-system' (or rather confusion) from within (i.e., by the maintenance of hereditary privileges) any more than there was of reforming the French Nobility from within in the days of the Revolution—for the simple reason that those who, having some power to serve, deserve a title and should have it or keep it, do not personally care for mere hereditary status and artificial privileges, since they can easily work and earn real titles for themselves.*¹ Such will be quite willing

title or other) automatically confer such a title upon me (or confirm it) by consenting to organize and preside.

The present-day 'caste-system' is condemned, because it is a system of *titles* which have ceased to indicate what SERVICE Humanity may expect from those upon whom the accident of birth confers those titles.

¹ Modern conditions are making this easier and easier, through the spread of public education and information. These are by no means perfect, however, so that some waste of time and energy may result from the lack of an *efficient* Caste-System. I have used the

to give up their unearned titles, as the best noblemen in France—those for whom “*Noblesse oblige*”¹ was not a dead motto—gladly gave up their empty titles and privileges when they understood the people’s plight. Whereas those whose titles are mere empty names, or rubbish-bins—(the *brahma-bandhus* and *jāti-brāhmanas*² whom ancient Sanskrit Literature already held up to ridicule—the hopelessly uneducated millions of actual Brahmin cooks, and servants, and parasite priests and what not) *will go on clinging desperately to their titles and privileges* because they have nothing else—no genuine *power*—to fall back upon.

A hereditary system may work fairly well for a time. But once it does start breaking down, it breaks down for good and all. The very *heredity* which it is built on turns against it in the hour of its need. ‘Brahmin’ heredity has long been, and is being more and more, vitiated with

Hereditary...
Breakdown.

adverb “easily,” because I consider it far easier to earn a true title than to justify a bogus one. The best thing a genuine Helper who happens to own a bogus title (or one as to the genuineness of which there are misgivings in popular opinion) can do, is to quietly drop the bogus or doubtful title, and earn a genuine one for himself by showing what he can do. The obstacles he has to overcome draw forth patience and grit, and make him in the end a stronger and a more efficient worker than he would have been, had he been floated to his post of duty on the wings of the most perfect ‘System.’ But a *good* System *would* make things work more smoothly, and lead to more widespread contentment.

¹ Meaning “Nobility imposes obligations,” and does not merely confer privileges.

² “Relations of Brāhmanas” and “Birth-Brāhmanas”—these were expressions of contempt.

non-brâhmana¹ qualities. 'Non-brahmin' heredity has long been, and is being more and more, interwoven with brâhmana qualities. To restore efficiency and put the right men in the right places means *substituting fitness for heredity, nothing less*. That means smashing up the present-day *hereditary* 'Caste-System,' not mending it.

It is impossible to reform the 'Caste-System' from within, because it has long been a blind system in which enlightenment and character confer no *practical* authority, so that the enlightened minority are ever at the mercy of the blind majority, the honest minority at the mercy of the insincere majority, not in control thereof, as they should be. And all those millions—blind and hypocrites alike—are *at each other's mercy, swayed by fear of one another*, nothing more. *A system that holds together by fear is a doomed system.*

It is impossible to reform the 'Caste-System' from within because it is *not* an organic whole, but an appallingly vast pell-mell of petty disconnected vortices. Tyrannical in its infinite detail, it has no central percipient brain or motor-ganglion, no living seat of executive power to appeal to for redress. Its rules are

¹ I find that I have automatically come to use the anglicized term 'brahmin' to denote the sham, reserving 'brâhmana' for the genuine thing. Buddha, by the way, has some beautiful things about the 'Brâhmana' of yore in one section of the *Dhammapada*, which kindly see. I have no copy to refer to.

being daily broken, made a dead letter by those very people who make a pretence of supporting it. So long as there is no open scandal, everything is condoned. The one thing it resents is *frank* and open rupture for some good reason which the breaker is not ashamed of and takes no trouble to conceal.

I am not writing a treatise on the latter-day 'Caste-System,' and must stop short. But I can sum it all up in a few words from the standpoint of this book :

The Hindu Hereditary Caste-System is doomed *anyhow* because it is
 The Writing on the Wall. decaying from the centre¹ and has long since ceased to serve the purpose such a system is intended for in the economy of the Human Race. Instead of the swift, merciful end which true charity must wish for it, this giant superstition², doomed as it is, has *up to now* been undergoing a slow and painful agony because it is neither honestly maintained³ nor

¹ Hereditary skill among the *people* in connection with arts and crafts is quite another matter, which I have not touched upon here. Where heredity serves any *good* purpose, it is spontaneously recognised as in the choice of special craftsmen in English industries and elsewhere.

² In the true, etymological sense or the term : the fact of being *superstes*, "left over", *ut-shishtam*, of having "served its turn," of being nothing but a body of customs from which the Soul of *Use* has fled.

³ Save by a few good souls 'of the old school', admirable as specimens, but hopelessly out of touch with the times and the needs of the times.

honestly broken¹. The painful doom of the 'caste-system' is written neither in this book nor in that. If you want to see it written large and clear, *keep your eye on the back-door of a certain fashionable restaurant in Madras—and elsewhere, too.*

In this as in all human evils, there is one Root-Evil underlying all. **That**
The Root
of it. **Root-Evil** (I have already said
 it and shall say it again if I live
 to) **is Insincerity.**

Those who still *honestly* hope to reform the *present* Hindu 'Caste-System' from within aresommambulists. Let us charitably pray that they may enter the Great Beyond in peace, *with their eyes closed*. To open them on this side would be too painful.

To return to the opening question of this section,

“Am I my brother's keeper?”

the merest enquiry into what Religion has to
A Thorny
Question. say, in presence of what goes by
 the name of 'religion' to-day,
 in East and West alike, is like an

¹ Save, to my knowledge, in the Arya-Samāj. I refer, of course, to the breaking of *hereditary* 'caste' while retaining the *essential inspiration of the old Sanskrit Scriptures*. This may be called 'mending Hinduism' or 'restoring Hinduism from within.' But it is certainly not mending or restoring the present *hereditary* 'caste-system'. It is pulling it up by the roots. The term 'Hinduism' has become so inextricably associated with these life-paralysing customs, that members of the Arya Samaj often resent being called 'Hindus,' preferring to name their revival the *Vedic Religion*.

enquiry into a hornet's nest. 'Christendom' sins in other ways—more vigorous ones—but hardly comes off better than rank 'heathendom.'

[I have mainly quoted Sanskrit texts because I happen to have studied these more closely, also because they are not generally supposed to have these simple, rational, beneficent, organic, healthful meanings, and it is pleasant to do justice where one sees injustice has been done. I have quoted them also because Hindus happen to be in a large majority in this Land which I have made my own, and I believe that the Wisdom of the Older Sanskrit Books, *once sanely read*, will be a powerful stimulus to the intelligent, spontaneous social reform for which India's regeneration waits.]

The Answer happens to be *one*, whether uttered by Ancient Religion or by Modern Science. I have set it out more at length in the VIIIth Chapter of *The Gospel of Life*, to which the reader may refer.

**The One
Answer.**

It is clearly given in Norman Angell's *Great Illusion*¹, from which I quote a few sentences:

Struggle is the law of survival with man, as elsewhere, but it is the struggle of man with the universe, not man with man. "Dog does not eat dog." Even tigers do not live on one another; they live on their prey. The planet is man's prey. Man's struggle is the struggle of the organism, which is human society, in its adaptation to its environment, the world—not the struggle between different parts of the same organism.

¹ London, William Heinemann. Supplied by the *League of the Helping Hand*, Mylapore, Madras. Rs. 2-0-0 net. Several interesting pamphlets on the subject of this Book, containing much valuable information, posted free on receipt of *two annas* in stamps.

The error here indicated arises, indeed, from mistaking the imperfect working of different parts of the same organism for the conflict of individual organisms. Britain to-day supports forty millions in greater comfort than it supported twenty a little over half a century ago. This has been accomplished not by the various groups—Scots, Welsh, Irish—preying upon one another, but by exactly the reverse process: closer co-operation between themselves and with populations outside.

That mankind as a whole represents the organism and the planet, the environment, to which he is more and more adapting himself, is the only conclusion that consorts with the facts.....(pp. 144, 145, 9th Edition.)

The Common Answer of the True Mind to that Fundamental Question of the Human Heart is perhaps best summed up in the words of St. Paul :

“Ye are the Body of Christ, and severally members thereof,”

Or (since our Muslim Comrades have been neglected hitherto) in the words of their great poet Sâdi :

“Limbs of each other, Adam’s sons—
From that One Jewel they are sprung.
If one limb suffers gnawing pain,
Its fellow-limbs no comfort find.
‘Thou, that reck’st not of others’ woe,
Hast not yet earned the name of ‘Man.’”¹

¹ bani âdam êzai yek digar and
kê dar âfrînesî ze yek jauhar and
chu azvê bî-dard âvarad roz gâr
digar azvahârâ nâmânâd qarâr.
tû kaz mahênat-ê digarân bigamî
na shâyed kê nâmat nihand âlmî. (*Translation mine.*)

XVII.

Let us return (somewhat the richer for each sincere excursion) to the suffering of your tender, egotistic heart.

**Sympathetic
Suffering—
A Symptom
and
a Call.**

It seems a pity, at first sight, that your sympathetic heart should have to suffer thus. Yet, if you think of it, it is not a pity at all. It is a *symptom*.

It seems a pity that a sick body should have to suffer as it usually does. Yet, if you think of it, it is not a pity at all. It is a *symptom*.

If the sick body did not suffer, its owner would not know that it is sick, would take no pains to heal it. Suffering is certainly an evil, not a good. Yet, *given the sickness* which threatens life itself, incarnate man is the better, not the worse, for the suffering which forces attention to the danger. Let pains be taken to remove the sickness. The suffering will not abide when it has served its turn.

If your sympathetic heart did not suffer, you would not *feel* that Humanity is sick. You would not be prompted to take pains to relieve the Trouble of the Race, by knowing which you suffer in your sympathetic heart. *Your* suffering (like that which causes it) is certainly an evil, not a good. Yet, *given the Sickness of the Human Race*, it is as certainly for better, not for worse, that the less callous among its children suffer. *Let them take pains to heal the Sickness of the Race*. Their sorrow will surely not abide when it has served its turn.

“For sorrow abideth as a guest overnight, but *Joy cometh in the morning.*”

The Suffering of the Race is its Need for your Service. The suffering of your sympathetic heart is your *vocation*, your *call*, your *being called upon to serve*. It is a blessing—a right Royal Blessing—and not at all the curse you thought it. It is your badge of Royal Sonship, your Certificate of Initiation into the Brotherhood of the Race, inscribed, not on dead paper, but on the tender living parchment of your sympathetic heart. It is a blessing to yourself, a Blessing to the Race that holds and calls you to its help *by this alone*.

You suffer because you are not intended to enjoy while others suffer in the dark.

You suffer because you are not intended to scramble off into Salvation by yourself. You are much too good for that at bottom, deny it as you may.

You suffer because **you are your brother's keeper**, and your brother waits for you to help him in his plight.

Out of that suffering there are only two ways, for it is a rectilinear proposition, you know¹.

There is the way of ‘no,’ the way of refusal, the way of denial, the way of hate, the way of atrophy, the way of suicide, the insane way.

And there is the way of ‘yes,’ the way of acknowledgment, the way of Service, the way

¹ Refer back to p. 153. This book is a tapestry (of sorts), not a ball of string.

of Love, the way of Growth, the way of Life-Immortal, the sane way.

The suffering of your sympathetic heart is the Claim of the Race on *your* services, the Call of the Race for *your* help.

Will *you* answer ?

All the Great Ones that have gone before—
 all the Teachers, Lawgivers,
 The Badge of all Statesmen, Philanthropists, Re-
 Their Tribe. formers; all the Seers, Prophets,
 Saviours—heard that Call *and answered it*. The
 lives for which we gratefully remember them
 (nay, sometimes *worship* them)—the lives that
 made them Landmarks in the Progress of the
 Race—*these* were their answers to the Race's
 Call, their way to still the sorrows of their
 sympathetic Hearts.

What sort of Answer is your life going to be ?

Will *you be true* through all your life ?

Will *you* hate all that is mean—all that stifles, stultifies and seeks to kill the Race in you and round about you ?

Will *you* love all that is Good—all that expands, illumines, heals—in you, and around you as well ?

Will *you* strive with all your strength to make the world happy and kind—kinder, and *therefore* happier than it is ?

Will *you* fight with all your soul against all that is cruel ?

Will *you* try, as earnestly as you can, to be friendly with all people ; and, above all, will

you support your comrades, young and old, who are struggling with the mighty dragons of insincerity, of unfairness, of prejudice, of stifling superstition, in your land and in other lands—will you give these (of no matter what cult or movement) loyal assistance and support, and help to turn their half-disheartened struggle into the Victory for which the Race is waiting?

The trouble of your sympathetic heart is merely the reflex in you of the
 Your Choice. Vast Trouble of the Race. Could you not *feel* that trouble, you would be 'cut off' indeed; you would be *damned*. Happy are you, that are deemed worthy to suffer; happy are you, that are *called*. Will you not, by *choosing* to answer the Call, rise from the crowded ranks of those whom the Spirit of the Race is vainly calling through the ages, and help to swell the thin ranks of the Chosen Ones, who are so few *because they must needs choose themselves*. Into your hands God has committed the power¹, and He will not, *cannot* take it back; for He is not the fickle tyrant we would, in our foolish prayers², make Him.

¹ See pp. 35-39, above.

². I have in mind, not the prayers for a rival's undoing which the African Chief offers to his pet *Ju-ju*, nor yet the far less harmful love-philtre for sake of which the shy Red-Indian maid seeks out the dreaded medicine-man. I have in mind the gorgeous public rituals of *the foremost Christian Nations nineteen hundred years after the Race uttered its Call through Jesus-Christ*.

The 'God' whom average 'Christendom' is so proud of is pretty well snapshotted in a 'wee joke' I saw in some comic paper in the days of the Boer War :
 (over)

Come, help us heal the Trouble of the Race.
Come, help us speed the dawning of the Day
 when sympathetic hearts shall no more *need* to
 suffer.

The Night is dark, My Little Brothers—grim
 Sorrow grips the world into which
 The Vision of the Midnight Sun. we have, together, fallen. But
 the Darkness of the Night bears
 witness to the Light that casts it as a shadow.
 The Darkness comes not from the skies. Look
 not *above* to find its cause and cure. *Look*
earthwards!

For it is the Earth's dark mass that hides the
 Living Sun, and nothing else.

Who thinks of *looking earthwards* when he
 wakes up at dead of night, and sending greet-
 ings to the Living Sun *down there?*

Who strives to *think the Earth transparent*, so
 that the Sun shall never set again?

That is a very, very long way off, My Little
 Brothers; and many a joyous morning shall arise
 betimes, and many a glorious noontide and many
 a glowing sunset shall follow, and many a dark

Tom. "Auntie, what does God feel like when both we and the
 Boers are praying to Him for victory? It must perplex Him,
 say?"

Auntie. "Tut, tut, child. Don't talk nonsense! They pray in
 Dutch. How can He understand them?"

I feel I have been rather hard, in the foregoing chapters, on the
 "pore, benighted Hindu Heathen" and their God-forsaken Caste-
 System. I trust to make amends, some day, with a wee book
 on '*Heathen Christendom*.' Christ have mercy on *His* Pharisees!

night in turn. But *it will come*. There are a few for Whom it *has come*—the First-Fruits They.

“From that state forth uprisen, He rises not, nor doth He set. ONE ONLY, in the Midst HE stands. Whereon there is this Verse :

THERE, verily, no setting is,
Nor was HE ever known to rise.
Ye Gods! As this is TRUE, may I
From BRAHMA never sundered be!

In sooth, for Him It rises not—nor doth it set.
Once for all it is DAY for Him

Who thus this *brahmopanishad* doth know.¹”

But *that* is a very, very long way off for most of us, My Little Brothers.

Meanwhile

“JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.”

Who will help that Morning rise?

XVIII.

Why have I laid so much stress on Caste in this Part II, reserved for ‘The Making of the Better Heart?’

Because Caste *is* the crux of the whole matter, whether you like it or not. Real Caste is what the whole of Mankind needs for the Making of the Better Heart on a commensurate scale; and

What all the world is waiting for.

¹ *Chhândogya Upanishad*, III, xi, 1–3. (Author's Translation, unpublished.)

false 'Caste' is what India needs to be rid of before she takes the only place that can be hers among the Nations.

Be quite clear about the real meaning—of *varna*, "natural caste status," not the counterfeit *jāti*, "technical birth status," of latter days. The term used in the *Gîtâ*, iv, 13, *guna-karma vibhâga*, means literally "capacity-work-proportionate-distribution,"—"the proportionate distribution of labour according to capacities." And as *karma*, "action," the expression of *guna*, "capacity," implies *dharma*, "unshirkable duty," "duty of which the neglect damns"—the two terms being frequently taken as synonyms—we may replace *guna-karma-vibhâga* by *guna-dharma-vibhâga*: "the apportionment of responsible duties among men according to their diverse abilities." To call this 'ancient superstition' is futile: Modern Economic Science has not been able to think of anything else, for the very simple reason that there is nothing else for sanity to think of¹. The difficulty lies not in thinking, but in

¹. This was brought home to me in a rather curious fashion, at a time when I knew absolutely nothing of the great Modern Science of Economics; when I had, as a matter of fact, never looked inside the covers of a book on that subject. The very name (though I knew nothing of its real meaning) repelled me; for I never could 'save' money for myself or keep accounts.

The incident I refer to happened some six years ago, when I first studied the opening chapters of the *Bṛihadâraṇyaka Upaniṣad*. I gave a lecture in a small town in the North—Basti, I believe—on 'The Social Ideals of Ancient India,' based entirely on that musty Sanskrit Text and virgin of any modern knowledge of the subject. An English Civilian (Mr. Dewar, I think, was his name, though I am not quite sure) was in the chair. When I

doing—in running an actual Caste-System wrought of live men and women. The Sav-iours of the Race have been at it from the dawn of time².

Now to *start serving*, and find pleasure in it, requires a certain natural goodness of heart. This natural goodness is by no means uncommon. Simple country housewives, city charwomen, sweated and sweating labourers are often brimful of it—witness the terms “My good woman,” “My good man,” constantly used by British gentlemen who are above all suspicion of inexactitude. If stimulated by right training and example, 99% of the children of the Race will be found to have the ‘root of the matter’ in them. Even

The Root of
the matter,
and why it
hibernates.

had ended, he began his remarks substantially thus: “Gentlemen, we have listened to a lucid exposition of *the most scientific modern principles of Economics*.....” !!!! Well, I was startled.

That episode prepared the way for my keen appreciation of Norman Angell’s *Great Illusion* when it came into my hands several years later.

Mark that I simply do not care whether the pre-historic past had or had not motor-cars and airships and other mechanical contrivances. Swāmi Dayānand *may* have overshot the mark on those lines—a pity if he has. But I do assert with emphasis that there *is* a simple, rational, efficient Science of Human Life, which is fundamentally the same, however simple or complex the outside conditions of life may be. And I do assert that that Science *was known* in the most distant past, and that it mostly *requires to be known to-day*. Our magnificent civilisation, with the appalling mental and moral labour-pains involved, is going to waste for lack of it.

². Meaning, of course, from the dawn (on Earth) of the human mind which reckons time, and clearly realizes: “I did” and “I shall do.”

domestic animals have it, as a matter of fact. We share our 'Heart' with the animal kingdom, remember¹. The disappearance of this Root of Service in so many human elders may be traced to wrong training and influences in childhood and early manhood and womanhood. *Children are not surrounded with an atmosphere of well organized Service* among their elders, therefore the Spirit of Service, not finding due encouragement, dries up in them. The root of the matter is there, all the same; but it does not put forth. It hibernates, as some roots in the earth do. It often hibernates; alas, throughout a lifetime. Hindus have the consolatory prospect of future lives for it to put forth in. Christians and Mohammedans have.....Hell. The abiding failure of Hindus lies in their failing to realize that minutely organized social life on Earth without social Love and Service *is hell*. Savagery is a lesser hell than that: it is less wasteful.

Every human being, since he is not less than a superior animal, may be credited with a fairly good heart to start with. *What is wanted to train that good heart into a better one is* a Share in the Service of the Race. The widespread organization of that Service is the Caste System which Mankind is waiting for. Meanwhile, for lack of a well organized system of

¹ See p. 6-11, above. I have seen two dogs injured while in company, and one of them attend to his companion's hurt without having seen to his own. Sir Philip Sydney did no better than that. Why is it so rare among *prominent bipeds*?

Social Service, our children are not trained up for the service of the Race, are not taught to desire, see and grasp, as their greatest pleasure and their highest good, opportunities to serve consistent with their natural capacities. So the Race starves, and their young hearts starve too.

The well-organized System of Social Service without which the Making of the Better Heart cannot proceed on a large scale for lack of stimulus and pabulum is *the Caste System* which sane economists, from Vedic times, have dreamed of.

The Modern Hindu 'Caste-System' is the worst shattering of their dreams. It is the most pernicious extant substitute and counterfeit of that all desirable Real System. Where 'Caste' organization is at a maximum, as in South India, Social Service among Hindus is at a minimum. This false 'caste system' stands in the way of the Making of the Better Heart as nothing else in India does. That is why I cannot deal with *The Making of the Better Heart* in India without denouncing the spurious 'caste-system' which paralyses the natural power for good of so many intelligent, capable and highly civilised men and women, inoculating them from early childhood with utterly pernicious social views and sentiments under the holy mask and garb of *religious* duty.

To grasp the appalling nature of the social blight that consumes this fair land, just ponder this :

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The West is suffering acutely from well-nigh complete lack of sanctioned system — from excessive individualism in consciousness and excessive empiricism in method. Hence the awful competition between individuals, classes, nations, which ever threatens ruin to the foremost, as to the towering crest of some great wave that cannot go much further without breaking. But these terrible scourges of active selfishness and utter lack of Social Method are obviously less fatal than the present-day Hindu ‘Caste-System;’ for the development of Social Service and Co-operation, however insufficient, has obviously been greater, of late, in the West than in the East. The former sins, active, destructive, *compel* the growth of Social Service in the West; the latter, **holding blameless lives within its icy grip, forbids its very birth** in India.

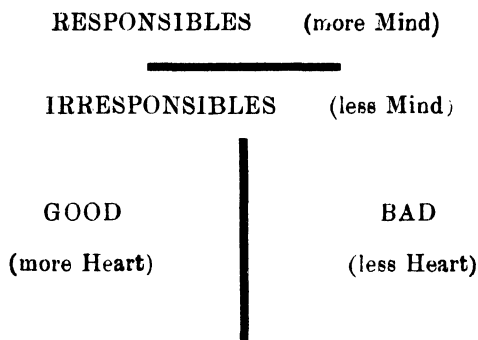
A ‘system’ which is worse than no system is a..... bad system indeed! Were it not better to frankly smash it up, and trust to God for what may follow?

¹ Civilisations based on policy — like waves on shallow bottom — cannot go far without breaking. Until Civilisation stands on Truth and Good, it cannot last, because it *must not* last. Its ruin proves, it does not disprove, Providence. Our buildings are wrong-based, so the Good Destroyer sweeps them off to clear the way for something better.

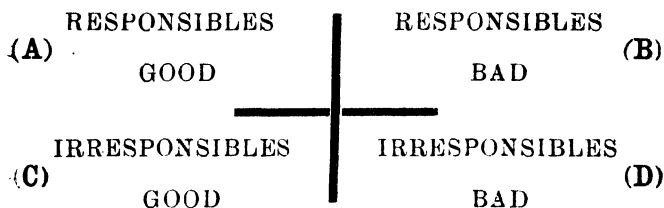
* * * *

Meanwhile, to sum up Real Caste, or the
Real Caste. Universal Organisation of So-
 cial Service :

It means a natural sifting of all Humanity (and a great deal besides) into two great horizontal strata and two great vertical columns, thus :

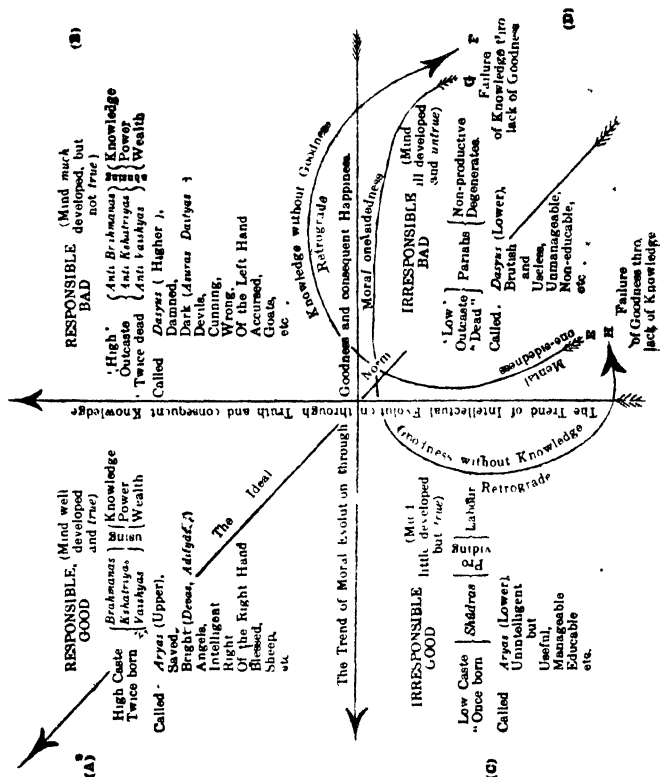


Put the two together, and you have the CROSS—the Basis of World-Judgment—the Tribunal where HE¹ sits “Who judges the quick and the dead.”



or, further elaborated: (See next page).

¹ The *virât-pursha*, the Spirit of the Race. Call Him by whatever name you like.



This shows clearly that there are *two main trends* in cosmic development, not one only. First, there is the **upward** (as per diagram) trend of **individual evolution**—the urging of the individual mind (good or bad) from less to more, from simplicity, littleness, weakness, to com-

plexity, greatness, power. Then there is the *rightward* trend (from left to right of the Person on the Cross, Who faces you) of **moral salvation**—the Call for the individual mind, high or low, weak or strong, to *help*, to *serve*, to *sacrifice*. These two trends, or 'paths,' are often confused—a fatal mistake¹. Unless set right in time, it generally ends by the one gobbling up the other on the sly and being itself stultified in the end, rendered sterile for lack of an explicit partner.

They were confused in the West, where Christian 'Religion,' suppressing enquiry, gobbled up mental evolution, for lack of which it failed to give *true* moral Salvation.....and Social Good.

They were confused in the East, where Hindu 'Philosophy,' suppressing active life, gobbled up moral salvation, for lack of which it failed to give *live* Knowledge.....and Social Good.

For mental evolution without moral salvation is 'dead' evolution—left-hand, selfish, separative *pseudo*-progress, however lofty and subtle. The world were better without it. It kills the Heart.

And moral salvation without mental evolution is false salvation—senseless, irrational, unscientific, sentimental, destructive superstition, however 'soul'-gratifying its perfervid enthusiasts may find it. The world were better without it. It kills the Mind.

¹ To oppose them to each other is almost as fatal.

Both these lopsided attempts regurgitate downwards and leftwards respectively. They recoil as a boomerang does (curved arrows EF, GH, on the figure¹).

The One True Path of Balanced Progress lies upwards and rightwards *at the same time*. It is roughly symbolised by the diagonal straight arrow. It may start from any point in the right and lower halves of the figure². Real Progress is always towards more light and more goodness *both*, therefore through a constantly renewed confession of relative ignorance and sin, and an equally continual conversion to moreness, both in mind and heart. This constant two-sidedness of Human Destiny once grasped, the being, whether starting from (B) or (C) or (D), is practically safe³. There

¹ Note that *failure really occurs* on EF (upward trend) the moment it ceases to go rightwards (leftwards on our figure). On GH (rightward trend) it occurs from the moment it ceases to go upwards. It may not be manifest at all to the striver at that time, in the flush of quick *one-sided success*. Real, balanced Success is a very tame affair, compared to this mental or moral rocketing. Sacrifice neither knowledge to morals nor morals to knowledge, if you would reach the Goal. Neither can fructify without its consort. They are *purusha* and *prakriti*, *sāṅkhya* and *yoga*, *shiva* and *shakti*, Holy-Ghost and Virgin Mary, Man and Wife to each other. Test your knowledge by morals and your morals by knowledge. Leave neither *alone* for a moment.

² That is, from any point in the three quarters (B), (C), (D)

³ The pithiest definition of True Salvation is given in the *Amritabindu Upanishad* (*Amritabindu* means "Deathless Seed") Here it is literally :

paksha-pāta-rinirmuktam *brahma sampadyate tadā*
 "One-side-falling-being freed from, BRAHMA is entered then."

In the metre of the original :

"Who from partiality steps out
 Steps into BRAHMA then and there."

are an infinite number of starting-points, scattered in the three quarters (B), (C), (D), and all sorts of partial deviations from the Ideal Norm—all sorts of intermediate and various inclinations, preponderances, curvatures. You may imagine them *ad infinitum* and class yourself. Both *directions*¹ must be borne in mind anyhow, in some form or other, or you are lost.

Make up your mind to **be true**, then, that you may truly *know* and *grow*. **And** Make up your mind to **serve** the World for ever, that you, whether high in the scale or low to start with, may *live* for ever *safe*.

God speed you, Comrades, for the Way seems dark at times, and hard to tread !

* * * * *

The main lesson to learn from this Section is that there are two great classes of men, Responsibles and Irresponsibles², with endless grades

The Two
Classes of
Men.

¹ These are the *sāṅkhya* and *yoga* which puzzle the student so much, of which the combination is prescribed in *Gītā*, iii, 3 ; v, 1-5. This will be more clearly explained in further (annotated) editions of that Book. Do not ask me when they will be out.

² They of course merge insensibly into each other, as *natura non fecit saltus*—"Nature makes no sudden leaps." This axiom should always be borne in mind when dealing with these categories. They are indispensable for purposes of exposition and must be used as tools. Let us not worship them.

It may even be misleading to say that the two classes "merge into each other." They overlap at all points, mix, coalesce into the most bewildering life-emulsions, in which the most opposite tendencies hug and hold each other in check without immediately losing their distinctive properties. I have surely reached the stage of responsibility. I am not without initiative, of sorts. Yet irresponsible, irrational, instinctual impulses (divorced from all

in each, and endless shades of good and bad within each grade. The Responsibles are responsible, not merely for their own welfare and suffering, but for the management or mismanagement, the salvation or damnation, *here on Earth, of the entire Human Race.*

Who are these responsible ones, who determine, by their use or abuse of the talents entrusted to them, the Fate of the whole Human Race?

They are those who can say: "I know my own mind. I can plan and choose. I will do thus or thus as I please." The number of those gifted with this **Mind-Fire** of Initiative is comparatively small—perhaps one per thousand, or even less. It is unequally distributed among the various races and nations, determining the preponderance of this nation or of that for the time being. Small as their number is (and it is slowly growing through the ages), *they are enough to leaven the whole Race into the Bread of Heavenly Life on Earth even to-day, if their responsibility can only be brought home to them.* Outside this real 'upper' class there is no potent mischief, because there is no initiative. It is *these* that are ever up-

that makes instinct a virtue.....to the animal) are by no means done with yet. They thwart my purpose and mar my work at every step. There seems to be a vast storehouse of irresponsible impulse at the bottom of my nature, from which fresh reinforcements to the hosts of sin are ever pouring out, so that I seem no further on the Way to-day than I was fourteen years ago. Yet all is well at bottom, and I *know* it. I *know* I must not mind if the struggle *seems* like going on for ever. At the very heart of that struggle there is Peace.

setting the balance of the Race-Life through their conceit and their ambition. They upset it centuries ago in India, where the present 'Caste-System' is the legacy left by them to the helpless victims they unconsciously drew in after them. India's gigantic weakness has no explanation save the small percentage of Initiative-gifted souls that have been born in her for generations. These world-aristocrats are called *shreshthâh*¹, "Upper Class Souls," in the *Gîtâ* and elsewhere. They set the standard, others follow. If they set a standard which lesser folk cannot *profitably* follow, they lead the race to ruin². *These* are the souls that *set the pace*, whether in Himâlayan hermitage or Park Lane Mansion. Until they recognize this fact, and set the pace *for them that willy-nilly follow*, not for their own conceit or sensual pleasure, they flout the Vedas and the Christ they claim to represent and worship.

* * * * *

How to recognise these 'Upper Class Souls,' and choose them for their offices?

Things have got into such a *muddle*³ nowadays, preparatory to the Era of Reconstruction which we all expect; caste-confusion (*varna - sankara*)—whether by substitution, as in India, or by privation as in the West—has come to such a

The Recog-
nition of the
Twice-Born.

¹ Greek, *Aristoi*.

² Here I am simply translating *Gîtâ*, iii, 21.

³ With apologies to H. G. Wells. I wish all my readers would read his books, especially *A Modern Utopia* and *The New Machiavelli*. There may be others on the same lines, which I am not acquainted with. I have so little time to read!

pitch, that there is no way out of it save by spreading the *idea* broadcast, by handing on the Call wherever there are tongues and pens to speak and write it, and ears and eyes to hear and read it—and *letting the builders choose themselves*¹.

For *opportunity is the only test of the Twice-Born*. They class themselves as Gods or Devils as they use or abuse it. The power of spontaneous initiative—for good or ill—invariably marks a twice-born soul, a *dvija*.

Where do twice-born souls congregate most—for good or ill?

In countries where civilisation offers the freest opportunities to all. Even a microscopic country like Greece can pivot the whole world by opening up free opportunities, on many different lines, to twice-born souls of the better class. A vast country, with magnificent traditions, like India, may drive them away and cripple itself for ages through an over-regulated social system which shuts up opportunity on all sides by making life a dead routine.

Western civilisation first offered many oppor-

¹ The Great Reconstruction which we wait, pray *and work* for has two kinds of enemies: the Pharisees and the false prophets of the Bible (Matt. xxiv, 4, 5, 11, 24–27). The former cling to the past, and automatically hate all who prefer to change. The latter mould the future after their own fancies, and automatically obstruct the work of all who do not share their personal views as to times, places and persons, and do not forward the particular schemes they happen to be engrossed with. Few tread the middle path, content to do their very best and confess their ignorance of God's precise intentions which none, "not even the Son," exactly knows.

tunities to twice-born souls of the less refined type—bold, adventurous, enterprising. Hence its quick rise in commercial and military power. Then, while great Luther broke the power of the Church to forbid, a number of martyrs such as Bruno, Galileo and others, opened up avenues of *mental* opportunity. Hence the inflow of eager intellectual souls and the rapid advance in the sciences. Only in the Science of Human Life itself—of the relation between men and groups of men¹—no general advance has been made. The ‘civilised’ peoples of to-day are politically *barbarians* in the mass as they were two thousand years ago. Nations that enforce peace among their citizens grind these same peaceful citizens under excessive taxes to keep them armed against possible aggression from their (equally ‘civilised’) neighbours. Quite rightly too, for their respective populations, untrained in the very rudiments of political Ethics, find keen delight in “wars and rumours of wars,” and may run amok—goad themselves and each other into homicidal frenzy—any day. Moreover the situation between the classes in each country is as strained and unnatural as that between the countries themselves.

* * * * *

Is there any chance of this international and inter-class ‘muddle’ improving?

¹ Political Science is the right name for that most backward science. It is through ignorance of that essential Science that the word ‘politics’ has come to have its present narrow meaning. ‘Politics’ are to Political Science what the Alchemy of the Middle Ages is to the Chemistry of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Curies.

Yes, for the creation of an **International Tribunal** at the Hague, however
 Signs of the Times: powerless (in an executive sense)
 1. The Hague. up to now, proves at least that a
 new need has been felt. *It is an altogether new departure in History.* The fool and the caricaturist may laugh and ridicule. Newton began life as an unmentionable foetus less than half-a-century before intuiting Gravitation¹.

Yes, again, for **Popular Co-operation** is steadily advancing in a hundred
 The Co-operative Movement. forms, in spite of the muddle and in the very midst of it, slowly but surely improving its methods by experience. It must gradually overleap all artificial boundaries. It is like an organic 'tree,' slowly but steadily precipitating in the midst of a turbid mass. Or you may compare it with a leaven *beginning* to work, which must ultimately affect the whole vast mass of inert human dough, however unequal to the task it may appear at outset. It is really the 'twice-born' souls, scattered here and there throughout the human mass, that are *beginning* to leaven it by taking up such *needed* work as they are fit for. A great many more want rousing up. They are not to be appointed by this or that Lord (or Lady) High Commissioner of the
 Spiritual Jobbery. moment, but *by their opportunity and their capacity.* The Spirit of the Race controls in Silence and does not sanction jobbery, although He may well smile

¹ Whereby I mean that sordid or weak beginnings may be the beginnings of mighty growths.

at its more sentimental aspects as an experienced elder, noting the little unfairnesses of children just beginning to 'play the game,' refrains from hectoring them, but smiles in silence, knowing full well how soon the game itself will cure them of what hinders it. Whoever seizes *and gives* opportunities to serve is

The Coming Christ. His Agent to the precise extent that he does so. Whoever rouses

men to serve is a Herald of His Coming. Whoever helps his fellow-men to see more clearly what they are, singly and collectively, and to conceive what they have yet to be, is an Exponent of His Doctrine. All to the precise extent that they do so—no more, no less. Read the passages of *Matthew* referred to in a previous footnote¹, and "take heed that no *man* (or woman) deceive you." Take heed also, and bestir yourselves, *that you be found at work when His time comes*².

Yes, again, for a great Book has appeared, startling the foremost statesmen and rulers of the day by clearly showing up, for the first time, the *politically barbarous* condition of our great Modern Civilisation. It is entitled '*The Great Illusion*,' and is written by an Englishman, otherwise quite unknown, who has lived much in foreign countries and signs himself Norman Angell. He has been able to put modern politics to shame by showing how Humanity has been unwittingly *becoming organic* on other

¹ Page 198.

² *Ibid.*, 45, 46. — But see further, page 205 and ask yourselves whether His time has not *already* come.

lines—financially for instance—while continuing to be ‘governed’ internationally by a combination of Tartar Barbarism and ‘Machiavellian’ insincerity. That Book is in itself a direct illustration of the Teaching set forth here, for it is simply due to an unusually *truthful mind* being brought to bear upon some of the most prominent facts of modern life. Where Truth comes in, error must go. When error goes, evil cannot stay. It has no leg to stand on.

* * * * *

What does India's share in the international progress of the world primarily depend on?

India's
Share in the
Prospect.

It depends, as every other country's share, upon her becoming healthily **organic**. It depends upon **co-operation**. It depends upon *getting rid of what obstructs co-operation*. To put the dots where they belong, India's share in our impending World-Progress depends largely upon her Hindu majority getting rid of their paralytic ‘Caste-System¹,’ so that twice-born souls may be freely drawn to her and take up their colossal task of

¹ Real Caste is *the* requirement, the whole world over. Real Caste is *the unmuddling of the muddle*, nothing less. Confusion (*varna-sankara*) is the muddle; hereditary caste is the stereotyping of the muddle; Real Caste or Social Service is the unmuddling of the muddle. So, hereditary caste is *the* obstacle to progress here in India, as Social Service is *the* need here and everywhere else. You may think the ‘caste’-incubus affects the Hindus only; that it is *their* business, and may be left to them. This shows that you have not yet begun to think *politically* (in the real sense). If you had, you would know that everybody's behaviour is everybody's business. Besides, what affects three-fourths of the inhabitants of a country affects the whole.

constructive organisation—religious in an absolutely catholic sense, educational, agricultural, industrial, commercial—anything *except* ‘political’ *just now, while the present political barbarism of the West is breaking down.*

It would be as inadvisable for Indians to throw themselves into a struggle for *absolute* ‘political’ control on grounds of material self-interest just now, as it would be for Europeans to adopt unregenerate social Hinduism because of its lofty metaphysical associations.² Indians would get the taint of insincere (and ultimately futile) ‘politics’ from the West as Westerners have (some of them) imbibed the taint of neo-Vedântic social pharisaism from India. An ‘alien’ yet fatherly Government, interested in ‘keeping things quiet,’ is, under

The
Coming
Break-
down of
Modern
Politics.

The Mohammedans of India are simply waiting for a widespread *sensible* social awakening among their Hindu fellow-countrymen to wake up fully in their turn. Providence (through their own sins against life and womanhood) has hitherto held them back; for, were they to wake up first, their organisation in all fields would be so startlingly rapid, *because they have no caste-system to divide and hamper them*, that they would quite overpower the Hindus. That they are not intended to do a second time—nor to be overpowered either. (Something better lies in store for both.) Anyhow their progress will be startlingly rapid once they do bestir themselves, and I know that *their young men are wanting to.*

¹ Using the word in its narrow Western sense, and admitting, of course, that there must be enough interest to *keep in touch* and be prepared. I have underlined the word ‘absolute’ four lines further down.

² Western prosperity (slums and labour riots) is as much the fruit of Western ‘politics’ as Hindu spirituality (illiterate women and untouchable Pariahs) is the fruit of the hereditary caste-system.

such transitional circumstances, a safeguard—
 India's temporary bulwark against
 Western International Barbarism.¹

There is perhaps an unsuspected
 cause of the English Gentleman's objection to
 seeing Indians meddle in 'politics': the
 English gentleman, quite at the bottom of his
 taciturn conscience, must be heartily ashamed
 of 'politics.'

India has to work out her own religious,
 social and economic regeneration in
 the combined Light of Ancient
 World-Wide Ideals and of Modern World-Wide
 Science, getting rid of the one social bar to the
 flow of her keen intelligence into healthy
 mundane channels. A few friendly Westerners
 (provided they be not easily hoodwinked by
 pseudo-spiritual 'bunkum') can powerfully as-
 sist her, since her present social paralysis does
 not give freedom to her own best children to
 travel, learn and speak.

* * * * *

But, as the years roll on, it matters less and
 less whether you or I be *born* a
 Briton, or a Yankee, or an Anglo-
 Franco-West-Indian, or a Hindu or
 a Jap or a Chinaman or an African Negro.
 Blood is thicker than water, yes; but Heart
 goes deeper than blood; and Mind goes
 deeper than Heart; and beyond Mind there

¹ It has already swamped the self-governing Colonies. They
 are going in for 'Dreadnoughts' and what not, and will soon
 have conscription if the political incubus of the West is not exor-
 cised as summarily as I would wish to exorcise the social incubus
 of India.

is Soul; and beyond Soul is That in which all Souls inhere. *Nationalism* (as an excluding and combative tendency) is doomed, and so is *Racialism*. **Humanism** has invaded the stage on the sly while we were busy with our wranglings. *The Son of The Man*¹ has come upon us '**like a thief in the night.**' None can name the day or hour when HE arrived. For those of us whom He *has found* at work for Him, it is well.

To my Indian friends whom some of this may shock, I say:

If you, Indian 'Nationalists,' to form a decent Indian Nation, can *wish* to be at '**Worldism.**' one, whether shiny black Tamilian, or Greek-faced pale Kashmiri, or Mahratta, or Bengali or Assamese—Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh, Jain and what not—you may as well agree to be at one with *decent* folk of London, Yokohama, New York or Timbuctoo, to form a decent Human World.

This is the major proposition. All minor ones can be amicably settled within it *once this is understood*. (Who will help make it so?) They are not worth spilling blood or bile over. A decent Englishman is more at one in all essentials with a decent German and a decent Chinaman than with a London rough. Besides, the London rough, now-a-days, may as well be half or more than half a German, or a Pole, or an Italian, or a Lascar or a Chinaman. Do you think these do not beget babies on

¹ The Human Reflex of Cosmic Organic Unity. The Solidarity of the Human Race.

London women, as Jack Tar does on those of Yokohama?

I remember an Australian lady—a Theosophist
The Doom
of Racial
Supersti-
tion. —shuddering at the bare idea of a
white woman marrying a.....tinted
husband *of any kind*. Lack of imagi-
nation, nothing else. Let her conceive herself
the one woman on a desert island, with Dr.
Booker Washington and a fair-skinned syphi-
litic degenerate for sole alternative; and let her
single out her mate as healthy skin-instinct
and sanity both suggest. Besides, who can say
where 'tintedness' begins, and where it ends. I
am not 'tinted,' it would seem. Yet I am darker
than many tinted folk¹, and many another blue-
blooded Westerner is darker still than I. Think
of Cashmiris and Italians. Think of Alexandre
Dumas and his Negro grandfather. And *see*
that these so-called 'racial instincts' are mental
fallacies, and nothing else—on a par with the
hereditary Hindu caste-system.

The Better Man is what we want, no more,
no less. The Better Mind, the Better
What we
all want. Heart, the Better Body—tinted or
untinted. Why not say so frankly,
and have done with the confusions brought
over from our shamefully uncivilised immediate
past?

Let us rest assured that whatever was really
valid in that past—what made it
The Final
International
Exhibition. *live* and grow into the present—
will still live on, improved and

¹ Far darker than a senior Madras civilian whose whole life was
embittered by Anglo-Indian club-doors being perpetually slammed
in his face because he had an Indian great-great-grandmother.

freed from dross, in the Future that lies ahead. As, at an International Exhibition, the best features, products, arts and customs of the different lands make their best show side by side without mutual bombardment or incendi-arism, so the valid, spiritual, moral, racial, social, scientific, artistic, industrial and commercial **cultures** of the different countries, proceeding on their several paths of historic unfoldment, will make the travelled surface of the globe one vast International Exhibition of the very best that the Better Man can do.

XIX.

Let us now briefly sum up all that concerns the Making of the Better Heart.

To make it simply parallel to the Making of the Better Mind, as the Table (included in Preface) does, is convenient, but misleading; for it may give one the idea that the Heart and the Mind are on equal terms, so to say, and that we might perhaps, if so inclined, neglect the one and profitably take up the other; whereas we *cannot* develepe the Mind on the suggested lines of "*Give and take*" without developing the Heart at the same time, whether we care to or not. The very willingness to *give* Knowledge implies Goodness of Heart—an impulse of the sort that develepes the Heart. Were we to *start* giving knowledge out of sheer assent to Principle, without even a shred of feeling, the expansion of Heart involved in the very

Act of Giving would sooner or later make that Act a Joy.¹

On the other hand generous Impulse—the *giving* of the Heart—‘*heartly giving*’
The Blind Heart. —*may* develope to a certain extent without knowledge. But that is obviously fatal. The Heart is blind, though potent. It is the **Mind** which both sees *it* and sees *for it*. Unless the Mind be *true*, the most generous impulse of the Heart goes hopelessly astray. Such expressions as “A *true* Heart,” “Sincerity of Heart,” are, in a sense, misnomers. They really mean a *true Mind* riding on a *good* Heart.

So we may sum up the Making of the Better Heart on parallel lines to the
Forget me not! Making of the Better Mind, *provided* we remember, at every step, the all encroaching nature of our Mind, which pervades and illumines *the whole field of our nature*, so that nothing is truly *known* to us of our Hearts and Bodies unless we be surveying these with a *true* Mind. Animals, who have not Mind enough to *know* themselves and rationally control their impulse-nature, *are controlled*, through ‘racial instinct,’ by a deeper Collective Racial Mind. Man is the first on this Earth to develope an *Individual* Mind, which must first assume control of the rest of him, then bring itself and him—heart and all—into harmony with the Greater Racial Mind

¹ That is why Krishna (*Gītā*, xii) makes the votaries of the most abstract knowledge *sarva-bhūta-hite-ratāḥ*, “all-creatures’ welfare-delighting—finding Joy in the welfare of all.”

and Heart, called Krishna, Christ, Adam, or by no matter what name.

Let us then rehearse the Catechism of pp. 75-76, with the constant necessary caution as to Truth Paramount, "lest we forget."

* * * * *

Q. What is the Heart?

A. It requires a Mind to know what the Heart is. Your question is your Mind's question about the Heart, as my answer will be my Mind's answer. Let us hope both are *true* Minds. Let us vote **truth** into the chair, and *then* proceed to speak of Love.

Yes, you were asking me what the Heart is. Well, as far as I can *see*, the Heart is our power to *feel*.

Q. What does it do besides?

A. It impels to act...often without waiting for the Mind to make enquiries; so that, for lack of true Knowledge, our impulse, whether of Love or Hate, produces results far different from what we fancied¹.

¹ Especially is this the case with regard to hate. A most entertaining book might be written on the blunders of Hate—how it produces results, by no means uniform, save in their pig-headed divergence from the object aimed at, Hate *serves* the hater and the hated both. It shows up weaknesses and draws out strength in the hated, and ends by convincing the hater of its own futility. Such a faithful servant is Hate, that it invariably dies in the service of its master. So obliging is it, that it benefits both hater and hated *if they be worth benefiting at all*. If they be not worth benefiting, it destroys them, and benefits the world by doing so.

Watch the Turks trying to *cow* Europe into submission; the Mughals confident that they have *cowed* Hindu India into abject subservience; England and Germany ruining themselves in their

The Heart is the Power to feel and move. It has no reason *in it*. Unless controlled by the discriminating Mind, the Heart cannot act consistently. The Heart requires a *true* Mind to *see* that it *truly* does the Good it blindly wishes to the object of its Love. Hate also.....well, hate soon ceases to *be* hate when a true Mind assumes control. It vanishes, either in the perception that what we *felt* hate for is after all good in its way and must be spared or even assisted if occasion offers, or in the ascertainment that it is really bad, undesirable, and must be conscientiously, systematically and sanitarily

Mind,
The Arbitrator
of Love and
Hate.

determination to *cow* each other into accepting or desisting from a given policy; 'Ruling Race' autocrats bent upon *cowing* the 'natives' of here or there into surrender of all manly hopes; 'natives' conspiring to *cow* the 'Ruling Race' by deeds of violence; Capital and Labour striving to *cow* each other into being willy-nilly exploited. What a pandemonium it is!

Scientific Political (in the *true* sense) Education is the One Hope of the world. It is "the Holy Ghost that shall make all (muddled) things clear," which Christ, on leaving, promised He would send. The East has the Root-Principle of it in its oldest Scriptures. The Pioneers of Western Science are recovering it through the study of *organic life*. If Science (*Veda*) triumphs, the only way out of the muddle will be followed to the blessed End--the Unity of the Race acknowledged and its Solidarity asserted at all costs. The West will share *its very life* with the despised East, and find a new Life in doing so "for he that wishes to preserve his life shall lose it, whereas he that consents to lose his life for Me (the One Spirit of the Race) shall find My Deathless Life in him." All the barriers of misconception will break down to the ultimate benefit of all, and the most terrible lesson of recoil on *bully* races and classes (a lesson which Spain and the French Aristocracy have been compelled to learn, and which Turkey is being compelled to learn to-day) will be dispensed with because spontaneously mastered in good time.

This will be the triumph of Christianity. European nations and their Colonies badly need to be reminded that *Jesus Christ was an Asiatic*.

got rid of, with due regard to all valid growths concerned through entanglement with it. Hate blindly destroys useful growths and leaves decaying rubbish to poison air and water. The *true* discrimination and considerate destruction of rubbish is a labour, not of hate, but of Love, though it may not be recognised as such by minds that have turned themselves into rubbish-bins.

Briefly, just as the function of the Mind is dual: perceptive and expressive, so the function of the Heart is dual: sensitive and impulsive. The dual function of the Heart must be strictly controlled by the dual function of the Mind. They are indispensable to each other, distinct yet inseparable. The Mind without Heart is powerless: it cannot even express its Knowledge unless it has a *heart* to do so. The Heart without Mind is blind. It cannot even sense its feelings unless it has a *mind* to do so. The two are eternally distinct yet eternally inseparable. To confuse them is fatal; to seek to separate them is futile.

Q. What does the Heart need for its well-being?

A. As the Mind needs Knowledge—the fulfilment of its very purpose—and cannot rest satisfied with false knowledge (however useful, by the way, as a reagent); so the Heart needs Feeling—the fulfilment of its very purpose, and cannot rest satisfied with painful feeling (however useful, by the way, as a reagent).

The Heart naturally thirsts for Happiness as the Mind naturally hungers for Truth.

Q. What is the Rule for getting Happiness?

A. The Rule for *all* getting is **giving**. For getting Happiness it can only be giving Happiness: the putting forth of right impulse and the restraining of wrong impulse. As the giving of Knowledge—the Rule of the Mind—is pure and simple **truth**, so the giving of Happiness—the Rule of the Heart—is pure and simple **love**.

At all levels of our nature, what we get is the recoil of what we give. Let us
Recoll. then “do as we would be done by.”

If we want construction, let us put forth constructive impulse; if we want destruction, let us put forth destructive impulse; if we want *both* (which is obviously wiser) let us put forth both: construct Good and destroy Evil, that the recoil on us may prosper what is good in us and mercifully burn out what is evil.

This deliberate control of impulse for the production of Happiness is of course
Discrimination and Control. absolutely dependent on the discrimination of the Mind. It requires a *true* mind to rightly discriminate good from ill—causes of ultimate Happiness, however troublesome to start with, from causes of ultimate misery, however pleasant to start with; and it requires an experienced Mind to *skilfully* control the Heart—as a rider a horse—neither thwarting, nor worrying, nor goading; neither drugging nor over-stimulating; but artistically bringing out every unit of strength, every valid aspect of life and beauty.

There are worlds to realize and volumes to write on the correlation between
The Will. Mind and Heart, and on the mysterious Induction-Power, Will, which I assume throughout and do not theorize about, for reasons which every practical-minded reader will appreciate. Whatever I have to say about the Will will be found in Book II. I am deliberately theoretical in *this* Book; and to theorize about the Will is fatal.

* * * * *

Whatever difficulties and mysteries there may be in the margin, there are one or two clear, central propositions which we must not lose hold of. No amount of speculation will rebut them. If I help you to catch hold of these, my work is done.

I. As we manage, somehow or other, to put forth Happiness-giving Impulse
Salvation. under efficient Mind-control, we become a happiness-giving factor, a small, but growing centre of Happiness in the World-Economy. This tends to secure our maintenance in the World-Organism, bringing us into closer and closer connection with the Vital Centres of the Cosmos. We become 'clinched,' 'hitched on,' so to say. All who claim with any valid authority to have entered into such vital communion with the deeper side of things, report transcendent Joy, not sorrow, at the Heart of all.

II. If that is considered metaphysical, and
Sympathy. interesting only to the few, there is the altogether commonplace feeling

of sympathy (found among dogs)—a homely sentiment, to be sure ; and we have shown that there is no cure for sympathetic sorrow save in the deliberate attempt to heal the ills that cause it. Sorrow breeds sympathy, and sympathy relieves sorrow, or is intended to. If it fails, it is for lack of knowledge.

Thus both the deeper Synthetic Life with its abiding inner Joy, and the separative surface-life of most, pervaded by the constant call of sorrow for sympathy¹, conspire to teach us that we can get no abiding Happiness, no honest surcease from pain, save through efficient endeavour for the Common Good, through devotion to the relief of pain.

Just as, for the Mind, there is only one possible Teaching, at all levels: "Be true, and you will know Truth," so for the Heart there is only one possible Teaching, at all levels: "Be kind, and you will secure Happiness."

Whoever makes up his mind to follow that Teaching *is on the right way* and must eventually reach the Goal. God knows what that Goal is ! It is

¹ Our constant failure to answer that call accounts for the average joylessness of our civilised lives, as our constant failure to be sincere accounts for the imperceptibility of our progress in essential Knowledge. But note that the latter underlies the former at all points. It is *insincerity* that prevents us from answering the call of suffering for sympathy. Thus *insincerity is the Root-Evil. It averts the Mind from painful fact*, and this shirking of fact shuts up the Heart's opportunities. The Heart, poor thing, pines away in a dungeon of which the Mind holds the key.

That key is truth.

patent that, since that Goal is the *becoming* of our whole nature, including the very Mind by which we know, *the mind can only know the Goal as it becomes the Goal*. The demon of word-play is upon me. GOAL is GO-ALL. How to *go* to the GO-ALL. The answer is: "Drop 'All' (all you were arguing about) and GO!" As the man *goes*, all his fancies about that Goal are smashed up and reconstructed a hundred times. All his *notions* of Truth and Love are continually remodelled. Again and again he sees that what he held as Truth was honest error, that what he held as Love was foolish¹ sentiment. *That is the Path*. However ridiculous it may make a man to the more complex vision of the 'superior person' a step or two ahead of him, and *riding for*

The Starch
of the Earth. *a fall*, one who is true to his lights, however refracted, one who seeks to make the world happy according to his sentiment, however narrow and inartistic, is firmly planted on the right way. Foolish, honest, kindly, serviceable, painstaking folk are the starch of the Earth, if not its salt or leaven. The whole cake would crumble without them. The Better Side of Life has them in hand, and will draw forth what they lack in the least painful manner possible.

¹ The appropriateness of this adjective shows that the qualifying factor in Love is purely *mental*. In Love, as in steam (*Gospel of Life*, 166-67, foot-note), there may be strength or weakness, but no quality. As a matter of fact *Love is Power*, pure and simple—the Great *Shakti* to whom H. G. Wells, in his magnificent *New Machiavelli*, pays homage. When one speaks of the Greatness, the Beauty, the Supremacy of Love, one always implies a *True Mind* at the helm. The same *Power*, without it, would be the very Devil.

Thus the Rule for *getting* Happiness as best we may is *giving* Happiness as best we can. Our success or failure will depend on the true or untrue condition of our *Mind*. The Heart's share is to *be willing*—nothing more. As the right moral condition, or attitude, of the Mind is Sincerity, so the right moral condition, or attitude, of the Heart is Sympathy.

Q. What is the breaking of the Rule?

A. *There is no breaking of the Rule of the Heart save through the failure of the Mind to truly see and rightly choose.* If the Mind sees cause for sympathy and does not deliberately turn aside and lock the points¹, the normal human heart will naturally respond and furnish the required impulse to help. If it does not do so, it is not normal. It is suffering from previous mismanagement, and wants coaxing. The only recipe is, "GO ON!" Go on moving among those who suffer (if you feel the least objection to, that proves that you have sympathy, with a touch of insincerity to boot), calmly considering their sufferings, realising, (however *you* may fail to *feel*) that *they* obviously do not enjoy them; dispassionately devising ways and means of relieving them². You will find it an occupation that somehow 'gets on you.' You may keep up the coldness as long as you like—make it a pose, even, if you find sentiment obtrusive

Heart-
Failure,
and its Root.

¹ See p. 146, above.

² Better not let your ways and means involve suffering to *other* sentient creatures, as in the case of vivisection.

or wasteful. *Provided you keep your mind straight*, there will always be something to carry you on, however unemotionally. In the end you will find that what has carried you along your path of purely rational, coldly un-sentimental *duty*, all along, is the pure white heat of unadulterated sympathy at the very Heart of you (as of everyone else), underneath the frigid crust which *previous insincerity in world-relations* (the commonest form of cruelty) has formed around your heart.

Take the Table (in the Preface) as it stands, and fear Cruelty as you *should*
The One Foe: fear Falsehood—for Cruelty *does*
 Insincerity. cripple your heart-power. It
 blights the natural happiness of those around you (have you ever watched children at play—when they do not know that they are being observed?) and ends by blighting your own power to enjoy. But remember that this fatal blighting of other hearts and of your own *has one Root only*: **the insincerity of your mind which prefers not to see things and people as they are.**

Insincerity is indeed the Root-Evil of our Human Race.

PART III.



THE MAKING OF THE BETTER BODY.



“Be Healthy.”

I.

What is the Body ?

The Catechism of the Better Body. It is the living human organism in which we at present live, by which we know, through which we act.

What does the body need for its prosperity and growth ?

Life is what the body needs—the continuance of its functions, one and manifold, as our instrument of knowledge and expression, our means of sensing and acting.

What is the Rule for preserving Life ?

The Rule for preserving Life may be summed up in the one word **Health**.

What is the breaking of the Rule ?

The breaking of the Rule of Life may be summed up in the one word **Disease**.

What is the ultimate¹ effect of Disease ?

It ruins Life. It makes the body unfit to live in. It must be fought at all costs. The penalty for not doing so is death—the cessation of life.....in that body.

¹ This word might also be added in the corresponding question on p. 76, above. A *little* unhealthiness, just like a *little* falsehood, does not *seem* to matter much. That is the worst of it.

The whole of this is parallel to pp. 75-76, which kindly read over again.

"Why have you said nothing about 'giving'?"

What about giving? This Catechism of the Body is not at all similar to the previous ones of the Mind and Heart. Health has nothing to do with 'giving.' "

Are you quite sure ???

II.

Do we own Health? "My body is surely my own ; its health is surely my concern, and mine alone."

That is just where your mistake lies, my friend. Science has already found out your mistake, and Governments have begun to take half-measures, here and there, interfering tentatively with the private right to disease, waiting for the further education of public opinion to introduce fuller and more systematic interference.

The *Res Publica* owns us—Health and all—if we but knew. Your health is no more your own than your knowledge or your love. Your knowledge belongs to those it teaches ; your love to those it helps. Why should your body be any more your own than your mind or your heart? The *res publica*²—the Common-Wealth—consists primarily of you and all you are, plus they (*i.e.*, all others) and all they are. You

¹ As on p. 75, above.

² Literally, 'the public thing'—again the *virât-purusha* of the Veda, the *sarva-bhûta-âtmâ* of the Upanishads and Gitâ, the Adam and Christ of other traditions. See pp, 156, 159-60, 162-64 above.

and every one of them ; every one of them and you (the rest.)

Your Mind	<u>acting upon and acted upon by</u>	Their Minds.
Your Heart	<u>do. do.</u>	Their Hearts.
Your Body	<u>do. do.</u>	Their Bodies.

Your ignorance is so much ignorance in the *res publica*—to be removed with the help of those in it that have more knowledge. Their knowledge belongs to your ignorance—as food to hungry belly—and cannot remain cut off from it forever.

Your unhappiness is so much unhappiness in the *res publica*—to be dispelled with the help of those in it that have more happiness. Their happiness belongs to your unhappiness—as solace to expectant sorrow—and cannot remain cut off from it forever.

Your disease is so much disease in the *res publica*—to be healed with the help of those that have more health in it. Their health belongs to your unhealthiness—as cleansing bath to weary, toil-stained body—and cannot remain cut off from it forever.

[I purposely use clumsy words here—words commonly used, commonly misunderstood or half-understood. What is the meaning of ‘have knowledge,’ ‘have happiness,’ ‘have health?’ The average mind seems to put these on a par with ‘have money,’ ‘have property,’ and so on.]

You can buy money with property. You can buy property with money. Can you buy knowledge, happiness, health?

Threefold
Communism.

Note on the
Ownership
of Essentials.

In a certain sense (while our present world-muddle lasts) it does seem that you *can* buy these things. Knowledge, for instance, is set forth in books, taught in colleges, investigated by specialists; and you can buy the books, join the colleges, travel and frequent (or even assist) the specialists, *if you have money*; or go intellectually starving if you have none.

But Pascal somehow *got* knowledge without books or teachers (a question of *wanting* it badly enough, perhaps); whereas a rich fool may buy all the wisest books on Earth, and be none the wiser for their wisdom which he cannot read, and would not understand if he could.

Disposition and Circum- stance.	The fact is that in the 'having' of knowledge, happiness, health, there are invariably two factors which must not be confused: the subjective and the objective; disposition and circumstance.
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The Perverse Muddle. (वर्णसंकर)	In our present-day muddle, these two are most often divorced, hence no end of suffering. Some secure the circumstance by starving out the disposition, so that the circumstance (of which they deprive others) does not profit them and cannot be expected to cling to them forever. Others cultivate the disposition, and it starves for want of the circumstance, which others have grabbed and cornered, and hold tight.
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The Desira- ble Re- conciliation.	The re-uniting of this divorced couple ¹ —disposition and circumstance—is the World-Order, the Caste-System, the <i>loka-sangraha</i> , ² the Kingdom of God on Earth which we are praying and struggling for. It need hardly be pointed out
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¹ The restoring of the *yoga* (union) that had become *nashta* (severed) in course of time (*kālēna*)—*Gītā*, iv, 2. Disposition and circumstance are our old friends *guna* and *karma*, capacity and function, of *Gītā*, iv, 13 (pp. 161—163, above).

² *Gītā*. iii, 20, 25. See *Gospel of Life*, Index; *Kurukshetra*, etc.

that the three desiderata with which the above section ends do not refer to the present world-muddle, with which they are clearly incompatible. They refer to—and are the main conditions of—the end of the muddle, the Redemption of the Human Race into Organic Unity.]

III.

It is here, in this plain matter of health and sickness, that the lunacy of our 'civilised' Human Race may perhaps best be seen and felt.

Your wife falls ill—with what may later be diagnosed as typhoid fever, small-pox or what not. Every half-educated person might be expected to know, by now, that your wife has caught the infection from tainted food, or drink, or air in which minute disease-germs derived from some other sick person or animal—carried about by flies, blown about with the dust—have been proliferating. Or perhaps she has been inoculated by some insect, carrying the infection in its life-juices. Your wife is now an active focus of the same dangerous growth, capable—unless strictly isolated, surrounded with a purifying ring of defences—of infecting the whole town. Hence the prime concern of the *res publica* is not the saving of your wife. It is the protection of the public against infection proceeding from her. Do not say that this is cruel (to your wife or you). Had the *res publica* known and managed this more thoroughly, infection would never have reached your wife at all, and you would have no occasion to complain.

But now, what do you think, feel, do instinctively? Do you care a brass farthing for the *res publica*? You would gladly damn the *res publica* root and branch, rather than see your wife die. You do not care where the morbid products of her body go, or whom else they contaminate, so long as it is not yourself or your children, or some one known to you. What you do is simply this:

You run for the doctor.

* * * * *

Who, and what, is this doctor?

He is essentially a man who has studied diseases, and the action of drugs upon diseases. He is a **doctor of diseases**, a man who prescribes drugs for the suppression or alleviation of disease-symptoms. He thus earns his livelihood by lying in wait for disease, praying (consciously or subconsciously) that disease may arise in his neighbourhood—otherwise he and his dear ones will starve—and then ‘answering the call,’ doing his best to suppress the disease or tide the ‘patient’ through it. In the end he is paid, by the patient or the patient’s family, not according to the result of his treatment but according to the time and trouble taken by him, whether the patient recovers or not. Thus, if the doctor can make a disease last six weeks, and visit his patient every day (presuming that the patient can pay) he will be entitled to 42 times more than if he had paid a single visit, and left clear advice

and instructions with some literate member of the family, with due caution to send for him at once in case of complication.

Now, mind you, the doctor has his own wife and children to look after; the world-muddle treats him no better than it does you. Medicine is, in all civilised countries, an overcrowded profession—not that *all* disease is properly attended to (far from that!) but that there are already more doctors than can conveniently live on what really sick people of moderate means, in a normally healthy society, have to spare for them. What would you think of a doctor who would starve his own wife and children by dealing with your wife's case in a single visit, or perhaps half a dozen at most, when he can just as well persuade you to have forty-two visits (most of them quite superfluous), and is convinced that you will somehow manage to 'foot the bill?' A doctor who would refrain from exploiting you (to some extent) under such circumstances would be scarcely less eccentric than you yourself would be if you buried your wife in quicklime to start with, and thus relieved the *res publica*, once for all, of any anxiety on her account.

The doctor (of diseases) is therefore a man whose interest lies in exploiting your ignorance of the human body and its requirements. The doctor requires (or should require, as in duty bound to those he must maintain) that you and your wife and children shall be as ignorant as possible,

and shall eat, dress, live as blunderingly as possible, so that you may all be ill as often and as long as possible. Provided you and they are ill as often and as long as possible, he will do everything in reason and use all possible skill to save your life and theirs: for even the richest 'patient' is of no use to him, once dead.

So much for the 'dark side' of an indispensable, and deservedly honoured profession..... in our present World-muddle. You will find it inimitably described in Bernard Shaw's clever play (and Prefatory Essay): *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Let us now look for the bright side, that we may help it to be further born.

* * * *

Inside this social incubus of the 'doctor of diseases,' hidden as fairy sylph inside an ugly grub, there lies gestating—quickenings unto birth as Civilisation slowly quickens in her vast barbaric womb, and part of her—an altogether different creature, whose interests are the interests of the *res publica*, and not its ailments; whom the very presence of disease within his area of responsibility must put to shame, and whose sole aim (which means starvation to our poor doctor of diseases) is the perfect health of all around him. I mean

The Officer of Health.

Let us make quite sure that our realisation of the paradoxical nature of the doctor's profession (paid only for the healing of diseases, *therefore requiring* diseases to crop up as a

Diagnosis
implies no
Blame.

hairdresser requires hair) implies no specific blame. It is only one aspect of the madness of the world, a small part of the mighty muddle which we must all combine to put an end to. Every sane doctor is, even to-day, an officer of health to some extent—to the extent that the muddle allows. Let us all love, within our doctor friends (and I have many) the lovely Psyche of which their present function is the grub.

When people are taxed of a due portion of their incomes¹ to maintain, **The (future) Dawn of Sanitary Civilisation.** amongst other public services, a trained officer of health for every ten or twenty households, not to tinker with diseases, but to help steer through a life of perfect health a hundred or two hundred fellow-citizens and friends, both young and old (and their surroundings, animal, vegetable, mineral), and be held answerable to the State for the least preventible

¹ Note that a tax strictly proportionate to income would be abominably unfair.....to the poor. A man with a monthly income of a lakh of rupees can more easily spare 90000, and keep his folk in comfort, than a man with an income of Rs. 100 can spare Rs 10 and keep *his* folk in comfort. Mere subsistence incomes cannot be taxed at all without cruelty. The Rs. 90000 of the rich man are of his superfluity. A single rupee taken from the poor man is part of the already too scanty food, housing and clothing of his family. Yet the mere idea of such a tax (90⁰/₀) on the very rich seems preposterous. No rich man would care to earn at all if nine (superfluous) tenths of his earnings were taken from him for the public good. Yet the same people who will not trouble to earn money for the public good, consider it a glory to give the very lives of their sons for the ruin, conquest, defeat of other nations in bloody war. Why should it not be as great a glory for the nobleman or the financier to work hard, administer vast estates or develop a great business, and give nine-tenths of their income to the public good? They themselves would benefit *along with the rest*. But this last clause is perhaps what they object to.

indisposition among them,—then and then only will be the time for beginning to talk of civilisation.

IV.

The fact is that **Health**, like all the rest—
 perhaps even more palpably so,
 thanks to science—is a matter of
give and take.

Unless you help maintain the public health, you can have no security of your own health, or that of your wife and children. Unless you and your wife and children live healthily, you are a public nuisance—a danger to the public health.

You do not *own* health. You share it, you receive it (from men, animals, plants, the sun, the cloud, the earth, the sea); you eat it, you drink it, you breathe it.

No more do you own disease. You cannot keep it to yourself, as a bicycle or a motor-car. It is always oozing out of you: you spit it, you sneeze it, you defecate it.

You have no security of health unless there is secure health all around you—health among men, beasts, plants; purity of solids, liquids, air. Your own breakdown makes others insecure: they need your health as you need theirs.

One Law controls the growth of Man in
 Health, as in Truth and Happiness—One Law for Mind, Heart,
 Body (does it not help you to see
 that *separateness* is the veriest

The One
 Law :
 To Give,
 or not to
 Have.

myth, sacrosanct though your Individuality may be ?):—**The more you spread it, the more you have it**; the more you have it, the more you must spread it, if you consider it worth having at all. To desire any of these Essentials, and refuse to share it; to hope to withhold it from any who desire it—that is the one impardonable error (impardonable as long as it lasts), the Sin against the Holy Ghost (the Spirit of our Common Life), the ‘sin that leadeth unto death.’ An ancient doctrine, truly :

“That which is here, the same is there ;
 that which is there, the same is here :
 From death to death goes he that sees,
 as true, this show of severance, here.
 “By very mind must this be grasped :
 no severance here exists at all.
 Death follows death for him that sees,
 as true, this show of severance, here.”

(*Katha Upanishad*, iv, 10, 11).

Now, you look upon all this (the Ancient Doctrine of Solidarity) as so much sentimental moonshine, not worth heeding by a ‘practical’ man.

So long as nothing happens to yourself and those you feed, the rest of the world may well go hang. Solidarity does not exist for you. So you sit snug at home and do not lift a finger to help ‘others’ in *their* need. Then, when a crisis comes which touches *you*, you run off in a blue funk to fetch the doctor.

Spiritual
 Blindness
 and
 the Cost
 thereof.

¹ Truth, or Happiness, or Health.

The doctor attends, and prescribes medicines. Then you run off to the chemist's to get the stuff; and, in the end, *you pay* both the doctor and the chemist.

* * * * *

How much?

Have you ever thought of pondering three little items:

1st. The amount which the citizens of your town spend annually on doctors and drugs.

2nd. The amount they spend on alcohol.

3rd. The amount they spend on tobacco.

Have you realised that, **if the Will were**
What
might be
done
with it.
there, these *colossal* amounts of
 wealth would be more than enough
 to finance a wholesale public cam-
 paign *against the conditions that give rise*
to disease—a campaign in which every citizen
 able to read and understand, from the greatest
 doctor to the pettiest schoolboy, would be
 enlisted, either as commander or as private,
 either as regular or as volunteer?

And can I make you realise that, the
 campaign ended, whether after ten years or
 fifty—*the conditions that give rise to most*
diseases wiped away—the maintenance of
 healthy conditions thereafter (including the
 support of an efficient permanent health-staff)
 would not cost one quarter of what is now
 wantonly wasted on doctors, drugs, drink and
 smoke?

And need I point out that the condition of

our world *after* such a campaign, compared with what it is to-day, would be as very heaven is to very hell?

[I do not lose sight of the fact that we, of to-day, would find such a heaven unsuited to most of us, for the simple reason that *we would be unsuited to it*. What is lacking in us, and would disqualify us for residence in a better world, is precisely the characteristic of having, through long toil and effort, created such a heaven out of our present hell. Our present humanity, transplanted, *as it is* (an impossibility) to such a heaven, would turn it into hell again within a year or two. Yet people say: "It would be so pleasant to *be free* from all this mess! But to *free ourselves* is an impossible task—quite the reverse of pleasant." Yes, that is just it. The 'impossible' (*i.e.*, troublesome, to start with—nothing more) task that would transform your hell into a heaven is precisely the one task wanted to *transform you* from a denizen of this hell into a denizen of that heaven. Why should the sprouting of an angel's wings (or of a devil's horns, for the matter of that) be less troublesome than the teething of a baby? But no, you want the heaven without the task of rearing it; the tooth, without the labour of cutting it. You want a world transformed, but will not transform yourselves *by transforming it*. You are willing to go to a ready-made heaven (and tumble down to chaos *with it*) but are too slack to strive to cease from devilhood¹ in this your present hell.

Understand that you and your world must shift *together*. You and it are strictly correlated. By changing it you change yourselves—not otherwise. *Your world is your own self conveniently objectified for you to catch hold of and work upon*. If it shames you, unshame yourself by shaming it into its better self. Good luck to you!]

Well, why do we not agree to do it?

¹ If you protest that you are not, just sign the Pledge of the League, and forward it. See at the end of the book.

Why doesn't an asylum-ful of lunatics agree to behave sanely?

Why¹ ?????

V.

The health of all around us is what we owe to ourselves.

Selfishness and Unselfishness. And our health is what we owe to all around.

We had hitherto thought that our health was our own concern, and that other people's health was theirs.

How absurd!

Now we discover (or I am wasting ink and breath) that other people's health is our concern, and that our health is their concern.

Is not this just as it should be?

We had hitherto thought that looking to our own health was selfishness, and that looking to other people's health was praiseworthy, noble, high-minded altruism.

Now this high-born altruistic bladder bursts in our hands (or I am wasting breath and ink) and leaves us staring at the fact that looking to other people's health is sanest selfishness, whereas attending to our own is sanest altruism.

¹ Simply because the *first step* is the determination: "**I will be true through all my life ;**" and that is much too inconvenient.

For other people's health is what we enjoy, and our health is what they enjoy—knowingly or unknowingly. (Why not acknowledge it, and help them to do the same?)

Other people's health is our one guarantee of stable health, and our health is their one guarantee of stable health. Sober Truth, this—no more, no less. Will it do harm to make it known?

.

And yet, when your dear ones sicken and you return from the chemist's with a precious (and expensive) bottle in your arms, what do you feel like saying to the sick beggar who seems to whine, "Give *me* some, too!" How you (mentally) shield the precious bottle from his clutch! "*My* medicine, this—I've *paid* for it. It is none of *yours*. Hands off, you rascal!"

And yet that very 'rascal' may well have brought contagion to your dear ones. Had he been looked after (*you*, rather than contribute, would perhaps have liked to bury *him* alive in quicklime, had you known..... or would you have thought it safer—and more charitable—to drive him out of your parish..... *into* the next one.....??)—Had he been looked after, I say—had there been no contagion abroad *for him*, there would also have been no contagion *from him*, and *for* your dear ones. This would have saved you the trouble of fetching (and paying for) that precious (and expensive) bottle—and many another just

**The
Contagious
Rascal.**

like it, for many another just like you, the same ; —and the chemist might as well have shut up shop, or turned greengrocer.

Meanwhile, as things are just now, your dear ones may indeed have caught the nasty thing from him. Those democratic microbes ! They know not prince from beggar. To them we are *all beggars* (at their mercy) until we are *all princes* (past their reach). Have you ever, from a shady corner, noticed a man sneezing in the sunshine, and watched the spray of merry little droplets sailing down the breeze ?

Of course it is not a question of everybody thrusting expensive medicine upon everybody else. That would be ridiculous. It *is* a question of all learning to keep our bodies, our houses, and *all* in them and around them for miles, in such a condition that medicine may not be required there.

It *is* a question of the creation and education of true public spirit, and the harnessing of that spirit to the work of sanitary reconstruction.

The 'creation' of it means nothing but the rousing of the Christ¹-Sense, "I am my brother's keeper," in many responsible folk² who still imagine they are nothing of the sort, and

¹ The word *means* Humanity—personified in no matter whom. It belongs to Humanity. I protest, in the name of Holy Freethought and all Heathendom, against its being allowed to remain the monopoly of a mere sect.

² *i. e.*, people gifted with initiative, see p. 196, above. One such influences thousands—occasionally millions—of the rest.

are complacently embezzling the fund of mind and energy which the Race has vested in them.

The education of it means, to start with, the clear raising (and elementary straightforward answering) of the question: "What is this body of mine; how does it arise, how does it grow, how does it work?—What are its main functions, organs, requirements, laws?" in every mind able to *know* at all.

Note that we are, here as in all that precedes, absolutely *at the mercy of our minds*.
 At the mercy of our minds: Up to now there is no right management, in this humanity, of its own bodily life, because there is no common right knowledge of the body and its laws. And there is no common right knowledge of the body and its laws because there is no *sincere* popular questioning as to the body and its laws—no questioning with simple willingness to know the Truth, and practice it when known. We all want to enjoy our bodies as best we can (with as few painful consequences as possible). We do not want to *know* our bodies, as we instinctively feel that knowledge might interfere with the present habits which we enjoy (after a fashion.) We fail to see that it is as hopeless for us to expect to consistently enjoy our bodies without knowing them, as it would be to expect a concert out of musical instruments which we did not know how to play.

Our minds are *untrue* in relation to our bodies, individually and collectively. That

is why our bodily life is not properly managed.

Insincerity is the root-evil of our Human Race.

VI.

What is the simple Truth about a human body—*your* body?

It is a living organism.

It is born. It breathes.

It takes in food. It gives out dirt.

It grows (up to a certain point).

It serves, through its various sense-organs, as your instrument of perception, sensation and action.

It (amongst other acts) plays a part in the reproduction of its own kind.

It goes on functioning in a more or less settled way for a number of years.

It decays (unless accident or disease first intervene) and dies.

The Race goes on.

VII.

“It is a living organism.”

How to convey to you the magic potency (for *me*—why not for *you* as well?) of those three commonplace-seeming words:

“A LIVING ORGANISM?”

A living organism is a compendium of the Universe¹—nothing less.

A living organism—our own, for choice — is a *standing reminder of our Common Relationship with All, in God.*

A living organism is *the Holiest Thing in the World*—an image of the Whole World's Holiness, or *Wholeness.*

Note on the Author's own Experience of Wholeness.

This first came into my life like an explosion—quite suddenly; yet not without preparation of sorts. Two circumstances immediately led up to it—rather incongruous circumstances, one would think: the reading of a small book called *Light on the Path*, and a sudden fit of intense mental anger.

It was in the Spring of 1908, in Brussels. That little book gripped hold of me as nothing else had done. The *Light of Asia* and Mrs. Annie Besant's lectures (of that period) roused fine emotions, and were duly enjoyed. But *Light on the Path* sort of quietly *went right into me—or I into it*, whichever you may prefer. I would read one sentence at a time, completely checking the tendency to ‘run on.’² There was a feeling of intense concentration—*Will-Pressure*—as tangible as if I had been pushing with all

¹ This forms the main topic of my *Gospel of Life*. See the VIIIth Chapter of that Book, already referred to.

² A good recipe for concentration, in connection with a book like this. First read the book through with ordinary attention, to get the gist. Then go over what you want to *master* (it should be worth it, of course) as I did.

my strength against a closed door, to burst it open. Then something would suddenly give way, and I would be unconscious for a brief moment—brief as winking—returning to myself with a sense of grasp, of fulness, actuality, reality, solidity—call it what you like—impossible to convey in words. Thus the whole book¹ was gone through concentratedly, more than once. But what gripped me perhaps most of all was the passage (Part I, Rule 5 and Note) :

“ Kill out all sense of separateness.....

NOTE.—Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. *They are yourself*, though in a less degree than your friend or you Master. But if you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create karma,* which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated. Remember that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame, for you are a part of it ; your karma is inextricably interwoven with the great Karma. And before you can attain knowledge you must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike. Therefore, remember that the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have yours yesterday, may be yours to-morrow. And if you turn with horror

¹ I speak here purely and simply of the book itself, called *Light on the Path*, with the original Notes which form an intrinsic part of it. I take no count of the partial 'Comments'—Exoteric or Esoteric—that have been added in this or that edition. But I must say that Mabel Collins' earliest Comments, while by no means authoritative, seem to me far more relevant than Mr. Leadbeater's introductory esoteric verbiage in the only edition now dispensed in Theosophic bookshops here.

Mabel Collins (Mrs. Cook) *saw the book in dream*—this much is certain. Unverifiable accounts of 'the other side' are irrelevant verbiage. Why should we sit listening to the hall-porter's tales about the Duchess, when She Herself invites us to step in? Is the book good? Then let us read it, and take our share. That is what it was given for, no matter how and by whom.

* See *Gospel of Life*, Chapters IV and V.

from it, when it is flung upon your shoulders, it will cling the more closely to you. The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire. Abstain because it is right to abstain—not that yourself shall be kept clean.”

The words underlined by me in that passage (“*they are yourself*”) always seemed to fall on my mind, from somewhere inside me, with the strength of a sledge-hammer. I halted there, perforce, each time I read, and went into one of those silent, instantaneous unconscious ecstasies before proceeding further. The rest hardly seemed to matter. It was all in those three words: “*they are yourself.*” The rest was mere corollary.

Now I had been from childhood (and am still, to a certain extent) of an irritable temperament—peevish when weakened by ill-health—and subject, at times, to brief but very fierce outbursts (or shall I say ‘in-bursts’?—the worst of them were purely mental, and found no outward vent) of anger.

Less than a month after the concentrated reading of *Light on the Path* had begun, I was lying on my bed alone, one afternoon, relaxing. My thought drifted upon one I dearly loved and pitied—one whom another had at his mercy and cruelly tormented. There suddenly rose up in me, against my friend’s tormentor, one of those sudden bursts of anger. I felt I could destroy the vicious brute with my will, as one crushes vermin under heel.

Just as this silent destruction-will arose, there came wafted *right through me*, with all-compelling power, the absolute conviction—swift, silent, irresistible:

“HE IS MYSELF.”

The fierce, angry will-power, bent on destroying the man, was suddenly grasped, as it arose, by this Faith in Unity, this Conviction of Solidarity, this Spiritual Super-Will—call it whatever you like. With blessed unscrupulousness, it kidnapped the destructive will set loose in me, and with it destroyed . . . my own notion of separateness—burst

it, exploded it. I suddenly knew myself one with that particular scoundrel, the sinner of his sins, the sorry victim of his silly lusts and whims, the helpless tormentor of the one I loved and pitied so, the willing sufferer of the well-earned torments that must some day redeem him.

The next instant, without an effort, as though in answer to a Call which no limit can withstand, *every other wall collapsed*. Every person, thing, place, time, friend, enemy, epoch conceived and conceivable—past, present, future,—was instantaneously absorbed, annexed, pervaded.¹ I knew **myself** a simple, undivided, inevitable All-Time-spanning, All-Space-irradiating Consciousness and Life, pulsing from ever, forever, throughout the Universe—my own separate self *not* destroyed, but included among the rest, ignored among the rest, wanted among the rest, insignificant among the rest, wiped out and saved forever among the rest. *Yours*, just the same. For it gave me amongst other things the absolute conviction that this Realisation is at bottom no more mine than yours. It *is* at bottom of each and everyone of you, *waiting for you to claim it*. If you can only accept one 'other' *as yourself* with the same wholeheartedness which I somehow² contrived, the same experience *is* yours; and it will no more destroy your own identity than it has destroyed mine. Note that anger has nothing to do with it. Love would have served as well,

¹ This is not the place for a full attempt to *indicate* what was then sensed, indescribable as it is and must remain. It must form part of a book simply describing my experiences, which I will write, having once begun. Amongst other things, there was a sort of 'Bedrock' Sense of simultaneous Abiding Identity throughout a series of Cosmic Epochs,—the Goal of Existence reached in Epoch after Epoch (the Whole Universe consciously at-one in God) though with indefinitely growing richness and fulness as the great Pulsations of the Cosmos *succeed* one another. But one realises that all description falsifies. The brain cannot but say '*succeed*'—whereas a main characteristic of the experience is the utter *simultaneousness* of it all, so overwhelming as to cripple all desire for a repetition of it. For, when I think strongly of it, it **is now** as well as then, and I am satisfied.

² By God's Grace, or in virtue of पूर्वाभ्यास—the practice of past lives—according to belief. It matters little.

or better. It is the *acceptation* that does it. This is **for-giveness**. As you wipe out the barrier between 'another' and yourself,¹ God's Law wipes out the barrier between yourself and Him. *As you forgive you are forgiven.* As you shrive you are shriven.

Of course the experience *is impossible to describe—even to adequately grasp with concrete mind.* Everyone to whom anything like it has ever happened—from the Upanishad-Seers to Tennyson—has said so

"Eye goes not there, Speech goes not there;
Nay, mind itself does not go there.
We know not, nor do comprehend
How one who knows can hand IT on.
For, other than the 'known' is That,
Yet passing all we deem 'unknown.'

Thus have we heard from Ancient Men—
The same who gave us news Thereof."

Kenopanishad i, 3.

"Whence words fall back and mind falls back,
Both baffled, having failed to reach—
That Bliss of God² once known to Man,
No fear from aught can come to him."

Taittiriya Upanishad.

"Vague words, but ah ! how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory, That which I became.
[...And came on That which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.
Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—

¹ Selfish love *holds up* this barrier quite as obstinately as selfish hate.

² *Brahma*, which may be rendered by 'Wholeness.' The metre of the original Sanskrit is preserved in these fragments. Translation mine (unpublished).

The blows of Death"]

"The mortal limit of the self was loosed
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven

., and thro' loss of self,
The gain of such large life as, match'd with ours
Were sun to spark, unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

(Tennyson—*In Memoriam* and *The Ancient Sage*).

I can only describe it negatively, like the rest, as a triple momentary suppression, or suspension, of customary notions :

The suppression of the notion of succession (Time) ;

The suppression of the notion of relative position, hence direction (Space) ;

The suppression of the notion of *exclusive* identity (self) ;—

The suspension, or momentary suppression of these three **in** something that includes them all, and *by no means annihilates them* :

An Eternity including all times known and to be known ;

A Heaven including all hells known and to be known ;

A God including all selves known and to be known.

*

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Normal consciousness imperceptibly resumed its sway, as mist condenses, shutting out and shutting in—that which it shuts in being nothing *else*, but merely an intrinsic part of the vaster landscape which it has shut out. There was no sense of 'coming back,' of having been elsewhere and returning to the body, of having been someone *else* and being myself again.¹ I had known myself as *more*, not *else*.

¹ Note that my experience of *yogic advaitam* (non-separateness) does not imply my support of *scholastic advaitam* (monism). I believe in inviolable separate identity within the Great Identity. My separate *existence* is an eternal fact, not an illusion. My

More in time, more in space, more in Identity; yet rooted where I am, here, now, myself. And I *knew* that what I had then known myself to be, I still was, and ever had been, and ever would be. That it was there behind the bottom of me, and beyond the top of me, and at the heart of me and right through me, at all times and forever—Everywhere at the back of, and containing, 'here;' Eternity at the back of, and containing, 'now;' God—Everybody at the back of, and containing 'you' and 'me' and 'all of us.' The *limits* of my separate consciousness (not its essential *centre*) had been momentarily 'blown to atoms,' exploded. They then gradually condensed afresh, adjusted, as before, to my own particular circumstances—a subordinate reality which had not ceased to be, but had for a moment been volatilized, so to say, and had ceased to obstruct the prospect. Keep in mind the simile of the fog. (It is inadequate, but harmless.) It surrounds you with a narrow circle. What is in it dominates you. All, beyond,

sense of separation from other separate existences (times, places, persons) is the illusion that must be overcome. Overcoming it suddenly by explosion, as I did, is a *foretaste*, nothing more. It guarantees a more rapid and steady overcoming of it in life: nothing else can satisfy and detain.

My own separate identity did not cease to exist in that experience. It cannot. It merely became transparent for a moment (ceasing to obstruct the Light of Consciousness) as it is ultimately intended to become for good and all by the gradual purification (sometimes painful) which I am still undergoing. The mists which momentarily exploded, then condensed again, are *my own mists*, wrought by me, in my own soul. I am now *gradually* attenuating them through a lengthy and sometimes painful (yet *welcome*) process, which ended, my soul will once more be *transparent*, not non-existent, living on through time, in space, in permanent possession of the Communion which was then momentarily vouchsafed. I did radiate throughout the Universe, but from my own particular centre, not yours. You will do so from yours when your time comes. The Identity of the Individual Monad cannot be actually forfeited, though we must all learn to transcend separateness by *being willing* to forfeit it, if such were God's Will. The fear of losing ourselves is an illusion which must be overcome by *seeming* to lose ourselves, and finding God instead. But when we thus remember God and forget ourselves, God faithfully remembers us. Our Identity is secure forever in Him,

is *blur*. The fog clears. The narrow circle vanishes. The petty things that dominated you lose themselves in the great whole. You scan a vast horizon (from where *you* stand : another would see *the same whole* from where he stood) overlooking what lies at your feet. While you scan, the fog condenses around you once more, shutting out prospect after prospect, until you are in the same narrow circle as before, *or worse* (as in my case). You are hemmed in more than ever, but you now always *posit* the greater landscape at the back of your own narrow circle. You cannot quite forget, while your brain holds together. You know *it was all there before the fog ever lifted*. You know *it is still there* however much the fog may hem you in again. Some such consciousness has been with me throughout the bitter trials (mostly subjective) which have followed the experience. It has made the trials unreal, hence bearable. [Note that *each of us carries his own fog with him*. The *Landscape* is really clear all the time.]

The effect was acute for some days. It overshadowed me wherever I went. Men, women and children I crossed in the streets were myself passing myself—myself incomprehensibly estranged from myself. It was almost unbearable. I had to check myself not to behave like a lunatic

There followed many years of trial, broken by a variety of interesting experiences which I cannot relate here. The most important of these was a repeated Communion—as vivid as the one described—with the pervading Consciousness and all-animating Life *within my own Body*; the realisation that this is as great a miracle and mystery as the Pervasion of one Consciousness and the throbbing of One Life throughout the Universe¹.

Helped largely by the Scriptures, I came to see that this contemplation of the Mystery of Unity and Life in one's own body, inevitable, within the reach of all, is the simplest

¹ As much of this later experience as I have yet put in writing is embodied in the VIIIth Chapter of the *Gospel of Life*, which see.

clue, the safest and the swiftest means of approach to that Realisation of Cosmic Unity and Life into which I had somehow broken by sheer violence.

I had somehow for a moment been allowed to know my Greater Self (and *yours*) as being in the body of the Universe what each of us always feels (but does not *realise*) himself to be in *his own body*: the Unit, the Identity, the Pervader,¹ the Living Soul. In short, I am a living soul pervading a living body; the Universe is a Living Body, pervaded by a Living Soul. My soul somehow communed for an instant with that Soul. As my body is a living body within the Greater Living Body, so I now *know* myself to be a living soul within the Greater Living Soul. As my living limbs and cells are to each other in my body, so you and I and others are to each other in the Body of the Human Race, itself a Living Organ in the Body of the Universe. There is no absolute or final solution of continuity anywhere, though there are endless vortices—no solution of continuity in Matter, no solution of continuity in Life, no solution of continuity in Consciousness.

My body is

a living organism,

and I, the *same* throughout its many limbs, parts, cells, creatures and their myriad functions.

The Universe is

a living organism,

and That, Its Self (which you may know as I have known it) the same throughout its many limbs, parts, cells, creatures and their myriad functions.

Has the experience recurred?

No, not in that form. I have never been able to *will* it to; for whenever I think of it, I remember that *it includes me, as I am, here and now*. It is *present* as well as past and future. How can I will it to *recur*? To will it to

¹ Sanskr. *purusha*.

recur would be to deny its actuality, to deny that *it* is now as well as then ; in short, to *forget it*. That I can hardly do while this brain lasts. When I have really forgotten it, it will recur. Not till then. When I have exhausted all that covers *it*, *it* will *remain*, and not *recur*.

.
[Somebody asks : Was this your first experience of the kind ?

The first and only complete liberation from separate consciousness. Yes, I have already told you so. But by no means the first and only liberation from normal bodily consciousness, nor the last.

I remember, amongst other incidents, my passing into a sort of instantaneous ecstasy during evening prayers, at school, when I was twelve years old. I was suddenly loosed from my bodily moorings, with a sense of *rush*—a gust, a whirring wind—and was all over the whole large room in a pulsating, fluttering *sweep*. My body, *kneeling on the bench without support*, was just beginning to sway. It had no time to fall before I was in my place again, with a deep sense of exhilaration, of freedom, of having been more, not less. But there was no sense of identity with others at that time : merely a sense of astoundingly rapid motion, and a perceptual grasp of *the whole room in one*. Most vivid was the impression of *seeing the faces* of all the boys who were in front of me, with their backs to me.

It is interesting to note that, at the time of this early experience, I had never read or heard of anything of the sort, and never did for years afterwards. There was nothing in my surroundings that could suggest it, or the possibility of it. The religious teaching we received was the tamest possible affair, connecting itself in no perceptible way with the vivid reality of moreness then experienced. I did not mention the thing to any one at the time, and never wrote about it till now. I was a lonely boy, and silent, even when I was not alone.]

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Why do I state all this now ?

Because—be it fact or delusion—it is *true*, and because I cannot otherwise explain what

“a living organism”

means to me—a *compendium of the Universe*; a standing reminder of my Organic Relationship with all that lives. This experience (and many others) was at the back of my mind when I wrote the VIIIth Chapter of the *Gospel of Life*. It is at the back of my mind while I write this. I shall not be true to you, my reader, in suppressing it.

[Note.—Such experiences as I have here put on record are by no means unique. They have been borne witness to in many lands, by many writers, from the days of the earliest Upanishads, when they were ascribed to ‘Ancient Men.’ Read William James’ well-known book : *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, in which Tennyson’s experience and that of Dr. R. M. Bucke¹ are among the most typical.

I believe there have been quite a number of such experiences in each successive generation, but that most of them have never been recorded. For it is awkward to speak of these things while they are yet comparatively infrequent—apart from the formidable obstacle of the subsequent subjective trials, which may make all coherent, and therefore worthy, utterance impossible. Yet the trouble must be faced as soon as coherent utterance is possible, since these experiences do happen, and the record of human life is not complete (and may therefore mislead) without them.

There are those who *need* this record of Christ-Experience²—from more sources than one, since there is no knowing what type of presentment may rouse the hidden Fire in this man or that, and spread contagion—as there are

Those who
need this,
and those
who do not.

¹ Himself the author of an interesting volume on the subject, entitled *Cosmic Consciousness*.

² By Christ-Experience I mean *Realization of the Solidarity of Life*, by whomsoever obtained, no matter where or when.

those who need the record of the mathematician's latest discovery or of the musician's latest inspiration. There are also those who need neither for the time being, and can quietly leave aside that which does not concern them. It will escape them anyhow, unless they have a right to it, determined by their power to assimilate and respond.

Of course there is the risk of being taken outright for a lunatic, and the worse risk of being worshipped as a petty god by objective-minded folk who will focus and ossify all they notice or imagine into *outside* personal relation to themselves, instead of seeking *in themselves* for the reflex of all that startles them outside, and *growing whole*. These are risks which all transitions bring. Humanity will outlive them, and pass on. As these experiences come to happen more frequently, and are conscientiously put on record, not suppressed, as they mostly used to be ; as those to whom they happen are allowed—nay, *encouraged*—to lead natural, useful and unpretending lives among the rest, as mathematicians, musicians and scientific specialists are more and more wont to do, people will become used to them and cease to make a fuss. Many who are struggling for escape from self, companionless, will find companionship and help. Those who are not need no more worry about such cranks than about the existence of specialists in mathematics, or music, or Radium who admittedly understand and experience what the man in the street neither understands nor experiences.

The one unpermissible thing is for the experimenter, in this Realm of Larger Consciousness, to take advantage of his Soul-Experience to *formally* subjugate (or encourage the subjugation of) others to his particular personal guidance or opinion. That would be his 'sin against the Holy Ghost.' It would prove his experience either untrue or....forgotten. One who remembers what I have known (and I do not see how the life in which it happens *can* forget) *can never formally bind another to his outer self*. This is a test.

A Bond there assuredly *is*—a natural, unassuming Brotherhood of those who know and those who seek, by the spread and operation of which the Whole Race must some day become leavened and organized. But its certificates are not on any parchment, its Roll of Membership is not in any Esoteric busybody's books. All outer organizations are mere shadows of this natural one until they become counterfeits by claiming to be more than shadows in a shadow-world. I do not say "Organize not." Organize by all means, if you feel like it. But beware lest you begin to fancy that your organization, or anything officially connected with it, is *the* Brotherhood of the Saviours of the Race. Intoxication lies that way, and jealousy and further strife—not Brotherhood.

**The
Natural
Bond.**

My friend the schoolboy, if he believes aught of what I have stated, jumps up excitedly with a question and a vow in one breath :

**How to
attain.**

"How to obtain this Realisation ? I am ready to give up everything for this !"

Alas, alas, my friend ! You must first give up being excited. Excitement is not determination—not by a long way. Please do not try and jump out of your dear little skin : whatever you are in search of *lies within it*. Then let me assure you that it is not a question of 'giving up' anything you may think really worth having. It is a question of *using*, of dedicating to better *uses* whatever useful faculty, power, possession may be unquestionably yours to *use*.

Be assured that, during the three years which

Dedication. led up to that wonderful experience, I had been dedicating myself *mentally* to the service of the Human Race with a thoroughness and persistency which very few of you, alas, can equal (Why '*few*?'—Because otherwise *many* of you would be silently sharing my experience instead of popping excited questions at me about it.)

Dedicate yourself, then, mind, heart and body, to the Service of the Race. To dedicate a worthless instrument were insult. Therefore *strive to make yourself a worthy one* to start with.

The One
True
Pledge.

Will to be *true*, that you may truly know—know what the world requires, know what to do.

Will to be *kind*, that you may grow naturally inclined to help, and have no longer any taste for selfish aims.

Will to be *healthy*, in your person and your life, so that you may unfailingly spread the contagion of health abroad.

Do not think to follow slavishly in my footsteps or in anyone else's. The Law of *your* growth is written on the secret tablet of *your* heart—not mine. As *you* spell out the potent letters of that Law, and yearn to live it, *your* life itself will sound the outer Call. *Your* circumstances will summon you by opening up the way you long to tread; and you, with the swift and sure decision born of pent-up yearning, will just step forth and lead *your* life. None else can do it for you.

Tread *your*
own Path
to God.

Above all things—and here I would fain supplicate you on my knees (I
Avoid blind Vows. worship You—in perspective: the
 You that must some day come forth—and positively dread whatever may obstruct your coming) please, *please* never take blind vows—vows to follow, or defend, or approve of another person *under all circumstances. None save a blind leader will ever bind you with blind vows like that.*

The inadvisability of blindly following *me* is patent enough anyhow. My case
Follow me not! is so clearly abnormal (this is not a thing to be either proud or ashamed of.) It involves, in the combination of strong passion with spiritual Insight and Will, an amount of strain and suffering which I do not wish anybody to experience. Most futile of all would it be for you to go and learn to be angry as I was in order to attain That which makes all anger utterly ridiculous. Quite true, that just before realising Unity I happened to be exceedingly angry¹ with a certain man. But before being angry with the man, I was utterly convinced of the Truth of the words "THEY ARE YOURSELF."
The Gift of Faith. I somehow KNEW this from before—knew it with a certainty that would have laughed Death in the face. Else would the angry force set loose have led to deadly sin, *not* Unity and Deathless Love. Be quite sure of this, then: it was not anger that led me to Realisation. It was Faith that *saved me from* the

¹ Note that the anger was deep, silent and impersonal – not the superficial excitement that vents itself in curses.

sin of anger by turning against my own limitations the force with which I might have otherwise destroyed another.

How to obtain that Faith, then, since it is Faith
The Prize in Unity, Faith in Solidarity, Faith
of Life. in Christ-Krishna (use whatever name may suit you) that leads to Realisation?

There is only *one safe way* to cultivate the Faith that leads to Realisation : it is

TO LEAD THE LIFE

— to practise steadily increasing Unity in Life to start with :

“He that leadeth the Life, he shall *know* of the Doctrine.”

For Life alone breeds Faith ; and Faith—the Faith that smiles at Death—is the one sure warranty of Realisation. For it means Realisation *already there* inside—the ripe Christ-Child within the Virgin Womb, waiting for the first shock to bring it out.

.

The Living So, then, the Human Body—yours,
Organism. mine, that of every child we love—is

A L I V I N G O R G A N I S M .

It is the standing miracle of an incalculable multitude of living creatures, with a bewildering diversity of characteristics and functions, in an incalculable number of places¹, yet all per-

¹ See *Gospel of Life*, pp. 237-243.

vaded by one Person (पुरुष) and animated by one Organising Life (दैवीप्रकृति).

(If you want this worked out more in detail, study the VIIIth Chapter of the *Gospel of Life*.)

Now I say this is no close preserve—no esoteric hunting-ground for abstract, mummified metaphysicians. If any blunder of the Seers of the Race has made it so, the time for undoing that blunder has now come.

Teach the Children this.

It is the first thing every mother should teach her child about its body.

For our first birth is our birth into a body of which the Living Unity imposes itself on our conscious mind, and makes it organic *quâ* that particular body.

And our Second Birth is our deliberate transferring of that Organic Bodily Consciousness of ours to the Body of the Race: our Claiming Sonship as a Live Cell of the Human Limb of the Body of the Cosmic Man.

And I declare that this Second Birth is easier **Begin early.** *to make sure of*¹ in human childhood than at any other time of life. A child is always mistaking its own limbs for something else. Take advantage of that, ye mothers! Do not say, "Wait, he is but a child—he can learn later." Now or (most probably) never is the time. A child, who can mistake his foot for

¹ I do not say that it need actually *take place* in childhood, but that the process which leads up to it may best be initiated in childhood. It fructifies when the Will ripens, later on.

something else, is assuredly most ready to mistake another body for himself, to feel another's pain as his own pain, another's joy as his own joy. He is not yet quite settled as to 'Who is who,' you see. Take advantage of that, ye mothers!

I have seen a foolish servant teach a child to curse the chair he bumped into..
Sowing Tares. "Wicked chair!.....has *hurt* poor Baby! Baby will *hurt* the chair!.....Baby will *beat* the chair!" And the seed of revengefulness found earth and germinated. Unto what bitter harvests later on?—God's Record knows.

And I have seen a wise young mother teach her child to feel for the chair he bumped into : "Poor chair! Did it hurt so? Baby *feels* it hurts! Baby so, so sorry!" and the dear mite would quite forget his own bump in comforting the senseless chair. And how tenderly the little chap would handle everything he set his hand to, as though it felt him as he felt it!

Of course those chairs were not really affected one way or the other (though the former baby might well grow to damage furniture and knick-knacks later on, as the latter naturally would to spare and mend them). But the way those chairs were treated mattered intensely *to the babies*—and *to the world* those babies were respectively to curse and bless. The chairs they bumped into were symbols of the world which they were destined to bump into by and by. As they treated the symbol to start with, they would instinctively

treat the sentient reality when the time came for them to bump into it on leaving harbour for life's journey through the world.

Make sure how your baby treats the symbol, Mother! Now or (most probably) never is the time.

Therefore let us take the very earliest opportunity to develop in our children *the instinct of reflex feeling*.

Help your child ponder the mystery of its own chubby foot protruding from the water of the bath, mistaken for something else, grasped gleefully—then the wonderful realisation of *itself grasped in* that foot—of the foot being *also itself*, not something else, as it first thought.

Caress your child, and *let it caress you*, feeling that you enjoy its caresses as it enjoys yours, feeling that you would suffer were you pinched or struck instead, as it suffers when it is pinched or struck. Thus will it learn to enjoy *your* comfort and shun *your* pain by a sort of reflex instinct. *Dogs have that instinct*. Have you not seen how gently they can play and fondle each other, nibbling *without causing hurt*. If dogs have it, and it helps to make life pleasant for them in their own simple, narrow way, why should not the children of our Race have it too, and make their lives and ours a joy to start with—then carry it on into the more bewildering and complex play

of human life as they grow up,
Playing the Game. rejoicing in the joy they give, eager
 to relieve all sorrow, *players of the*
game right through—the game their mothers
 taught them when they were babies—Helpers of
 the World, skilled Healers of the woes of classes
 and nations.

* * * * *

So, let our children be trained to love their
 bodies as the bodies of others—the bodies of others
 as their own. Thus will they grow up fond of
 giving happiness and shrinking from the giving
 of pain as naturally as they themselves enjoy
 happiness and shrink from pain.

Note.—All this sweet stuff about the body
 and its love may seem effeminate
caution. when superficially read. Yet the
 Life of Love it points to is positively
 delicious (it is Heaven on Earth) and is intended
 for our free consumption *under proper conditions*
 which we ourselves must choose and faithfully
 adhere to.

This Doctrine of Love is utterly misleading
 when divorced from the Cult of
Truth Paramount again. Truth Paramount. Love on Earth
 turns into a *sticky mess* without the
 Solvent of Truth Paramount. Truth Paramount
 is the only thing that makes a life of Love
 healthily possible *ad infinitum*. Truth Para-
 mount is the One Antidote to all the poisons
 which Heart and Body cannot detect—still less
 avoid.

Therefore *let us declare Truth Paramount.*]

VIII.

The Simple Truth about Sex.

The Human Body, then, is **a living organism**,
 and I hope we are now beginning to
 have some idea of what that means.
 Let us bear this in mind through
 all that follows, otherwise we may run off on
 the wrong tack at any time. One who *knows*
 what his Body means—**organic unity**—can
 never act *consistently*, in any limb, to the detri-
 ment of that limb's fellow-limbs. He may make
 mistakes. He may be 'bowled over,' time and
 again (good for him, if it saves him from
 conceit!) by the power of previously acquired
 wrong habit. But he simply *cannot*
know organic unity and *go on*
 behaving disorganically. No matter
 how often he may fall, his knowledge swoops
 upon him every time, like an eagle from
 the skies, and sets him on his feet again, to
 fight the battle to a finish. There has been
 any amount of talk about 'salvation,' in this
 world of ours, and not a little invective. Now
 if a few really efficient men of every faith
 could only come to an agreement
 as to this (and further agree to
 instil it gently into the minds of
 their respective constituents)—namely,

**Organic
Unity.**

**The Truth
that saves.**

**The One
True Church.**

that 'Christ' means **organic unity**,
 that 'Krishna' means **organic unity**,
 that 'Shiva' means **organic unity**,
 that 'Allah' means **organic unity**,
 that 'Buddha' means **organic unity**,

and that 'organic unity' means **salvation**—I fancy the One Universal Church of Man on Earth, which some have dreamt of, would not be very far away.

[I need hardly repeat the caution with regard to **Truth**. The realm we are about to enter is man's choicest tract of self-raised *hell* for lack of simple Truthfulness. It is a realm where every decent instinct-ridden beast puts 'civilized' man to shame.]

* * * * *

It is born¹.

* * * * *

Of a cabbage?...Of a cloud ??...

Brought from 'somewhere' by a stork ???...

* * * * *

I tell you I was seventeen, and had damaged my own body in sheer ignorance, before I knew anything at all as to how this body of mine was born.

And no one ever taught me anything sensible about it even then. I was left to blunder along, over the threshold of my manhood, in utter ignorance of all I most needed to know; collapsing, almost unfit to live, at twenty-one. Then *circumstance* stepped in, and turned the tide. But still I was left to blunder along (*hopefully*, by this time,) painfully mastering lesson after

¹ Please refer back to Section vi, page 238. I am simply taking up the several propositions seriatim.

lesson at my own cost. And I haven't finished yet, at forty. There are points and possibilities of sex-experience as to which I shall perhaps be doubtful to my dying day, for lack of absolutely frank and undesigning companionship, for lack of sincere experiment and reliable statement from others than myself, sufficiently numerous and diverse.

* * * * *

Several years after my accidental first initiation into vice, when the worst was over and recovery had set in, I was boarding with some friends near a large city. Dear, good, simple people of the lower middle class. The husband, working in a Railway office; the wife doing all the household work, and cooking; a fifteen-year-old daughter attending music classes at an Academy in town; no servants.

A male fellow-student of the girl's—patently not a seraph—is noticed paying his **Dangerous Innocence!** attentions to her. She, a companionless child, utterly ignorant of...is the word 'Sex' shocking?...shall we say 'of how babies are born?'...suspects no harm and is evidently exposed to the gravest danger. It would be charity to warn her of the rocks (and sheltered harbours) ahead—else how can she but drift at random?

A friend approaches the father on the subject. The good man is evidently much concerned—hems, haws, scratches his head—says he will borrow a book from somebody in town and

read up Botany, and explain to his daughter how flowers manage their affairs.

The friend, anxious lest.....the fat should be
in the fire before the woodcut in the
The Curse of Shame. Book of Botany has time to bloom,
goes to the mother in the kitchen.

"Dear Mrs. * * *, do you know that Vera¹ is exposed to the attentions of male fellow-students, not necessarily angels; and that the poor girl knows absolutely nothing about..... marriage and so on, and cannot protect herself. Will you not teach her?" The good lady blushes red, and blushes blue, and presents such a picture of painful embarrassment, that the friend beats a hasty retreat and.....heroically makes up his mind to tackle the girl herself.

"Say, Vera, shall we have a walk together this afternoon?" "With pleasure."

* * * * *

Out in the quiet of the country:

"Say, Vera, do you happen to know *how* you were born? You were not in this
A Heroic Venture. world sixteen years ago. Do you know how you came in?—how all babies come?"

No embarrassment here. Pleasant surprise, relief, interest, unblushing directness and purity.

"No," she answers simply, "I do not know for certain. I have been wanting
Relief! to know for a long time, and won-

¹ An imaginary name, of course. But the story is true in its main lines.

dering. But whenever I tried to ask Pa or Ma, they looked so uncomfortable, and talked so queer, that I gave up asking. They made me shy of asking anyone else. Can you tell me?"

"Certainly, my dear. Do you know how puppies and kittens come?"

"I think so," says she; "and I have sometimes wondered why it should not be the same with us.....only one never sees it; and people do talk so queer—it makes one quite uncomfortable. As for puppies and kittens, yes, I have noticed the mother's body swelling for a time; and then, one day, the little ones are there, and the mother is lean again, and suckles them. Surely they must come out of their mother's belly."

"Just so, my dear; and it is pretty much the same with babies—only one does not call it 'belly.' One calls it 'womb.' It is more polite. 'Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus,' the Roman Catholic prayer says—which simply means that Mary was His mother, through whom He came into the world."

* * * * *

"Now," the friend resumed, after a pause, "you have two more things to learn. They are not usually taught to children—in fact, most grown-up people seem afraid or ashamed to mention them at all¹. It is because of these

¹ Here the friend just checked himself from adding '*in good company*.' The girl knew no other. She had practically no

things that parents will not tell their children the Truth about how they are born. Yet these things are going on around us all the time, and I do not see how you can be any the worse for knowing them *in the right way*².

Quite the reverse. Life has neither head nor tail without these facts, since the first is the starting-point of all our lives on Earth, while the wrong use (mostly begun in ignorance, and blossoming in vice) of the second proves the ruin of most of them, and can only be robbed of its power to harm by clear knowledge and consistent practice.

The first great fact is this: that babies do not

associate save her parents—and an old grandmother, whom I forgot. Hence *she knew nothing* on this vital subject. Had she known *anything*, the chances (a clear 99%) would have been: *wrong mental associations*—of Sex, and all relating thereto—with disgust, or prudishness, or silliness, or levity, or secretiveness, evasions, innuendoes, anyhow with something neither straight nor healthy. Had she known anything at all, the chances were that the clean reception of plain Truth would have been obstructed. Here we put our finger on one of the moral sore spots of the Human Race: the smearing of indecency upon the whole subject of man's birth—so that man cannot but be *born indecent*, since he cannot clearly conceive of his birth, and the means thereof, without indecent mental associations.

² Note that if the *right way* gets 'first innings,' the wrong way will scarcely have a chance. Associate Sex with Worship, and it will feed the flame of Worship so that no profane beast dare draw nigh. Thus, the jungle can be gradually cleared in safety. But if the *wrong way* have 'first innings,' it cannot be 'bowled out' without a bitter struggle. The beasts are right *inside the camp of Life*. The moral of which is: *Take Time by the forelock*. Give your children the earliest possible opportunity of knowing *the right way*. See that the Devil does not get in on the sly before you. The girl in my story was an *exceptionally protected mind*. Such cases are comparatively rare.

The First Fact. grow in the mother's womb of their own accord—still less by accident. It takes a father to make the child start growing in the mother's body.

The Act of Union. You have noticed little boys undressed? You have seen how a certain part of their body is shaped differently from that of girls? Well, in order to make a new baby come into the world, the father must join that part of his body with the corresponding part of the mother's body.¹

A Holy Miracle. This is a very holy thing. A truly magical Act, through which a child is produced where there was none before; through which there enters into this world a Human Soul which *was nowhere to be seen* before—a *miracle*, if ever there was a miracle!

Necessary Safeguards. It stands to reason that this magical, miraculous Act of Union should never be performed except in the right way and between the right people—husband and wife. Terrible trouble and suffering comes from the breaking of that Rule, as we shall see. Animals have an instinct which prevents them from making mistakes. We have lost that instinct because we are supposed to use, in its stead, the reason and power to choose, which God has given to us, *human*

¹ The words, here, have been carefully chosen so as not to convey, to a middling clean mind, the least suggestion of sensuality. All details that might induce reflex stimulation in the reader have been left out. Yet the main *Truth* will be found clearly conveyed, as it should be. The opposite policy has been tested long enough.

beings. That is why we ought to be very careful with our bodies, especially from the time when this Power to create new bodies begins to show itself, somewhere between the ages of twelve and fifteen—the time of ‘Puberty,’ as it is called. No wonder these sacred parts of the body are so carefully guarded, and hidden from public view. The pity is that most people feel only *shame* in this respect. What we ought all to feel is *reverence*. Shame comes from the breaking of the Law, and the unholy mess it makes of human life.

Shame,
the Slayer
of Reverence.

Let us return to our Act of Union. It causes a very wonderful substance, called
 The Magic Seed. Seed, or *semen*, to come out of the father’s body. This is drawn up inside the mother’s body into a cavity called *uterus*, or womb. In the womb there are some tiny little balls, almost invisible, called *ova*¹, or eggs. When the father’s *semen* reaches one of these *ova*, a wonderful thing takes place. The Living Power in the *semen* goes right into the *ovum*, and works its magic there, so that *that* Conception. ovum begins to grow. It has been ‘fertilised,’ made fruitful by the Power in the *semen*. From a tiny speck, it grows, and grows, then begins to take shape. In the Human Race, it takes nine months to grow into a full-formed child. During all this Gestation. time it draws its nourishment from the mother’s own blood—as though it were a new limb growing *inside* her body—

¹ Singular, *ovum*—these are Latin words.

through a tube which comes in at the navel ; or as a fruit growing on a tree, fed through the stalk. Suppose the tree were to expand on all sides, and wrap the fruit round in a snug hollow, until it was ripe, and ready to fall. That is how we have all been *borne* inside our mother's body. Strange, to think that the navel is the mark of the stem by which we were once joined to our mother's body, carried within her, as part of her own self, for nine whole months!

Then at last, when the time comes, the child is *born*, pushed out of the womb.
Birth. sometimes with much trouble and pain. It is a great strain for most women—especially the first time—but would be in no way dangerous if women only led healthy, active lives, and did not disfigure their bodies with corsets. Some country women give birth without any trouble. This will no doubt be the rule when we have got over the first fever of 'civilised' life, and have learnt to be *natural* once more.

This, then, is the first great Fact I have to tell you of. It is the Magic Act of Union which makes a mother fruitful.

I may as well tell you, by the way, that the same thing, in some form or other, takes place among all animals, and even plants. The flowers are simply the sexual organs of plants. There is the little ovary in which the ova grow to fruitful seeds (he cut open a flower with a penknife and *showed* her) ; and the Father-Power which makes them do so is in the fine yellow powder called

‘Pollen.’ The grain of pollen adheres to the top of the ‘pistil,’ here, and puts forth a tiny tube which pierces right through to some *ovum*, inside, and impregnates (fertilizes) it.¹

* * * * *

The second great Fact is this (it is a *terrible* Fact—our weakness makes it so):

<p>The Second Fact.</p> <p>the baby’s</p> <p>Sensuality, and what it costs.</p>	<p>The sacred Act of Union performed by the father and mother to start growth, produces a peculiar kind of pleasure, which is not quite like anything else; so that it seems difficult for the men and women of to-day—the <i>men</i> especially—to experience it without losing their heads to some extent.²</p>
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Now this pleasure is the source of untold mischief, because of the foolishness and selfishness of men—more accurately, because of their incredible weakness of *mind*. Marriage has been established so that men and women may not perform this Sacred Act carelessly, like animals *minus* the control of instinct. Marriage makes them solemnly promise to remain faithful to each other through life, for the sake of this Holy Act which binds them, and to faithfully protect and train up their children in a clean, healthy home, so that the Race of Men may continue to improve. But even married people often

¹ All this should be properly explained to the pupil, and several different kinds of flowers examined. I have no time for detail, here.

² *Untrue* minds cannot be expected to control *real* Nature. *Do not forget Truth Paramount!*

Licensed Immorality. forget their sacred duty to the Race, or have never understood it at all.

It is not properly explained to them even at the time of marriage. They are at the mercy of each other's whims¹, a stumbling-block unto each other; they do their best to create abnormal cravings in each other, and try to get that pleasure by itself, again and again, avoiding the trouble of child-bearing, not by self-control, but by unhealthy tricks, forgetful of each other's true Good, and of the awful Miracle and Mystery of that Creative Act by which they are to bring into the world, for its uplift or its undoing, men and

No Manners! women who *were nowhere* before. They have never been taught, as children, to regard this and their bodies with reverence—poor things! And so they are just like children who have never been taught good manners, suddenly brought to a table laden with rich sweets, and left there to do as they please, with none to check or warn them. They are quite unable (from sheer unpreparedness) to control themselves, and so they senselessly exhaust their strength and ruin their health and the health of their children. Then they sometimes pretend to hate the sweets, as though they were a devil's gift.

Worse still, many unmarried (and sometimes

¹ Most of all the unfortunate woman, whom it all concerns most vitally, for whom self-control is, on the whole, easier, and who ought to determine times and seasons according to *her* requirements, the husband never compelling her, as our barbarous marriage-laws allow him to do unchecked. Lunacy is almost too mild a term for what our 'civilized' humanity has made of Sex.

**The Ruin
of foolish
Girls.**

even married) men try to get this pleasure at all costs, driven by a terrible craving such as that of the drunkard for drink. They run after poor ignorant girls (or foolish ones) and trap them with fondness and sweet talk, and make them lose their heads and hearts. And then these men get their pleasure with them, and, afterwards, do not care about them at all, but want to be rid of them, and free to run after other girls. So the poor victims are 'seduced' and deserted.

**Social
Cruelty.**

Now if a poor foolish girl, seduced and abandoned by a man, has a child, she is ruined. Her 'character' is lost. She is what is called a 'fallen' woman. People are so mad over this business, that they will let a girl grow up and go into danger without ever teaching her the mystery of her own body. And then, when, through their own negligence and the viciousness of others, she falls into this 'sin,' they cruelly shut their doors against her, as if she had become a venomous beast. No 'decent' man will marry her after that; no 'decent' shop, even, will employ her. In most cases, there is nothing left for her but to live by further shame, by selling the use of her poor body to men for money, thus becoming what is called a 'prostitute.'

Thus the ignorance, and selfishness and heartlessness of men has created
Prostitution. a whole class of doomed women, who can never have a husband, and dear

children, and a happy, cheerful home. They grow old in all meanness and vice, and some even become managers of this truly devilish business of selling the bodies of girls to the heartless lusts of men.

**The Sorry
Wage of
Senseless
Lust.**

And, as if that were not enough, special diseases have arisen—horrid diseases of the blood and skin, which foolish men and women communicate to each other in this sacrilegious parody of the Creative Act. And it sometimes happens that a man who has caught such a disease in seeking his pleasure among poor, fallen women, communicates it to an innocent wife and poisons in advance the blood of his own children.

O the madness of it, and the shame of it, and the awful pity of it all ! ”

* * * * *

**The Hope
of Better
Days.**

“ Well, I have told you the worst, my dear. Thank God, all men are not so selfish and foolish, and there are signs that the madness will not last much longer. Things are changing for the better, and all good people must combine together to help them change more quickly. This can only be done by proper education. Your good parents are not to blame. They are victims of the common trouble. They were never taught to consider these things reasonably and reverently, and so they could not teach you. I have told you these things because you attend the Music School, and all sorts of students are there ; and there are sure to be some who would think little of ruining you or any other girl for

their amusement. Now if any young man accompanies you, and talks to you in an intimate and peculiar way, and seems to want to get always closer to you, and tries to be with you alone, just you find out whether you love and trust him so much, that you would be proud to put your body in his keeping, and would be glad to enjoy his companionship through life, and have him for the father of your children. *Let everything be quite clear between you*, and let him ask your father to give you to him as his wife. If you have the least doubt about the young man's intentions or his character, the sooner you warn him to leave you alone the better, both for him and you.

For the rest, reverence your body as the Temple of the Life Force, in which your children will some day take birth to bless the World. Keep it thoroughly clean. Take exercise everyday in the open. Never let yourself drift into a loose, passive, dreamy, creepy state of mind while thinking of your body or of another. It may seem pleasant to let oneself drift carelessly, but it is dangerous. It drugs the brain. There are too many rocks and whirlpools, and sharks and alligators, in this current of our human life to-day. This is no time for drifting. Shake yourself wide-awake whenever you begin to feel like that, and find some work to do, or practise your music, or go for a walk. Above all things, consider all loose jokes about these holy things a sacrilege. The Power that creates a being where there was none before is surely *divine*—

Clearing
the Air.

Sex
Hygiene.

its Action a **miracle** ; only so frequent that we have ceased to reverence it—a miracle, wrought openly and straightforwardly in the bodies of senseless plants and beasts ; but incredibly thwarted and degraded, up to now, in the hands of worse than senseless man. Learn once more

to reverence that Power in your own
**Sex-
Reverence.** body, as some say men once did in what they speak of as the Golden Age. That Power, restored from shame to reverence, will make your body strong, and your life happy, and your mind rich in knowledge. For that Power is intended to create good things *inside you* until the time comes for it to create strong, healthy children outside, in union with the husband God will send you. Thus will the world some day be the happier for your having been born ; and your children, taught by you, will help to make it happier still.”

* * * * *

The friend stopped, and gasped at what had seemed his boldness—gasped at the
**After the
Plunge.** simplicity of it all. He had thought to perform a heroic service—to seize a mad bull by the horns, as it were. He found he had done nothing after all but a plain act of civility—introduced a ‘new’ soul to something of the world she was entering, cautioned her as to a few of its difficulties.

As for the girl, she took it all in thankfully, without a hitch. The Spirit of Simple Truth had been there all the time, shielding both teacher and taught from all harm. She wept over the shame of the Race—a shame undreamt of up to

then. She vowed that no more shame should enter it through her or hers.

The young man who had been 'making up to' her was indeed doubtful, for he made himself scarce when the girl gave him to understand that she knew a thing or two, and wanted no nonsense. She could offer no more interest for him, or for his kind, after that. I cannot say what happened to her since, for I left that country many years ago, and quite lost sight of her. But I am confident that she will neither wed at random, nor breed in shame.

IX.

A Talk on Sex to Indian Boys.

As for boys, it is exactly the same thing.

The Bar of Prurieney. All might be straightway taught the simple Truth, inoculated from their childhood with elementary right knowledge and reverence in regard to Sex, and thereby rendered largely immune against the lewd suggestions that now ruin so many—the more so, that they would no longer help *create* those suggestions in each other. The one obstacle to such teaching is the common taint of pruriency¹ in the mind of almost every parent and teacher (especially *male* teacher)

¹ Pruriency has two forms: patent and latent. The patent form is obscenity. The latent form is prudishness. The inability to speak rationally and naturally on the subject of Sex is a sure symptom of the disease. The *true* mind will not be ashamed of Sex (why *not* ashamed of Gravitation?)—It will be ashamed of the attitude of the Race to Sex—of the awful muddle which the Race has made of it.

to-day. We think to suppress vice by mere concealment, bodily and mental. That is like walling a jungle in instead of clearing it. We make it next to impossible for a school-boy to even pass water without lewdness. Until we associate the regions of sex and of excretion, in our bodies and the bodies of our children, with all that is clean, useful, orderly, reverent and noble in our thoughts and lives, it cannot but remain a jungly region, a refuge for rank growths and vermin. The only way to wean a certain realm of life (which *we cannot suppress*, remember) from irrational and loose mental associations, is to link it up systematically, *from the very start*, with rational, systematic and moral ones.

I have more than once lectured publicly¹, on this very subject, to audiences of Indian school-boys, sometimes purposely opening the subject without much point, until some, here and there, began to snigger, or nudge their neighbour with a pertinent elbow. I would then stop short, and look around in silence for a while, until every eye was on me—a dead hush throughout the room. Then, turning towards some one who had sniggered, I would simply drop the question :

“Excuse me, my young friend. But *how were you born*, you, who seem to find this funny?”

Silence.

* * * * *

¹ The teaching of such subjects *to several at a time* is the best safeguard under present conditions. Reference to such topics *in intimacy* had better be avoided as a rule.

"How did *you* enter this world? You were not in it sixteen years ago. Where *were* you??...

"Was any of you born of a cloud and of a moonbeam?? "..."

* * * * *

"My dear boys, you *know* you were all born out of your mothers' bodies, through the Creative Act which your fathers performed with them. I also was born like that, and so was everybody else. There is no other way in *this* world, as yet. Let us not be ashamed to remember it, lest greater shame befall. We shame our mothers by fooling over this business. We shame the wives that may some day be ours. We shame the country we pretend to love, for which we may be privileged to beget better children. We shame our Human Race by senseless dealings with the Divine Creative Power by which the Race perpetuates itself and grows.

"You would not be here—you who consider this a jesting matter (some boys are crying by this time—it does them good)—had not your father and your mother joined their bodies to produce you. The *same Power* which first made your mother fruitful *worked on within your body* and made it grow and take shape inside your mother's womb. The *same Power* has been working on since you were born, making your bodies grow from babyhood, through boyhood, to early youth. The *same* (unless *you* check or waste it) *is working on* in you to-day, striving to usher you into

Putting
Levity to
Shame.

The Divine
Power of
Sex.

strong, active manhood.....*if you will only let it do so.*

“Understand that this Sex Power works on continuously *in you*, from the Miracle of your conception by your parents, right through gestation, babyhood, childhood, youth, until you stand, at twenty-five or so, a full-grown man, with settled bones and potent, fruitful loins, ready (*not till then*) to be a father in your turn.

“Just think of what this Act of Seed-Projection means, by the abuse of which¹ some of you bid fair to ruin themselves, defrauding the country of their own full manhood and of their children’s health and strength!

* * * * *

“There is a wonderful Thing within your bodies—a Magic Thing, a Miraculous Thing, able to produce new beings which were not in this world before—**Creative Power.**

“That Power diffuses itself throughout your body, creating brightness, creating feeling, creating Ideas, creating a Divine Universe of Order, Beauty, Rhythm, Joy, out of the miscellaneous force-impressions received by your sense-organs. It works in your eye, and you see Beauty. It works in your heart, and you feel Love. It

¹ Here I refer as much to early marriage as to forbidden practices. I do not say that continence absolute (that would be crying for the moon), but that *the struggle for continence* must continue until Nature has fairly done her work of growing the man himself. The same with woman, of course, though she settles a little earlier.

works in your muscles, and you feel Strength. It works in your lungs, and you breathe Life; it works in your brain, and you grasp Ideas. It enriches your whole body by its presence. It alone makes life worth living—gives it glow, zest, *tone*. **Health** is another name for it.

“Now that Power can, at a given moment, under given conditions, gather itself together, from **The Special Organs.** all parts of your body, in the Creative Organs—those organs which you have been taught to conceal out of shame. It is *right* to conceal them, mind you—but out of reverence, *not* shame—because the general thought of men about them is all wrong. (You do not like to show your Gods to them that scoff—to introduce a cherished wife or sister or daughter to wretches who will harbour filthy thoughts about her.)

“So the Power gathers itself together, when you let your body drift into a state of ‘sensual’ excitement, bringing offerings of the glory of all your organs—the glory of your brain, and of your ear and of your eye, and of your whole sentient skin-surface, and of your mouth and of your nose and of your lungs and heart and feeding-organs. Something of your Power to know, to think, to hear, to feel, to see, to taste, to smell, to breathe, to eat, to excrete—something of *all* your powers gathers itself together from all parts of you¹ and becomes con-

¹ All this is directly inspired by the *Upanishads*. It is a running comment on *Kathopanishad*, i, 26. सर्वेन्द्रियाणां जरयन्ति तेजः “These wasteful pleasures filch away *glory from every sense-power*.”

centrated there, in the creative centre¹ of you, in what is called the seed.

“ What for ?

“ For the Magic Act of Reproduction. For communicating to the otherwise sterile egg within a woman’s womb the wholesale electric Man-Shock which makes it start growing into another body like your own—a new body with all its powers—sight drawn from your sight, hearing from your hearing, brain-power from your brain—*your self*² over again, beginning life anew—your ‘ son’—or may be your ‘ daughter.’

“ Therefore something of the glory of all your senses, of *all your World*, is drawn together to be projected outwards in the Creative Act, that a new creature may be born of you (husband and wife *in one*), complete in all its limbs and powers.

“ Will you, boys of India (or of anywhere else), go on wasting that wonderful Power for a moment’s stolen pleasure, cheating yourselves, cheating your unborn children, cheating the Human Race ?

¹ Few people seem to be aware that the middle point in the picture of a full-grown man, standing, is in the region of sex, not above, where most would place it.

² A son is often called *âtman*, ‘ self,’ in Sanskrit. All I say on these practical and vital subjects, belongs to the purest essence of *genuine* Aryan Religion. One can scarcely help sighing, ‘ How are the mighty fallen ! ’

“ This is no joking matter, my dear boys. Let me assure you that one of the reasons why certain Western Races are more vigorous than others, and overrun the Earth, is precisely *this* : They are, *on the whole, more continent*. That Power is better conserved among their boys and young men, and *most of all their girls*¹ ; so the race has more vigour and initiative, though it cannot as yet, owing to lack of knowledge, make such a happy use of these as one might wish.

No Joking
Matter !

[NOTE — In the West, many young people grow up to adolescence in total ignorance of that Power, and of what its concentration means. They get into trouble on that account, being carried clean off their legs when this aspect of Life bursts upon them unawares. It finds them totally unprepared, and bowls them over quite unceremoniously. This happened to me at 17. How could you expect me to resist, when I had not the ghost of an *idea* on the subject.

The Secret
of the West.

Here in India, it is just the other way. Children, at the hands of illiterate women and servants, too often learn to dally with this Holy Thing before their bodies are even half-ripe. And when the full Power arises—at time of puberty and after—their wills are weak, their moods are whimsical, their organs strained and void of *tone*, so that wastage invariably takes place, and takes place *at much lower potential* than in the West, where the organs have been (ignorantly) left alone, where whimsicality is not so much fostered by illiterate female relations, and where the power to resist is, therefore, greater.

And the
Curse of the
East.

Will teachers please help to explain what I mean by higher and lower *potential* ?

¹ Referring largely to the premature marriage of Indian girls.

Take the image of a stream barred by a flood-gate which can be raised or lowered. Raise the gate high: **Potential, High and Low.** the stream accumulates power in a great mass of water at the back. *Then* it overflows at the top, at the greatest possible height, and capable of the greatest amount of work in regaining its level. This represents the high potential, as in vigorous races.

In India, it is as though the gates were lowered *more than half-way*, so that the stream flows sluggishly over¹, with no reserve of power piled up at the back, and no power to accomplish much in falling over.

* * * * *

It is patent that the real remedy lies neither in transferring to India the ignorant restraint (with subsequent erratic passion) of the West, nor in transferring to the West the precocious petty vice (and subsequent life-slackness) of the East.

The remedy lies in sanely educating children at both ends (and anywhere else besides) so that they shall *know* there is Something worth keeping in their bodies, and shall *feel* that Something there, and joy in it. So shall they spontaneously keep a proper guard on *That*, whether at work or play, whether awake or sleeping, whether prudishly clothed by short-sighted parents or cleanly naked as God made them. The sooner *all*² children can be trained to be healthily, cheerfully, daintily naked in all friendly, clean-

¹ Note that the *volume* of water may be the same in both cases.

² The 'all' is essential here. Most 'indecentcy' is merely *exception*. We must learn to re-establish—beginning with our children—the good side of the *naturalness* of the Savage. We must make cleanliness and culture universal, while going back to Nature, and to the Joy and Beauty and Health of *unsophisticated* Life.

mind company, and to run about and play, naked¹, in the sunshine and the bracing wind, and (to some extent) in the pelting rain as well, the better it will be *for all concerned*. Let there be less of concealment and hypocrisy. So shall there also be less of dirt, disease and vice. Let us remember that we are, *all of us*, at all times, *naked* beneath the clothes we make so much of; and let us transfer whatever virtue we would truly *hold and use*, from those precious garments to our naked selves inside them. Let us be prouder of a clean, healthy skin than of the plausible clothes that hide pimples and dirt.

Thus shall the Day of Universal Health draw nearer.

N.B.—Unless Education in noble ideals (**Truth and Service**) precedes the raising of the gates of continence, the Power will seek outlet in mischief and cause much suffering. Evil genius, as well as Good, requires continence and feeds on it. Wastage of vital power is of course lamentable. But wastage *when there is no high Ideal to work for* may be on the whole a lesser (or let us say 'a less painful') evil than aberrant, disorganic initiative. The former means manageable impotence; the latter, anarchy.

I say, teach children Truth, Service, Healthiness, and let them manage their own continence. Give them the *facts* of life, and as much friendship as they care to claim. Beyond that, the less you thrust yourself upon them, the less you meddle, and pretend to 'advise' and guide in matters of detail, the

¹ This is a point upon which set custom varies *ad infinitum* in India. Children used to be quite commonly naked up to near puberty, in Bengal, and grew up the better for it, so those mature men I consulted all declared. Premature clothing *creates* curiosity, pointed attention (when any disclosure happens) and prepares the mind for vice. One of the few Indians known to me who grew to adolescence in perfect innocence, grew up unconcernedly naked in a village. Indians generally do not know that English boys quite commonly bathe naked in the country—numbers of them together. A vicious boy cannot unconcernedly do that. It is a test.

better both for them and you. Hands off, I say, and hold your tongues, and *watch* the children manage. They will most likely teach you more than you would them. Nay, with your mania for 'advising,' you would probably confuse their healthy instincts and open up a way for vice. Remember, purity lies not *merely* in the outer act. A child's spirited mischief is intrinsically purer than an elderly person's prudishness. Of course there is mischief and mischief. Teach Truth, and Service, and Healthiness including Cleanliness (you cannot *teach* these without practising them yourself to some extent) and rest assured that any 'mischief' that interferes neither with Truthfulness, nor with Serviceableness, nor with Healthiness is...mischief which God himself has no objection to.]

"Dedicate this Creative Power to your country, Boys. It belongs to her **Dedication.** by rights. Let it build you into buoyant, noble Manhood. Find it useful *work* to do.

Make up your minds to be **true**, that you may drive to fuller Knowledge. *That* is the Driving Power that will carry you through to the Goal you *will* to reach; that will make you a Scientist of whom your country may be proud.

"Make up your minds to be *public-spirited*, and drive to better Organisation for the happiness, prosperity and health of all around you. *That* is the Driving Power which will carry you to the Goal you *will* to reach; which will make you a Reformer of whom your country may be proud.

"Dedicate that Power to the wife who will be your mate some day—the mother of your children. When it has done its work in you—

built up your brain, heart, frame, muscles—then will be the time for it to build up noble children after the image of their sire, but better—just one step further in the progress of the Race—children of whom your Country may be proud.

“Fix your Will on the highest and best you can see. Know that the Sex Power in your bodies is there to answer your Will and carry it to fruition. *Know this, and I need not tell you to be continent. You will laugh at me if I do. You are not fools.*”

X.

Stray Thoughts on Breathing.

So, then, the Human Body is a **Living Organism**. It is **born of the Power of Sex**, and by that same Power (in some form or other) it **grows, thrives** and **reproduces its own kind**.

See how much we have got rid of (after a fashion) in the list of items on page 238.

* * * * *

The next point is:

“IT BREATHES.”

I am no adept in breathing exercises. I have never practised set breathing exercises (you may congratulate or pity me for it just as you like.) I have met several whom set breathing exercises have wrecked. I have sometimes felt a sort of peevish anger (in my anæmic days—this book is

Breathing Exercises.

swiftly curing me) against Swâmi Vivekânanda (whom I greatly admire) for no worse sin than having called set breathing exercises "*Râja Yoga*." I resent seeing good words ill-used, as though they were good people, and could feel it.

All I know about the relationship of breathing to Health can be summed up in two lines.

1°. Breathe air as pure as you can get, especially at night.

2°. Breathe deep and slow. Never breathe spasmodically. At night, your breath should be inaudible.

1°. A country in which a section of the people cannot, without undue trouble and expense, get decent air to breathe, is not a civilised country.

A country in which a section of the people are not educated to appreciate decent air—to know (and relish) the difference between pure air and foul—is not a civilised country.

A country in which a section of the people must be content (or are even allowed) to breathe (be it only for part of the day or night) air tainted with factory smoke, foul gas, poisonous emanations, or drain stench, is not a civilised country.

I do not pretend to say *how* these things must be altered. I simply say that a country which does not provide decent air for all its inhabitants to breathe, is not a civilised country.

There is plenty of fresh air under the sun and moon and stars. Civilisation must manage to

convey it to the lungs of all its constituents, if the Race is to make headway.

* * * * *

Especially at night, I say. I speak only of what I know by experience. I had
 At Night. a hundred times rather spend the day working in the middling foul air of a modern city, and go to sleep in pure country air, than spend the day working in the fields, and go to sleep in town. Explain this as you like ; say we are passive, more receptive in sleep and the quiet of the night—relaxed, absorbent. The body is repairing its waste, and the air breathed then goes deeper. Anyhow it matters more. I do not mind passing, active, through a certain amount of dirt and stench, provided I find a clean, well-aired place to *sleep* in afterwards.

I have seen whole populations, at night, in Indian towns, asleep over foul drains
 The Streets of Hell. by the roadside. This is Race-suicide. I know they had no better place to sleep in in the sweltering heat. It must be either the roof or the roadside, and all cannot use the roof. I also know they are quite *content* to breathe foul air, and have long ceased to notice it. I do not say *how* this can be bettered. I say it is race-suicide, and that the 'civilisation' that keeps a section of its people at that level of sense-education—breathing and breeding complacently in stench—*is not civilisation*.

That is all I say just now.

2°. Breathe deep and slow—never spasmodically.

A child knows how to breathe. It breathes with its whole belly-surface, not with the upper chest alone.

Child-Breathing.

Of course air doesn't *go* into the belly. But the whole belly heaves when the lungs breathe deep, pressing the diaphragm down as far as it will go, pushing the bowels out of the way. (This must be good for the bowels too. It is a kind of massage.)

Very few grown-up people breathe like that.¹ I do, *from the time my health began to mend.* (You may turn that sentence round about if it ruffles you.) It did not mend on account of this alone ; but this was among the changes which took place.

Of course there have been ups and downs in this as in everything else. I am incapable (for psychological reasons) of set practice. But I have noticed that I have had least trouble with my health (or been impervious to disease, or recovered with abnormal rapidity from disease contracted elsewhere) in places where circumstances encouraged an unusual amount of extra-deep breathing. For instance a certain place (otherwise very unhealthy, subject to fever, cholera and what not) where there were deep ponds of still water, moderately clean, in which I used

My own Experience.

¹ Runners stumble upon it in what is called their 'second breath.' The system is so fuddled with wrong habits, that it requires to be whipped into right ways by over-exertion.

to bathe. I have a hobby for floating on my back, the whole body relaxed, without movement, for fairly long periods—say, 15 or 20 minutes at a time—concentrating my mind in a sort of meditation while the body takes care of itself. Now this naturally involves breathing in and out very deeply and gently at *high potential* (never letting the lungs collapse), and without spasms. Under those conditions, spending a quiet two hours in the water daily,¹ with no other exercise, in a highly malarious country, with a diet otherwise unsuited to me, eating less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an average man's food, and the brain hard at work all along, I recovered from a bad attack of fever (contracted elsewhere) in a way which a miracle-monger would have exploited, and remained in a positively scandalous state of health—bliss flowing through every limb.

Hence I say, 'Breathe deep and slow.'

* * * * *

Above all things, never breathe spasmodically (*i. e.*, in gasps). If you find a child breathing like that in his sleep (you can hear it at once) wake him up and let him go to sleep again with normal, silent breath. Sleep with spasmodic breathing is poison, not recuperation.

How is the art of good breathing lost by modern man when he grows up?

The Loss of the Child-Breath. By wearing clothes for show, and caring little what they rob him of. This spells corsets and stylish

¹ Not at a stretch, of course. I would most often bathe three times: at early dawn, before noon and towards evening.

waists for girls; tight belts (sometimes under pretext of 'athletics') and trousers and waist-coats for boys¹; tight drawn dhoties from early boyhood in some parts of India.

It is all wrong. Mend it as you like and if you can. The belly should never be hampered, nor the waist pinched. If 'fashion' forbids alteration by day, see to it that your children's bellies are at least free from encumbrance at night, and teach them to go to sleep breathing deeply and quietly, as when they were babies, with gently swaying belly, not heaving chest. I do not see why you should not hark back to babyhood yourself, when the day's work is over. It is a treat to go to sleep knowing oneself a Child once more, folded in the All-Mother's arms. One wakes up the better for it.

A Key
to the
Kingdom.

* * * * *

N.B.—There is much more than meets the eye in the simple advice: "**avoid spasms.**" It sums up (negatively) the whole of Right Living.

Life is Rhythm, and *spasm* is the killing of Rhythm.

All vital vice is *spasm*, because all vital Virtue is Rhythm.

Anger is spasm, hate is spasm, jealousy is spasm, lust is spasm; illness and pain are spasm, asthma is spasm, colic is spasm.

¹ Slimness is all very well, but it should be maintained by moderation in diet, and by exercise—not by overfeeding and then strapping tight.

Falsehood is not spasm. It is not a *vital* vice. It is the state of mind which makes all vital vices (spasmodic, anti-rhythmic impulses) possible. Falsehood is not a devil: it is *the* Devil of all devils. It is *permission to the hosts of sin*.

Truth is not Rhythm. It is the state of mind which makes all Vital Rhythms inevitable in course of time—determines them, ordains them, controls them. **Truth** is not a virtue. It is **the prime condition of all virtues**.

So, all vital vice is spasm, and spasm is vital vice. *Conquer spasm, and you have conquered vital vice.*

Falsehood is the permission of spasm, the approval of spasm, the relish of spasm.

Conquer Falsehood and you have conquered spasm.

Truth alone Conquers.	Be true , and you cannot but be good. Be false, and you cannot be <i>truly</i> good. This is childish, yet sadly forgotten. Perhaps forgotten because it is so childish. People are so very much 'grown up' nowadays: They have no taste for childish things.
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* * * * *

There are only three permissible spasms in Human Life, such as it is to-day :

The spasm of Birth.

The spasm of Procreation.

The spasm of Death.

Even these three will be conquered as we go on. They will be conquered, like all else, **by Truth**¹.

सत्यमेव जयते नानृतं सत्येन पन्थाःविततो देवयानः ।

येनाक्रमन्त्यृषयो ह्याप्तकामा यत्र तत्सत्यस्य परमं निधानम् ॥¹

All other spasms, even to-day, are *vice*.

XI.

Stray Thoughts on Human Feeding.

“ IT TAKES IN FOOD.”

First (when lucky) its mother's milk.

Then.....chaos.

In Southern India, as likely as not, they'll give the baby green chillies to suck to keep him patient waiting for his mammy's breast. Then they'll wean him on red pepper soup and rice. People who take the most abominably hot food make no separate provision for their children. This is a sin.

In the West, they have various infant foods by way of transition (if not to start with), and take at least some special trouble for the children, before passing them on to the usual diet of meat and bread as staple with vegetables for supplement and fruits for refreshment...or show.

¹ *Mundakopanishat*, iii. 6, translated at the top of page 57, above.

Now I am an out-and-out vegetarian and an out-and-out Oriental, both by temperament and choice. Yet I confess I had rather be a baby in the West at present (spite of counter-attractions) than in some parts of India. This, not owing to climate or skin-pigment considerations, long since out-lived, but on account of *what they would force me to eat as a child*. Even now, I could stand meat, reasonably cooked, without much trouble for a week or two. I stood it for nearly twenty years before finally breaking down. But I cannot stand chillies for a day¹. My mother died of enteritis when I was eleven (I believe she would be alive to this day had she known vegetarianism); and I would, on a South Indian diet, follow her to happier realms within a week.

But this is no place for a treatise on diet, so let me just jot down at random a few points of experience and counsel.

* * * * *

First, to my young Indian friends I say : *Never let the kitchen stand in the way of your friendships*. Stick to whatever diet suits you, or to none. But understand that a man whose diet you do not approve of may be a better man and

A Word
of Counsel
to Vegetarians.

¹ Some people pity me for being delicate—they think it a misfortune. They do not see that 'delicacy' of some kind or other is an invariable condition of fine work. Delicacy, *well-managed*, means perfect Health—health of a richness and complexity undreamed of by the coarse-fibred. What was wrong with me was not delicacy, but consistent mismanagement for 23 years, and a good deal of incidental mismanagement since.

make a better friend than the closest stickler for your own kitchen orthodoxy. Refer back to pages 149-151, above, and understand the supreme importance of this as regards relations between Hindus and Musulmans and Christians, as well as between Hindus of diverse provinces and castes. Make vegetarianism a *habit* if you like, and spread it by all gentle means (your own healthy and happy life best of all); but *do not erect it into a virtue*. That way confusion lies. I had far rather succumb to 'temptation' and eat meat, than be conceited about abstaining.

* * * * *

For myself, I have no cause to be conceited.

**My own
Case.**

The change to vegetarianism was among the fortunate circumstances which saved my life some fifteen years ago. On two occasions (on the steamer in 1900 and at a hill-station hotel in 1902) I reverted to meat for a brief period under pressure of circumstances. The effect was deplorable. I simply *cannot live* except on vegetable food and fruits. Even milk and butter must be avoided¹ if I want to be physically quite happy.

For the present, a *single 'full' meal* at noon, consisting of 5 or 6 oz. of potatoes

**My present
Experience.**

and greenstuffs conservatively boiled² in a little *pure water*; and 3 or 4 oz. of pure, coarse wholemeal bread,

¹ I consider my case as exceptional and do not call for... monkeys.

² I use a patent cooking-pot called 'Welbanks' Boilerette.' It works well.

mixed with oats, which I bake myself¹, rather than get adulterated and mishandled stuff. A little jam or fruit (when available) for dessert, and a little more bread and jam (or fruit) towards the end of the afternoon, followed by an occasional 4-mile walk (no other exercise) by way of night-cap. To bed early, and work from dawn. Much mental work during spare hours at night. Nothing in the morning or at night, save an occasional acid drink (boiled green mango sherbet, sweetened—or some such thing) when thirsty.

Such the diet on which this book is being written. It keeps me quite lively and well, and *I wish for no better*.
Celibate Diet. I sometimes eat more, but live to regret it. If ever you find me enjoying the semblance of health on a richer diet than I have described, you may take it for granted that I am no longer a genuine *brahmachâri* (celibate student).

* * * * *

Freake apart, I believe most people who can afford it, the whole world over, eat at least twice as much as is good for them. There is no *real* temperance in this lunatic humanity. It is a race which boasts of Reason, but refrains from *using* it.

Respectable Gluttony.

¹ On a 'Primus' stove, in an old aluminium vessel, the bread on a small aluminium plate raised an inch from the hot bottom by means of a bit of scrap-iron.

You may take it from me that a morsel of wholemeal bread, eaten reflectively —well chewed, well-impregnated with the juices of the mouth—swallowed with a cheerily devout¹ sense of dedication to the Body-Wholeness, backed with a corresponding dedication of the Body-Wholeness to the Race-Wholeness—a morsel of such **Sacramental Bread** is worth more *to the Human Body* (not to speak of the Soul) than a whole bellyful of casually gobbled concoctions, whether commonplace slops or aristocratic luxuries. There is incomparably more enjoyment in it, besides. My path is systematic rational Self-indulgence (pushed very far and very deep)—not ‘asceticism,’ remember. The so-called ‘luxurious’ are really thwarting themselves at every turn. None save true Ascetics (of Self-Control, not self-denial) luxuriate *truly* in the True World God has made for them.

* * * * *

Vegetarianism would be a foregone conclusion in all fairly cultured countries of the Globe if only ladies had to *do their own killing or see it done*². I myself do not say “Don’t eat meat.” I prefer to stick to essentials, and let corollaries settle themselves. What I say is “Be *true*. Kill out hypocrisy to start with. *Know* and acknowledge what you eat. Know it as corpse-flesh from the slaughtered animal, not ‘meat’ from

The Spread
of Humane
Diet.

¹ A blend some Christian sects might profitably cultivate.

² There is a booklet by Tolstoy which I read many years ago. “*The First Step*,” I think it is called. It insists on this.

mixed with oats, which I bake myself¹, rather than get adulterated and mishandled stuff. A little jam or fruit (when available) for dessert, and a little more bread and jam (or fruit) towards the end of the afternoon, followed by an occasional 4-mile walk (no other exercise) by way of night-cap. To bed early, and work from dawn. Much mental work during spare hours at night. Nothing in the morning or at night, save an occasional acid drink (boiled green mango sherbet, sweetened—or some such thing) when thirsty.

Such the diet on which this book is being written. It keeps me quite lively and well, and *I wish for no better*. I sometimes eat more, but live to regret it. If ever you find me enjoying the semblance of health on a richer diet than I have described, you may take it for granted that I am no longer a genuine *brahmachâri* (celibate student).

* * * * *

Frears apart, I believe most people who can afford it, the whole world over, eat at least twice as much as is good for them. There is no *real* temperance in this lunatic humanity. It is a race which boasts of Reason, but refrains from *using* it.

¹ On a 'Primus' stove, in an old aluminium vessel, the bread on a small aluminium plate raised an inch from the hot bottom by means of a bit of scrap-iron.

You may take it from me that a morsel of wholemeal bread, eaten reflectively —well chewed, well-impregnated with the juices of the mouth—swallowed with a cheerily devout¹ sense of dedication to the Body-Wholeness, backed with a corresponding dedication of the Body-Wholeness to the Race-Wholeness—a morsel of such **Sacramental Bread** is worth more *to the Human Body* (not to speak of the Soul) than a whole bellyful of casually gobbled concoctions, whether commonplace slops or aristocratic luxuries. There is incomparably more enjoyment in it, besides. My path is systematic rational Self-indulgence (pushed very far and very deep)—not ‘asceticism,’ remember. The so-called ‘luxurious’ are really thwarting themselves at every turn. None save true Ascetics (of Self-Control, not self-denial) luxuriate *truly* in the True World God has made for them.

* * * * *

Vegetarianism would be a foregone conclusion in all fairly cultured countries of the Globe if only ladies had to *do their own killing or see it done*². I myself do not say “Don’t eat meat.” I prefer to stick to essentials, and let corollaries settle themselves. What I say is “Be *true*. Kill out hypocrisy to start with. *Know* and acknowledge what you eat. Know it as corpse-flesh from the slaughtered animal, not ‘meat’ from

The Spread
of Humane
Diet.

¹ A blend some Christian sects might profitably cultivate.

² There is a booklet by Tolstoy which I read many years ago. “*The First Step*,” I think it is called. It insists on this.

the butcher's stall. Know it for slaughtered ox and calf and sheep and pig, not 'beef' and 'veal' and 'mutton' and 'pork.' Do your own killing as in the good old times, or at least *see it done*; and learn to fraternise with the butcher-population which your wholesale belly-superstition maintains—the prostitutes of biped cruelty and gluttony, instead of lust. Read *The Jungle*."

* * * * *

Of course the whole habit of a race cannot
Patience! and will not be suddenly revolutionised. Professions and markets have to alter by degrees, re-adjusting themselves to gradual new demands. Else would there be chaos.

* * * * *

I always warn vegetarians not to be too dog-
Tolerance! matic. There are people, in this period of transition, whom belly-superstition, or carnivorous heredity, dominates in their own despite. They simply *cannot* do without a certain amount of meat or fish. Such people are few, but they exist, and have a right to live. Indeed, they are sometimes very good people. The world would be the poorer without them.

[I knew a vegetarian doctor, once—a staunch protagonist of the 'Golden Age' diet, the Editor of a Vegetarian periodical. He used to be very dogmatic, and, when cases were mentioned to him of people who could not do without *some* meat, he always said: "It is their mistake. They do not choose their food well and do not cook it

**The
Vegetarian
Doctor and
his Wife.**

properly. *Everyone* can give up meat and fish, and be the better for it, if they only *let me show them how.*"

Well, he married—married *for the sake of vegetarianism*—married a girl related to him, who was compelled to eat meat at home and longed to find shelter from carnivorous home tyranny in the Temple of Pure Diet and Peace wherein my friend the doctor was high-priest.

That she took to the diet with glee, goes without saying ; and of course *he knew how to manage....*

.

Six months later I found him 'toning her up' on fish !

He has never been quite so dogmatic since.]

Meat-eating readers who are averse to change may take this as a pretext for not giving Vegetarianism a trial. "I am just like that girl," they will say. "I *feel* I require meat anyhow."

Well, I am afraid most of them will be merely deceiving themselves. It is often extremely convenient.

"**Be true !**" (That confounded refrain will not let us in peace.)

* * * *

In some cases, economic considerations have to be taken into account. In Bengal, for instance, fish is a staple for the people—the cheapest food available. It literally swarms in pond and river ; and you really cannot expect the needy majority to look on complacently with empty bellies when a bent pin and a bit of string can hoist up a good meal within a minute.

**Economic
Considerations.**

**Beware of
Self-
Deception !**

Besides, rice may well want something to 'back it up': fish, or milk, or ghee, or..... chillies. In Bengal, Burma, China and Japan, it is mainly fish that supplies the lack of 'tone' in rice.

N.B.—There is fish and fish. In Malabar, for instance, they eat half-putrid fish. The frying-pan absolves all sins. In Burma, a preparation of rotten fish is relished—a sort of fishy high-strung cheese. I have never seen stinking fish used in Bengal, even among the poor.

* * * *

Remark for many Indian Parents.—

To give rich and pungent food to children, especially at the time of puberty (and after? is *sinful*. It makes their blood unfit for continence.

* * * *

Remark for Law-Makers

(or Law-Menders).

The adulteration of foodstuffs is a *crime against the Human Race*. The country in which adulterated food can be sold at all, without appalling consequences to all concerned in its production, circulation and distribution, is *not a civilised country*.

XII.

On the Disposal of the Body's Waste.

After taking in food.....“IT GIVES OUT DIRT.”

* * * *

Dirt is Matter in the Wrong Place.

How to convey it to the Right Place?

* * * *

This is a momentous question, which I cannot fully thrash out here: *the healthy disposal of what the Human Body voids.*

A few random remarks only.

Let me suggest to Indian readers of this book, and to their juveniles, that to void
Homely Counsel. urine in a damp ditch or an unflushed drain is sinful. Urine on dry ground in the open air and sunshine is perfectly harmless. It turns to ammonia and vanishes, leaving its salts to the Earth. In much water, the same. But in a damp shady spot such as a drain, or an unflushed bath-room outlet, it undergoes putrid fermentation and poisons the air¹.

Do not resent my touching upon such a topic.
What is natural and useful is not vulgar. Sanitation is made up of ‘vulgar’ commonsense considerations like these. I have *lived* near a poor little bit of drain, with neither slope

¹ I have seen such household fetors (which a pennyworth of phenyle would at least have neutralised) deliberately ignored, even after the broadest hint, by Indian gentlemen of the highest class, having spent years in England. Have our senses been given to us in vain?

nor outlet, which people would persist in honouring with their watery attentions. I *know* what a difference it would have made had they scattered their rains on open ground instead. But these people were probably under the spell of Atlantean canine incarnations. Where one did it, the rest followed suit.

N.B.—Never urinate on fresh grass or plant-leaves. It burns the leaves later on.

* * * *

The Disposal of Sewage is, I have said, a momentous question. The inhabitants of a quarter of Madras are trying to assuage their feelings by suing the Municipality for having honoured their quarter with.....a sewage-farm. They say the sewage-farm is ruining the whole quarter. People object to renting houses there; land-values have fallen, wells are poisoned. In short, they have a *grievance*. It is a momentous question *for them*. I can hardly help praying, uncharitably, that the sewage may not shift to *my* quarter. Yet it must surely go *somewhere*.

* * * *

Here is a simple scheme which might be suitable at least for *rural* India. I would much like to see it *working*. I found it described by an Indian gentleman in a newspaper, a few years back. As far as I remember it ran thus:

Straight back
to Earth—A
Scientific
Rural
Scheme.

Dig a pit, say 6 ft. deep, size according to requirement. Put a couple of movable planks

across, to squat on. The earth dug up should be in a heap, close by. It should be kept dry, the whole (pit and earth) being sheltered from the rain. See also that no surface-water drains into the pit. (In South India a good palm-leaf shed, on bamboo poles, costs the equivalent of a few shillings).

Let the whole household respond to nature's major call in the pit, and urinate there too, as the salts are of value. Each person using the pit must throw a shovelful of dry earth over his deposit. Thus the pit gradually fills.

If the thing is properly done, *there will be no smell whatever*. Dry earth is a splendid deodorant. Besides, the whole mass turns to rich humus¹ *without putrid fermentation*. Putrid fermentation invariably takes place when excreta accumulate in cisterns or night-soil bins. Putrid fermentation makes human excreta unfit for the earth to which they are *due*. (For we take the best out of the Earth in food, and often return nothing, or poison.² *This is theft*.³)

When the pit is full to a foot or so from the top, finish filling up with earth and let it rest

¹ I can bear witness to this. I have seen excreta of men and beasts, on loose earth, turned into pure humus (by the agency of certain insects) *in a day or two*. The fact may seem trivial to you. But it was not so to me. It meant the vanishing of the whole nasty problem.

² Vegetables manured with putrid nightsoil (as in some Indian jail-gardens) are unfit for consumption. The mixing up with Earth *when fresh* makes all the difference.

³ According to *Gîtā*, iii., 12.

for some months, while another pit, near by, is being used.

After that time, the whole may be dug out, and conveyed to the fields. It will be found quite unobjectionable to handle, and will be a boon to any cultivator if the household has no field of its own.

*Note that this does away with one of the most degrading aspects of menial service in India—a gigantic consideration.*¹

* * * * *

Incineration.	Between this simple, cheap, <i>natural</i> method, and expensive scientific incinerators, I see no halting-place; and the incinerator robs Mother-Earth anyhow, for ash is not the whole of what we took. But nothing else will do for crowded towns, where Mother-Earth is altogether out of sight. Some centuries hence, our congested towns will be regarded as typical of twentieth-century barbarism.
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Invidious Scavenging and Filthy Scattering.	The methods now in use in Indian towns seem to me quite objectionable, involving a horrid mess, and the practical degradation of a whole section of the community. The converse South Indian method of personally 'easing' anywhere in the fields and gardens, and by the sea and river side—often in the most ill-chosen places—is barbarous. It is an affront to Nature.
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¹ This, and the disposal of animal corpses (and consequent eating of carrion), constitute two of the most unsavoury aspects of the Caste-problem.

It robs the Earth besides, for stony and sandy places are preferably chosen. Pigs improve matters somewhat, for they leave a place cleaner than they find it. But then the pigs are bred and kept and...eaten by a section of the community!... Is *this* Civilisation? A country where one cannot enjoy a walk by the seaside or riverside, near towns and villages, without treading filth and breathing foulness, is surely *not* a civilized country.

Hence the home and municipal sweeper of Indian cities, and the indiscriminate scattering of droppings in fields and gardens, both call for prompt reform. The former should be made more self-respecting as a class, and gradually trained to work more scientifically. He cannot be suppressed, hence *must* be raised. It is a profession in which there is scope for philosophy. As for the latter, it is an affront to nature. *Back to the Earth*, systematically, through well-managed household (or even municipal) earth-pits, wherever population is not too congested, seems to me the only method worth suggesting.

* * * *

Once more, all this is *not* indecent. It has to do *directly* with the ushering in of God's Kingdom on Earth. Every intelligent Indian boy and girl ought to take such subjects into serious consideration and vow to help improve things, when grown up.

**Wanted,
Naturalness!**

"**Be true,**" and the demon of false shame will quit, finding himself powerless to hold you back from your inheritance of knowledge, happiness and health.

* * * *

Oh, the lunatic asylum of a world we have tumbled into, comrades !.....

Here, in this matter of decency and indecency, how it stares us in the face !

Decency and
Indecency. Take a ball-room full of ladies in amazing dresses, with bare arms and breasts (to within an inch or two of the nipples which everybody *knows* are *there*, awaiting sweet motherly uses.) They are bare and clothed in patches, freakishly, without discoverable rhyme or reason. Most of them are talking scandal, and some devising immorality. There are mothers, here, deliberately courting shame while innocent children pine for them at home.

Suppose there now enters, by some (quite impossible) mistake, an absent-minded little mother, with *one* bare breast (bare for the reason of reasons) suckling her child, crooning to it of things too absurdly *good* for words, too absorbed to even notice where she is (a sight to gladden angels.)

.

The *scandal* ! ! ! !

Which *is* the scandal, by the way ? Or may it be that scandal has nothing to do with people being either clothed or naked, but has everything to do with the nature of what they think and utter, feel and do, clothed *or* unclothed ?

Indians have imported many things, and tried to boycott some. I have no ^{Sensible} ~~E xtremism.~~ wish to countenance invidious boycott; but I do hope they will *not* import.....Mrs. Grundy !

[Indians, with all their social absurdities, are far freer from the curse of Grundydom than the ^{Mrs. Grundy} ~~—not wanted!~~ supposedly more straightforward West. An Indian never hesitates to speak truly of natural acts, or tabooed areas of the body, or of his wife's esoteric condition (when relevant, say to account for a failure to call). 'There is the root of much good here. May it never be starved out by 'civilisation !' Straight-forwardness in social talk will be a leading feature of the World's Redemption.]

XIII.

On the Training of the Senses.

Refer back to page 238. The next item runs :

"IT SERVES, THROUGH ITS VARIOUS SENSE-ORGANS, AS YOUR INSTRUMENT OF PERCEPTION, SENSATION AND ACTION."

How to improve the Race in this department ?

It is obvious enough :

I. *Teach the children, from an early age, to distinguish impressions—of sound, touch, sight, taste, smell—of gradually increasing complexity (and to describe the same accurately in speech and, later, writing.)*

^{The}
'Knowing'
Senses.

II. *Teach them to speak and sing well, to handle dexterously, creatively, sanatively (anything, from a cooking-pot to a violin or a fellow-being's weary limbs), to move with ease and grace (a natural infection, not a pose), and to perform all body-functions¹ with efficient self-control, in a right, happy, appreciative—nay (when congenial) reverent spirit.*

I. The education of the cognitive senses alone covers an enormous programme, with endless ramifications and further possibilities. The whole should be carried out as **one great Game**: *the Game of Perceiving, Remembering and Telling True*. It is a most entrancing Game.

All education which the child does not relish as play is a sin against the Children of the Race. The countries which contrive it are not civilised countries.

* * * * *

¹ I have *sensed* the Presence of God while engaged in the most homely acts. No religionist questions His being *everywhere at all times*. All we want is consistency—nay, **sincerity**.

* I still adhere to the old Sanskrit division into five *jñāna-indriyāni*, or cognitive powers, and five *karma-indriyāni*, or active powers. The former are classed as hearing, contact, seeing, tasting, smelling; the latter as utterance, grasp, going, voiding, procreating.

I find this convenient enough, as the meaning of the terms may be made as inclusive as our knowledge requires. For instance the two great functions of breathing and eating fall under *grasp*. They are evidently the grasping (taking in) of oxygen and body-substance.

Let me describe one very simple application of this principle, which I have been able to demonstrate in a few schools, including schools for the Depressed Classes.

**The Game
of Seeing
and Telling.**

Take a group of children—a dozen at most, or they will jostle each other, and some will not see well. Better even have eight or less at a time. Let them take their places round a bare table, on which you are going to put *something*. “Look well,” you say.

The something is a tray covered with a piece of cloth. On the tray, hidden by the cloth, you have disposed a number of different objects—say a pencil, an empty penholder, a reel of thread, a penknife and an old inkpot. Better begin with half-a-dozen objects or less. You can increase and variegate *ad infinitum* as the children become more proficient.

You lift the cloth for a moment only—say two seconds—then replace it and remove the tray. It is essential that the exposure be very short, otherwise some will try to look round, mentally enumerate, and memorize for mechanical reproduction, which is *not* what is intended. (What *is* intended is that the children shall have an instantaneous view—as in a single lightning-flash at night—of the tray with its contents; and shall retain an impression of that view as a whole, then analyse that visual memory into its parts, and describe.)

Then let them separate and bring in each, after two or three minutes, a list of the things seen, with pupil's name affixed.

Allot marks, say *one* mark per object *clearly* described. Strike off a fraction (say $1/4$ or $1/2$ mark) if the description is incomplete (For instance I put 'an empty penholder': that gets the full mark. 'A penholder' might get a fraction less.

Inflict a decided penalty—say two or three marks forfeited—for *who reports what is not there*. Such a one should gently be put to shame, even if his list is otherwise complete. For he has reported an untruth—conceived and declared as *there* a thing which was *not* there.

Hence let the children be first cautioned against ever putting on record anything they are not *sure of*. A dull child who reports only two things out of six, but *never lets his imagination play him tricks*, is hopeful, as far as he will go. Let him be steadily encouraged, with no end of patience. A brilliant child who puts in fancy-guesses, trusting they may *happen* true, and fill his list, should be shamed as gently as possible, but efficiently. Such a one, unchecked, will be a danger to the weak-minded later on—a source to the community of widespread morbid excitement and vital obstruction, corresponding, in the collective Subtle Body of the Race, to inflammation and congestion of the tissues. Such guess-work, miscalled 'intuition' and objectified into visions by psychic 'forcing' (unguarded 'meditation'-processes and so on) may prove the ruin of the best religious work, frustrating the hopes of the Race.

Exercises in matter-of-fact accuracy from early childhood are the only safeguard.

The Value
of such a
game:
Training in
Truth.

Not that graceful childish fancy should be discouraged (bless the dear children—let them have fairy-tales to their hearts' content¹!) but that it should be *rigorously precluded from interfering with fact.*

This must be understood as a Rule of Honour in a definite and very thrilling *game* —the Great Game of Make-Believe.

Fact and Fancy. Whoever brings fancy into the realm of fact *pays forfeit.* All sorts of delightful 'esoteric' rumours and anecdotes, current in 'Theosophic' inner circles about beautiful dreams and visions, mysterious and wonderful Mahâtmas and what not, were perfectly harmless—nay, often inspiring—*until* Mrs. Besant broke the Rule by making these (to the normal Earth-man) *fancies* the *basis* of her official work. *Then* the true Gods got angry and called for the forfeit, which in such a case is nothing less than loss of *Truth* or, if you prefer, *loss of the power of discrimination and the sense of proportion.*

[*N.B.*—What to *you* is still fancy may be stern, palpable fact to me. But I have no right to *give it out as such* to those who cannot, by natural, normal means, share it with me *as such.* If I

¹ There are fairy-tales and fairy-tales, of course. Some of them are distinctly immoral, *e. g.* 'Jack and the Beanstalk'); some ghastly ('Little Red Riding Hood,' 'Bluebeard,' &c.) These will be gradually consigned to oblivion. *Some* of the oldest tales (*e. g.* 'Beauty and the Beast') are profoundly suggestive and inspiring. I would fain have *all* children read George MacDonald's Fairy Tales, and delightful fancies such as '*Alice in Wonderland*,' '*Peter Pan*,' etc

cannot normally *share* the *fact* with you, I must scrupulously let it remain fancy *for you*, that is, leave it out of account in all *practical* transactions between you and me. Above all things I must absolutely refrain from judging you on the basis of your willingness (or otherwise) to accept my vision at second-hand *as fact*. Supposing you in your turn one day come to see it as fact at first-hand. Let it be fact *for us both* by all means (as a common fairyland between two children); but let us not seek to make it *fact* for others. Let us merely offer it to them as an inspiration (if there is valid symbol or suggestion in it) for them to do with as they like. Let us by all means sift men

**The Rule of
of the Game.**

(of *our* acquaintance) into those who own up to *seeing* with us and those who do not: that is mere social tabulation, and goes no further than our *knowledge* of our acquaintance. Let us by all means sift men into those who profess themselves willing to act, in concert with us, up to a certain standard (which the account of our visions *may or may not*—according to idiosyncrasy—help to inspire.) This is mere ethical organisation, and goes no further than the good we ourselves can see and help to do—leaving plenty of room for more which *we* can neither see nor help, but which need be neither unseen nor unhelped for all that.

But if we begin to divide men—irrespective of social fact and professed moral standards—into those who, not *seeing*, blindly accept our vision, at second-hand, *as fact*, and those who, seeing or otherwise, prefer not to accept it formally as

fact (lumping together in the selfsame category, as 'outside the pale', fellow-seers who do not commend our indiscretions, philosophic-minded men who wisely suspend judgment, vulgar addle-headed scoffers, and many other incompatibilities between)—*then* I say we have broken the Rule and must pay forfeit. We have undermined the Temple of Truth in the cosmos of our fellow-minds, so the Spirit of Truth correspondingly *departs from us*.

Were the whole world bar *one* to see our vision as a fact, that one unseeing 'madman' should still be, not merely 'allowed,' but actually *encouraged* to see and judge it as a pretty fancy, and be invited to *freely share in it as such* if it inspires him *as such*, or to leave it alone if it does not¹, and be nowise discredited for doing so.

¹ The curious point is that I have always found these Psycho-Theosophical traditions *extremely interesting*, and often *helpful* as far as they go. I hope to write a book, some day, which will make many scoffers see them in that light. The only crimes which must keep me (and others like me) outside the pale of the 'Chosen Ones' forever (unless they are freely forgiven—not to myself alone, for I accept no favours, but wiped out of the catalogue of sins altogether) seem to be: 1st, That I refuse, having watched them too closely for fourteen years, to accept Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater as safe personal *guides for myself* in spiritual and practical affairs. 2nd, That I refuse to accept as facts visions which I do not see *as facts*, however much I enjoy them *as realistic fancies*. The lucid reader will see at once that compliance with my conditions means nothing less than *the Open Door once for all*—the dropping of all obligatory *personal* pledges and the ending of control by 'inner groups' of personal adherents. I make bold to say that on this condition alone can the Theosophical Society survive otherwise than as a libel on what it was meant to be.

I repeat that the one safeguard against the repetition of such disastrous vagaries in future is the wholesale training of the children of the Race in matter-of-fact accuracy of observa-

Train the Children to be true and play the game.

tion and statement, and the absolute barring of all practical (or shall I say 'political') interference between the world of childish fancy and the world of concrete fact. Thus shall childish fancy gradually rise to true abstraction, not percolate into the world of fact and get entangled there, confusing all the issues. In fact

The True Mahâtma.

I believe the truest Mâhâtma to be one who has, so to say, *digested* all intermediate fluidic planes of existence (or his share in them), and governs his life down here or in any other world on the immediate Basis of pure and simple Truth and Good. *God is so near, there is nothing between.* The ladder of the 'Planes' has melted, and He is free from psychic interference once for all.]

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As for our simple exercise, or rather *Game*, of seeing things quick and true and reporting accurately, some children

The Game of Seeing, resumed.

soon begin to do brilliantly. Those who have, several times in succession, given quite accurate reports of six objects (varied of course, each time—not necessarily *all* replaced) at each successive trial, may be transferred to a higher class, so to say, and tested with eight, ten, twelve objects and more.

¹ In the true sense of the term, not the restricted English sense.

Let none be promoted from the six-object class until he (or she) is quite reliable there.

I have seen Indian outcaste children take to this game with glee.

* * * *

A well-established school or household might have a small experiment-room on these lines, in which there might be, not merely sights, but sounds and smells¹ as well. Let the children just *pass through*, and report what they have seen, heard, smelt.

After some preliminary training in this way (these early indoor experiments with **The Game out-of-doors**, few objects being needed to hatch out the *sense of thoroughness*—and nurse the consequent *desire for thoroughness* in after life) let the Game of Observation be transferred out of doors as far as possible. Take the children past a certain shop-window at a given uniform rate (none may loiter without paying forfeit). Then let them scribble their reports of what they have seen there; and bring them back to the spot for checking. Or they may be asked how many different houses, shops, letter-boxes, etc., they can remember in a certain street in an unfamiliar quarter through which they are taken for the purpose. First they may be warned as to what particular street they will have to report about. Later, this warning may be dis-

¹ The most important function of the sense of smell is the prompt detection of dangerous dirt. Refer back to Sections X and XII (pp. 285-86; 299-303) and train your children to do better. I need not speak of the attention which their own dear little mouths and noses require, and will repay with interest.

pensed with, so that a general habit of attention and a knack for taking in details without special straining of attention, are developed, which will prove invaluable in after-life.

Then there is another gradation in passing from inanimate things to plants, animals, men. The last of these requires discretion ; a young nephew of mine, aged five, once embarrassed his mother hugely by stopping her forcibly right in front of a harmless passer-by, shouting excitedly : “ Look, Mummy ! *This lady has a beard !* ”

There is endless scope, and endless interest, provided the teacher be straight-minded *and* good-humoured.

Once *a good start* has been given to the education of the cognitive senses Self-Education for Life. by some definite method such as this, it takes care of itself for the remainder of that life. A few special exercises may still be carried out by way of check and test ; but careful observation and accuracy in report have in themselves become a pleasure, and Circumstance beats every human teacher hollow.

* * * * *

It requires no prophet to say that children thus trained will be truthful both in observation and utterance. Science will flourish in their land (they themselves will see to that)—and happiness will increase by leaps and bounds because the causes of misery will be faithfully observed and exposed instead of

**The Coming
of the
Golden
Age.**

conveniently blinked, and masked under pious or impious hypocrisy.

* * * * *

Teachers and up-to-date parents should study the Montessori method, and take hints.

For children must above all be won and drawn out by impersonal friendship (they are much more impersonal than **Education by Friendship.** we dream; we mostly forget our childhood *because* it is so impersonal) and right understanding of their ways. Once you have won their trust, the rest comes easy. See you make Truth their prime *concern*—nay, their high *pleasure*. The same with Service. Their fate—and the fate of the World *through* them—lies in your hands. Let there be, in the young world within your area of influence, a slight foretaste of the day when Civilisation *has* come at last—the day when perfect strangers, crossing each other in the street, shall give and take pure delight. I see them draw near each other, glance into each other's eyes, touch fingers casually in passing, and go their opposite ways. Neither thinks of enquiring 'who' the other is; neither looks back to see if the other watches him. But there is more Love in that mere glance and casual touch than in the whole life-relation-ship of some blood-brothers to-day.

* * * * *

II. In all that precedes, I have referred to the perceptive senses only. The **The Active Senses.** training of the active senses must of course proceed apace. It is a vast subject, some aspects of which have been touch-

ed upon in previous chapters. It will recur again in Book II. There is no space for more *here*.

Why, the training of the hands alone, and of other senses in relation to them—
The Gateway of Art. especially the eye—is the basis of all formative Art: Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Constructive Engineering, etc. Merely teach children to look at things appreciatively and handle them with loving care, and you may be nursing the beginning of bigger developments than you suspect.

Remember always (a platitude which bears repeating for the benefit of those who know no Latin):—

Education (Latin *e-duco*, 'I forth-draw') **means the drawing out of the Powers**—*not* the *cramming in* of undigested (and often indigestible) information.

“Hindus (and as many others as are not piously squeamish), *please go back* (not blindly) *to the Vedas*:”

	<i>âpyâyantu</i> —Let grow to fulness
A Vedic Prayer.	<i>mama angâni</i> —my parts :
	<i>vâk</i> —speech,
	<i>prâṇah</i> —vitality,
	<i>chakshuh</i> —sight,
	<i>shrotram</i> —hearing
	<i>atho balaṁ</i> —also strength
	<i>indriyâṇi cha</i> —and powers
	<i>sarvâṇi</i> —all.
	<i>sarvam</i> —Wholeness

brahma—[is] Brahma

upanishadam—of the *Upanishads* (lit., ‘the Teaching or the Path which leads to Brahma or Wholeness.’)

mâ aham—[may] not I

brahma—the Wholeness

nirákuryâm—cut off, curtail ;

mâ mâ—[may] not me

brahma—the Wholeness (nom.)

nirákarât—cut off !

a-nirákaraṇam—un-cutting off

astu—[by me] let be ;

a-nirákaraṇam—un-cutting off

me astu—for me let be !

tad-âtmani—With that (Whole) Self

nirate—concerned (qual. ‘me,’ below)

ye upanishatsu—what in the *Upanishads*, on the Path to Wholeness

dharmâh—holy powers [are]

te mayi santu they in me be !

te mayi santu they in me be !

A wholesome prayer, this— a truly *educative* invocation or e-vocation—of a sort which latter-day India has quite forgotten¹, and which a whole world needs to-day.

Let us english it literally enough, and hope that it may pass into the common Prayer-Books of a more enlightened age :

“ May all my parts to fulness grow—
speech, life, sight, hearing, strength as well—
yea, all my Powers.

¹ *Gîtâ*, IV, 2.

Wholeness is the *Brahma* of the Path of Wholeness. May I never cut off *Brahma*—*Brahma* never cut off me!

“Let cease all cutting off by me! Let cease all cutting off for me!

“What Holy Powers blossom on the Path of Wholeness—in me, All-Self-concerned, let them bloom forth.....Let them bloom forth in me!”

“Om! Peace! Peace!! Peace!!!”

¹ This is a well-known *shānti-patha* or introductory Peace-Anthem (intended to collect the mind for study) prefixed to the *Kena* and other Upanishads.

Business Notice. Will those who would like more of these simple yet carefully studied (and somewhat *realised*) translations send me help? I once counted on the Theosophical Society for assisting independent mystic work of this kind. But after waiting ten years for a word of commendation or approval from its President for this aspect of my work, which was largely intended to help my (then) brethren of the E. S. T. (Inner Section) in their study and meditation, I find myself crippled and obliged to appeal to the General Public for support to publish my studies and for sympathy to make them widely known.

As soon as sufficient help has come or been assured—or been (more slowly) *raised* by me in future lecture-tours—I will begin to issue such translations regularly, in monthly parts, embodied in a small periodical which I propose (God disposing) to start.

A notice to this effect will be circulated among subscribers to this book, and inserted in the earlier copies sold.

XIV.

Concerning Longevity.

“IT GOES ON FUNCTIONING IN A MORE OR LESS SETTLED WAY FOR A PERIOD OF YEARS.”¹

I have no time for scientific discussion of the process of senile degeneracy (*sclerosis*), which is now coming to be rightly looked upon as a more or less avoidable disease. Nor have I time to weigh the prospects of putting off the final breakdown *ad infinitum*, or nearly so, as the further understanding and control of life evolves. Read Metchnikoff and others, and try and see which way the wind blows. I do not commend my own diet save to those who are struggling to keep high sexual power under control. As I go on writing this book I find myself steadily eating less and less, and tiring less and less withal.

If *you* read, ponder and live up to what I have already outlined above, and, mayhap, improve upon it with your own richer opportunities and better-cultivated gifts, there is small risk of your ‘popping off’ before your time.

My beloved *Upanishads* always include, among other effects of the *vital* Mysticism which they commend, the forecast:

sarvam âyur eti

“To his full span he goes on.”

This I heartily wish you, Reader mine.

¹ Referring back to p. 238, as before.

As for myself, I have pulled through forty troublous years in this rickety tenement, and am contentedly prepared for what may come, here as in the further inns along my way.

XV.

Concerning Death.

“ IT DIES.”

* * * * *

And this book may as well do likewise, having outstrayed its intended bounds.

All I have to say of Death just now is that *if you can once read into this book* a measure of the Spirit in which it is being written, and then re-read it leisurely as often as the Spirit prompts you, Death will be as welcome to you as it is (in perspective) to me ; and you will be as unconcerned about the immediate fate of your innocent departed dear ones (and the ultimate fate even of the most guilty) as I myself am now.

You will equanimously welcome all unverifiable specific statements as to their progress in the after-life—knowing and content to know the main Truth, that the after-life is after all LIFE in some form or other, and that LIFE IS WELL.

“ The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens Earth : his truer name
Is ‘ Onward ’—no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho’ faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in Hope ! ”

Please read, dream, ponder, meditate, assimilate, inhale, imbibe—and murmur Tennyson. to yourself of an evening by the seashore, in mind if you cannot get there in fact—Tennyson's "*The Crossing of the Bar*," written by a Living Soul prepared to die as few are in these giddy days. It will do you more good than a whole library of books about the Astral Plane.¹

* * * * *

As for the disposal of what we must needs leave behind us, what shall I say?

The crowded burial-grounds of Christians are an abomination to my mind.² All this boxed-up rottenness accumulated in the subsoil *to no use* is nauseous as our wholesale putrid sewage systems are nauseous.

Cremation is incomparably better—as the scientific incineration of rubbish is incomparably better than wholesale putrid accumulations. The two cases are obviously parallel.

¹ I speak here from experience, having seen students who had exhaustively studied the literature of the Astral Plane, and could lecture to others thereon, insanely demoralised by the actual death of their own child. Another whom I myself *saw through* such a critical period, did more good *by his behaviour* at such a time than any books or lectures could ever accomplish. It was not the man's reading: it was his simple faith that *his son had passed on and was not dead*. The details simply do not matter. We can all see for ourselves when our time comes.

² They form a survival of the quaint mediæval belief in the actual resurrection of the *same* body at the sound of an Angel's trumpet on the Day of Judgment. People wanted to be ready-gathered near the church for an immediate *ascent* to 'heaven. They thought those buried in lonely spots might.....miss the cloud-lift and get left.

But for myself (as parallel to the simple, homely immediate 'back to Earth' system of body-waste disposal erst-while spoken of) Oh! to be buried *deep* in rich, brown, close-embracing Earth, naked (why deprive a beggar of my clothes?) among the roots of some great tree—a banyan-tree, out in the quiet country-side—with, for monument, some simple flower-strewn altar where *children* will perform symbolic, bloodless dedication-rites with burning lights upraised and simple, solemn chant at evening-tide!

I know a place like that, a wee seminary on more or less Vedic lines, conducted by a friend of mine in his village, far out of sight and sound of dusty railway tracks in the coco-nut-grove-studded fields of East Bengal. There I have seen the children worship under just such a tree at evening-tide, and *felt* that God was there, and *not there only*, and that God was simple Truth and Love.

If warning comes in time to me, I shall go there to die.

But *I* shall not stay there.

MAY THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE, BY STEPS OR SWIFT OR SLOW, ENTER INTO THE LIVING PEACE WHICH I (AND OTHERS) DREAM OF—THE LIVING PEACE OF JOYFULLY INTERRELATED TRUE MINDS, LOVING HEARTS AND HEALTHY BODIES.

(Such my Prayer.)

OM! PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!!!

॥ ओं शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥



*Two Extracts from the Biographical Section of
"Harmsworth Popular Science," edited by Arthur
Mee.*

I. RALPH NORMAN ANGELL LANE

A FORERUNNER OF THE AGE OF PEACE.

Ralph Norman Angell Lane, the brilliant thinker who, in our own time, is changing the world's thoughts about war, was born in England in 1874, educated at the Lycée de St. Omer, in France, and began life on his own account in the Western States of America. He was still a youth when he crossed the Atlantic in search of adventure. He has seen life in the wild territories of the Western States, he has held a high post close to the heart of things in Europe, and life has passed before his eyes like a panorama of romance. Yet he can truly say, as he looks out upon the world, with the age of forty still on his horizon, that of all the romances he has known the romance of Norman Angell is the strangest and most unexpected.

It was one morning in 1910 that the writer received from Paris a little red book, with a note from Mr. Lane hoping that he would find it interesting. It was a little volume called "Europe's Optical Illusion," and the writer put it aside and forgot it for weeks. The editors

of all the newspapers in England did the same, and the author, hard at work in his newspaper office in Paris, may have been forgiven if he began to regret that he had published the book at his own expense. For two months nobody seemed to notice this little red book by Norman Angell, and only the friends who remembered his rarely used middle names connected the book with the man who sat at a desk day by day directing the fortunes of an English newspaper in Paris. His genius showed itself there in racing all other English papers to all parts of Europe, and the writer remembers still the sensation with which he received, 600 miles up the Nile, an English paper from Paris only four days old. The clever brain of Norman Angell had made that possible; even thus, in his own quiet way, he was hastening the spread of knowledge over the earth.

But it must have seemed to him at that time as if he were doomed to remain at his desk, controlling the distribution of a newspaper, for his little book,

the second child of his brain, seemed to have fallen, like the first, upon a dead world. Then an extraordinary thing occurred. The book the newspapers had overlooked, that members of Parliament had not yet seen, that booksellers kept at the back of their shelves, was discovered by the King of England, was mentioned in a speech by Sir Edward Grey, was introduced to the German Ambassador by Lord Haldane, was read by the King of Italy, was bought in large numbers by a great friend of King Edward, and distributed among the governing men of Europe. Norman Angell woke up to find himself famous. Letters poured in upon him from Parliaments and palaces, and from that day to this the stream of his correspondence has never ceased, but has grown so that secretaries can hardly keep pace with it; and no secretary can understand all the languages in which these letters are written. "Europe's Optical Illusion" has been re-written and enlarged, and has now appeared in more than twenty languages as "The Great Illusion." It is not an exaggeration to say that it is entitled to be compared in its effect upon thought with Darwin's "Origin of Species."

No book that has ever been written on war is quite like this book. Norman Angell's is the most powerful pen that has yet set out to fight the sword; "The Great Illusion" is the deadliest gun that an author has ever fired at war. Perhaps the history of the book may throw some light upon the nature of it.

Mr. Lane set out for the Western States of America, as we have said, in search of adventure. And he found it. He became secretary to a candidate for the American Legislature at about the time when President Cleveland was exciting the United States about Venezuela and the Monroe doctrine. The farmers of the West, encouraged by senators and professors and merchants, were buying up firearms to march against England. Great Britain must be destroyed, and these farmers would destroy her. Many thought this absurd; only Ralph Norman Angell Lane seems to have realised that for these farmers to seek to destroy their own market because England proposed to take over a few miles of swamp, and for sixty or seventy million people to take a similar view of the situation, implied that the whole political thought of these

people must be defective at its very roots, and spring from some profound illusion. Mr. Lane's candidate lost or won, and Mr. Lane came to Paris. Here the excitement was the Dreyfus case, and the Frenchmen believed—as Mr. Lane himself heard an ex-Cabinet Minister say—that Europe was leagued to annihilate France, that England was at the head of the conspiracy, that millions of money were being poured into France to set Dreyfus free and to strike a blow at the State. *Only Ralph Norman Angell Lane seems to have realised that, for millions of people to believe this, their thought must have started wrong at the beginning; that France was endangering her markets for a great illusion.* Mr. Lane sat down and wrote a book pointing out the great illusion and basing his case on moral grounds. The book was a failure. A few remainder copies are all that can be had of “Patriotism Under Three Flags.” The world refused to hear Norman Angell as a preacher.

But to him the great illusion was a great reality. For ten years he gathered up his facts, pulled together the threads of his argument, talked the matter over with great financiers, and at last, in 1910, the still, small

voice of the little red book was heard in the wilderness of Europe. The world that turned a deaf ear to the moral appeal was compelled at last to listen to the incisive logic of economic fact.

The philosophy of “The Great Illusion” is, in brief, that, though war is still and will for ever be possible, if men remain foolish enough to wage it, the present generation has seen the weaving of a delicate fabric which has so spread over the boundaries of all nations, touching the nations in vital places, and so sensitive that the tearing of one part affects the whole, and war between civilised peoples can never again bring advantage to the victor. This fabric is our economic system, or international finance, the network of nerves which covers the earth so that the looting of the Bank of England by a German army must break the Bank of Germany too, and cause collapse in all the capitals of Europe. War, therefore, cannot pay, since the victor is unable to use force against the vanquished for economic ends. So interdependent are we now that the victor must leave the vanquished alone; and he need not conquer him in order to do that. But the illusion that a foreign

army can come to London and carry off the gold of the Bank of England is only one part of the Great Illusion in the minds of the war-makers ; another is that a foreign army can come to England and conquer the people, change their nationality, and make them Germans.

That again, says Norman Angell, is a superstition. The British Empire holds together as a series of free States ; not even England could compel a single one of these States to change their language or their staple industry or to transfer their energies or their revenues to other purposes.

The book in which these

theories are set forth and amplified is a brilliant piece of thinking. It has never been answered. It is winning over merchants, statesmen, financiers, and professors ; it is creating new groups of thinkers in Europe and America ; it is making its way in China and India and Japan. It has made Norman Angell a national figure whose time is not his own, but whose brilliant mind is destined to carve out for him a monument which will not crumble into dust.

ARTHUR MEE, in *Harmsworth Popular Science*, Vol. VII, p. 4782.

*	*	*	*	*	
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II. MARIA MONTESSORI

ADVOCATE OF SELF-EDUCATION THROUGH THE SENSES.
Harmsworth Popular Science, p. 4807.

Dr. Maria Montessori, the founder of the latest system for educating the very young, was the first woman to take the degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Rome. At the time when she took the degree she was acting as an assistant doctor at the psychi-

atrical clinic of her university. Dr. Montessori's interest in education began with the treatment of the feeble-minded, a problem to which she devoted years of special study. Her attention was arrested by Seguin's book "Idiotcy and its Treatment by the Physiological

Method," and after translating the work into Italian she went to Paris and investigated the method in use there at the Bicêtre. Returning to Italy, she lectured in Turin and Rome on the education of defectives, and in 1898 was appointed the directrice of a school established to carry out her ideas—the Scuola Ortofrenica, or mind-straightening school. The results of her system were most remarkable. The progress of the children, all very dull and backward, was such that it admittedly made in some respects a favourable comparison with the progress of even bright scholars in the ordinary schools.

Dr. Montessori was herself so impressed that she resolved to concentrate herself afresh on the development of her system, and to that end she returned to the University of Rome for seven years as a student of psychology in special relation to educational methods. At the close of this period she was prepared to apply her own system to the average child. In furtherance of this plan, in 1907 and 1908 four infant schools were established in Rome for the education of children living in certain blocks of tenement houses that had been erected as part of an approved building

scheme. The age of the children admitted to these "Case dei Bambini," or "Children's Houses," was from three to seven, and the education free.

Here the system achieved such a success as an experiment among the children of the poor that it was adopted for middle-class districts, and it has spread to various European countries and has been welcome specially, as all educational experiments are, in the United States. In Southern Switzerland it has become so popular that more than seventy schools have been established in the Canton Ticino alone. A special report of the system as it is at work in Rome has been presented to the English Board of Education by Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, the retired Chief Inspector of English Schools; and wherever teachers congregate the method described in Dr. Montessori's book, "*Il Metodo della Pedagogia Scientifica*," translated into English by Annie E. George, under the title "*The Montessori Method*," is keenly discussed and criticised.

The principle underlying the Montessori method is that of self-education. The child is all the while finding out things for itself. This it does in play, but play that is skilfully directed, the objects with which the

play is carried on being made and chosen for educative purposes which the child does not realise. There are no classes, no set lessons, but each child pleases itself. While doing so, however, it is unconsciously, and without strain or effort, learning; and at last—and, indeed, in a very short time—its play has resulted in its being able to write, to read, and to understand simple arithmetic. Its reward is in a sense of discovery and mastery, through its own investigations, the teacher giving each child, individually, hints that help.

The method is by a gradual training of the senses. First, the sense of touch is developed. This sense in the child is keen and easily improved. Roughness and smoothness are first taught by passing the fingers lightly over rough and smooth objects carefully chosen. The child is led to distinguish, when blindfolded, textures, and differences in weight and size—a game that excites general interest. The names of the things are pronounced as they are learned by touch. Next *form* is taught, touch and sight co-operating. In this way the shapes of the letters are learned. Colours are next distinguished and graded. Hearing is also carefully trained. The deft use of the fingers follows, as in tying and untying bows, fastening and unfastening buttons.

Colouring geometrical forms follows, and the pencilling of outlines—the prepared apparatus making success easy. In this way writing comes with remarkable quickness. In six weeks a child of four can be taught to write, and an ordinary child of five in a month. In three months the child will write a good hand. The sounds of the letters and their combinations are learned, and reading follows naturally—in the case of phonetic Italian in a few weeks sometimes, in a few months almost invariably, while the child has only been playing an interesting game.

By similar apparatus the simple numbers and proportions in arithmetic are learned. Lessons are brief, and each child can change what it is doing whenever it wishes to change. Liberty is the basis of discipline—self-discipline—in the “Children’s Houses.” There is no enforced discipline. Spontaneous activity in the child is respected, used, and never suppressed, unless it involves interference with the liberty of others doing what they please. Dr. Montessori regards self-activity as the basis of discipline. The child not only acquires new capacities by doing, but also attains the necessary self-control and discipline.

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